

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY

HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG.

NOVEMBER, 1910.

PRICE TEN CENTS.





A Clever Advertisement

may induce you to purchase very poor tea. If you buy Blue Ribbon Tea you run no risk, as your grocer will refund your money if you are not entirely satisfied with it.

Our Honest Belief

is that we have brought Blue Ribbon Tea as near perfection as modern methods and materials will permit. Blue Ribbon Tea has a distinct individuality that lifts it above the line of comparison with other brands. Buy a packet to-day and if you are not entirely satisfied with it your grocer will refund your money.

Whether You Are Rich

or poor, it pays to use Blue Ribbon Tea. On account of its great strength it is the cheapest tea a poor man can buy, and the millionaire if he wants the best must have Blue Ribbon. Try a pound packet and if you do not find it superior to the tea you have been using, you can return it and your grocer will refund purchase price.

16 Ounces to the Pound

and best quality in every ounce. That's what you get when you buy Blue Ribbon Tea. If you don't find it superior to the tea you have been using, your money will be refunded by your grocer.

First-Prize Goods

Blue Ribbon Tea, Coffee, Baking Powder, Flavoring Extracts, Jelly Powder, Etc. Remember, they are guaranteed to please, and may be returned and money refunded if not satisfactory.

Some People

want quality, others price. Sensible people get both when they buy Blue Ribbon Tea. If you don't find this tea superior to what you have been using, please return it and get your money refunded.

Not Merely the Best

value, or the best at a price, but positively the best at any price. Buy a pound packet, and if you don't find it superior to the tea you have been using, you can return it and your grocer will refund purchase price.

To Drink a Tea

that is perfection, after using ordinary kinds, surprises most people, and may surprise you. Try Blue Ribbon, and if you don't find it superior to the tea you have been using, your money will be refunded by your grocer.

A Pure Product of a Perfect Process

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA

is made from the best cocoa



beans, carefully selected, cleaned, roasted, freed from shells and the excess of fat, and then, by a perfect mechanical process, is reduced to a very fine red-brown powder. **It is absolutely pure, healthful,**

and makes a most delicious drink. Get the genuine with our trade-mark on the package.

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Tired, aching feet, weak ankles, flat-foot, callouses, bunions, and pains that resemble rheumatism, are **instantly relieved and permanently cured** by wearing the Scholl "FOOT-EAZER." Scientifically supports the arch or instep in an easy, natural manner, removes all muscular strain and makes walking or standing a genuine pleasure.

The Scholl "FOOT-EAZER" Eases the Feet, Body and Nerves. Gives the foot a well-arched, even tread, and preserves the shape of the shoe.

10 Days' Free Trial

All shoe dealers and druggists sell the Scholl "FOOT-EAZER" \$2.00 per pair or direct by mail prepaid, on receipt of price. If not satisfied after 10 days trial, money refunded. THE SCHOLL MFG. CO. 472 1/2 King St., W., Toronto.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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Published Monthly

No. 11.

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is 75 cents per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is \$1.25 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not one it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with our Readers.

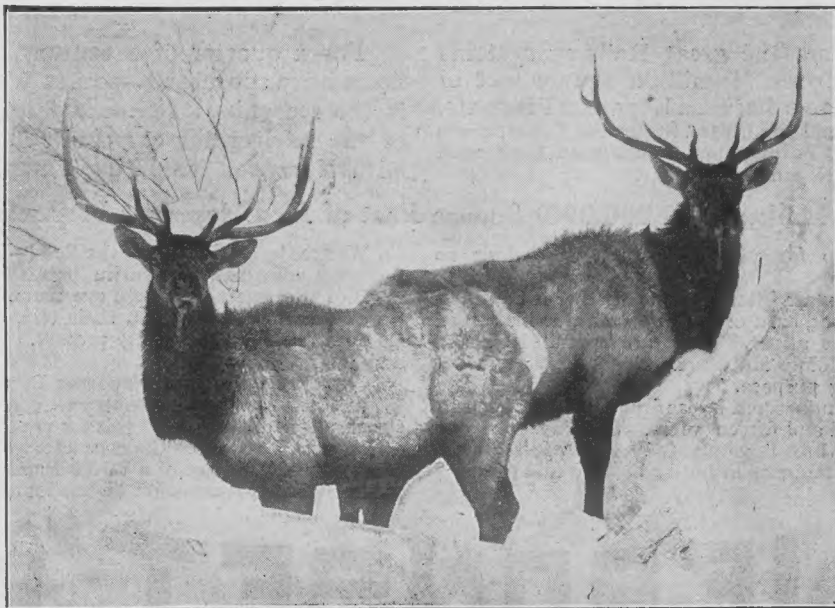
The Western Home Monthly as a Christmas Gift.

Christmas with all its pleasant memories and happy associations is nearing us once again.

Giving Christmas presents is a pleasure we all indulge in. Picking them out sometimes amounts almost to a hardship. How often have you balked at the smallness of the amount you are able to spend on a certain gift, and wondered if the gift would not seem too picayune; wondered if the friend or relative who received it would have Christmas charity enough to look beyond the amount expended and realize the loving thought that accompanied it. There are not so many things, when you come to think of it, that you can buy for a grown-up for 75c. that seem absolutely worth while. Of course, the stores are full of beautiful things, but so many of them are of such an ephemeral nature. They are nice for trimming, pretty to

is the kind of a Christmas present that stays right through the year, and the last copy may be a better present than the first. It gives a pleasure out of all proportion to the price, it shows a loving thoughtfulness, and it never looks niggardly.

The time to send us your friend's subscription is right now. Just when you read this, so that the December number with all its treasures will reach your friend in good time. Many of Canada's leading writers will contribute to the Christmas Number this year. The Monthly of the future will be brighter and better than before and, for the present, there will be no increase in the subscription price. We ask our readers to help us in greatly increasing our family of friends, so that we may continue to offer the magazine at a sum that inconveniences no one. We make no



Two Elk in Northern Manitoba.

hang on a Christmas tree, but after Christmas is over, where do they go?

Probably all the people of the West puzzle over this problem every year, each in his own way, and come no nearer a solution than before. Each year there is a multitude of pleasant friends whom you don't feel that you can overlook, and the list seems to grow rather than contract. And yet, each year there is the pocketbook as narrow and unexpansive as it was the year before. Sometimes it seems to shut up even tighter.

What's the answer? Send a year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly to your friend that you don't want to forget. 75c. will do it. Think of the pleasure that will come from it all through the year! How often do you get sincerely thanked for the average Christmas present six months after it has been given? It has been our personal experience to have a friend turn up months after the magazine was sent and thank us warmly for the pleasure given by a certain feature in the last number. The Western Home Monthly

apology for again referring to the premiums which we are offering our subscribers during the season of 1910-11. Our past experience has shown that the great popularity of our premiums has resulted in a very heavy run on them, the result being that many of our offers had to be withdrawn at an early date. This year, however, we are taking ample precautions to guard against this contingency, and we can guarantee to our readers that they will suffer no disappointment, but that all the premiums which we advertise can be promptly obtained.

In former years our premiums have comprised books of all descriptions, atlases, postcards, music, etc., and while all these were quickly snapped up, we are inclined to think that articles of a more practical nature would be even better appreciated, and we are shaping our policy accordingly. Last month we referred to our pattern chart, and while we believe that this particular premium will instantly achieve a very desirable modicum of popularity, we are offering a number of other articles which, we believe, will fully satisfy the most critical of our readers.

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see

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Sanitas exactly reproduces the finishes, designs and effects of the finest wall papers and fabrics, but in a far more serviceable material of moderate cost.

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Sanitas is sold by all reliable dry goods and wall paper jobbers in Canada.

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USE MERITAS -- the guaranteed table oil cloth. For the name of any dealer not handling Meritas we will send you 1/2 dozen handsome Every Yard Meritas doilies.

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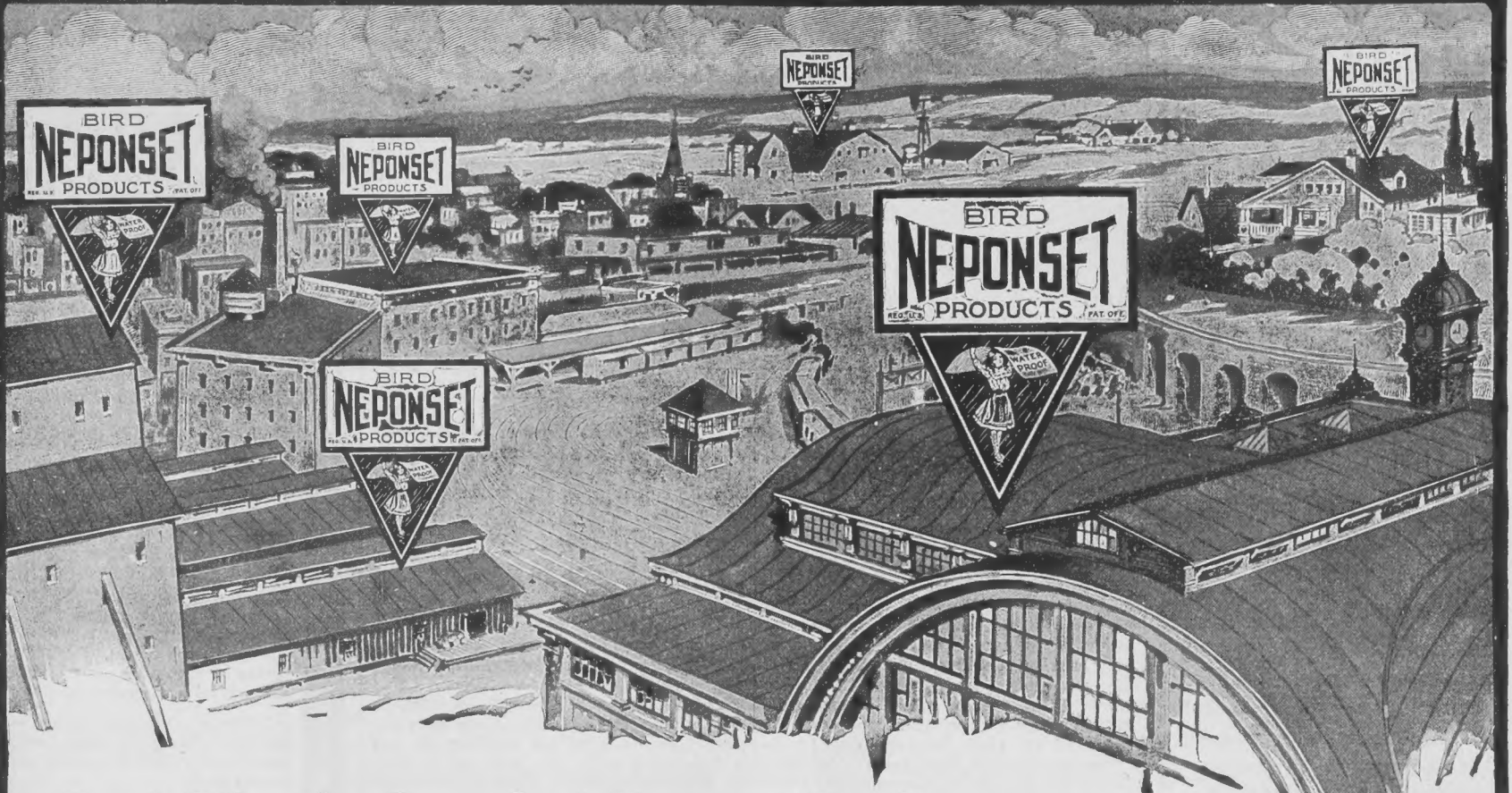
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Are You Going to Build?



Read Why the Record of Neponset Roofings and Waterproof Building Papers is of Direct Interest to You

During the last twenty years the great Railway systems of this continent have bought over 75 million square feet of Neponset Roofings in addition to other Bird Neponset Products.

In the same period in Canada and the United States the Departments of the Government, Manufacturers, Farmers and Poultrymen have used many million square feet of Bird Neponset Products.

Two Hundred Million (200,000,000) Square Feet of Bird Neponset Products Sold in 1909

Bird Neponset Products will do for you what they have done so long for thousands of others.

Whatever class of buildings you are interested in, whether it be dwelling, factory, train-shed, grain elevator, barn or poultry shed, there is a Bird Neponset Product you should know about. There are special Neponset Roofings for different types of buildings and special Neponset Waterproof Building Papers for every building purpose.

Bird Neponset Products are manufactured by a firm that has been in one line of business for one hundred and fifteen years. Starting with one small mill in 1795, we now operate three large plants in the United States; two in Canada; sales offices and warehouses in both countries and agencies in all parts of the world.

For a quarter of a century, leading architects and engineers have specified Neponset Waterproof Building Paper. It is the recognized standard for high-grade work. Over 75% of the refrigerator cars built in this country are insulated with Neponset Insulating Paper.

We are the originators of the Ready Roofing idea and are the only manufacturers who make the entire product from the felt to the fixtures.

Bird Neponset Products are made from the highest grade materials by experts long trained to their task and tested and retested at every stage in the manufacturing process. That is why they yield most service and wear the longest.

Our claims for Bird Neponset Products rest on proof.

In every part of the country we can point to buildings which demonstrate all we claim. Test this for yourself by being shown in your vicinity a Neponset Roofing of the character you require. See for yourself exactly what you may expect of a Bird Neponset Product. Talk with the owner of the building, learn what he has found by actual experience.

Bird **NEPONSET** Products

Roofings and Waterproof Building Papers

NEPONSET Proslate Roofing: For roofs and sides of residences, club-houses, and all other buildings requiring artistic roofing and siding. Rich brown in color. Looks like shingles, wears like slate. Suggestions furnished for making buildings more attractive with Proslate.

NEPONSET Paroid Roofing: For roofs and sides of farm, industrial and railroad buildings. Slate in color. Has proved its worth by years of use, in all climates. Endorsed by the National Board of Fire Underwriters for its fire-resisting qualities.

For poultry buildings, brooder houses, sheds and temporary buildings, **Neponset Red Rope Roofing** is unequalled. It has been the standard low-cost roofing for 25 years, lasts three times as long as tarred felts.

NEPONSET Waterproof Building Paper: For use in residences under clapboards and shingles, in the walls, or under slate, metal, tile and similar roofs. Saves one-third the fuel bills every winter and prevents damp walls and draughts.

NEPONSET Florian Sound-Deadening Felt: For use in residences, under floors, between partitions and under metal roofs. Based on the dead-air-cell principle, it is the most effective muffler of sound and entirely sanitary. It is vermin proof.

NEPONSET Waterdyke Felt: For waterproofing foundations, bridges, tunnels, etc. Specified by all the foremost architects and engineers.

ARCHITECTS, ENGINEERS AND OWNERS are invited to consult with our Engineering Department upon any waterproofing problem they may have to solve. Write us and we will send one of our experts to the office.

OUR BUILDING COUNSEL DEPARTMENT is placed at the disposal of anyone that is building or repairing. Give us full particulars and we will gladly give you expert advice on any roofing or waterproofing question.

Bird Neponset dealers everywhere. If you do not know the one in your locality, ask us.

F. W. BIRD & SON, 511 Lottridge Street, Hamilton, Ontario

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What Protection Means.

Whoever you are out on these Western plains, we imagine you have found it a pretty costly business this of just living and paying expenses. You have found that your heat and light, your clothing and your food, with few exceptions, cost more than they did in the country from which you came. In seeking for a cause, you have heard it said that our national policy of Protection is responsible for the conditions of which you complain, and on the contrary you have heard that in the system of Protection lies the only hope of national prosperity. And so you are in doubt. To replace your doubt by conviction on at least one or two points is our hope in writing this page.

EVERY MAN A PRODUCER.

If you consider the occupation of the people in your neighborhood you will find that nearly all are producers in one field or another. If they are not adding to the material wealth of the community, they may be enriching it in another way. If any one is ministering to the nation's wealth or comfort, peace or happiness, he is yielding good service; if, on the other hand, he is a non-producer, or if he produces that which works evil in the community, or even if his contribution is made in such a manner as to bring hardship upon others, he is an encumbrance and a real source of danger. You will probably classify farmers, miners, fishermen, lumbermen, manufacturers of useful products, teachers, preachers, editors of worthy newspapers, as producers of real value in a nation, and you will put false preachers, party heelers, brewers, and tramps in the class of undesirables.

EVERY MAN A CONSUMER.

If you consider once more you will observe that everybody in your neighborhood is a consumer of products obtained at home or abroad. The farmer is compelled to use the output of the factory, and the workman in the factory is compelled to use the product of the farm. And so there is constant interchange. To effect this exchange of commodities there is a whole army of middlemen. These include the railroad companies and the wholesale dealers, whose work has already been dealt with in these columns, and to whom we can refer but incidentally just now.

THE CONFLICT OF INTERESTS.

As a producer of wealth you naturally desire to get as much for your wares as possible; as a consumer you wish to pay as little as possible. If you are a farmer you wish to increase the price of flour and to reduce the cost of farm implements; if a manufacturer your policy is the reverse of this. But if you are truly patriotic, and not sordidly selfish, you will have no desire to enrich yourself through acts of injustice to your fellow-men. "Live and let live" is the first law of life in a civilized community.

HOW SOME INTERESTS ARE FAVOURED.

It will be within your recollection that it was the custom a few years ago for one section of the middlemen—the railroad builders—to claim special privileges because they were entering upon such a risky venture as opening up roads in a new land. Hence they claimed and received bonuses in money and lands. Even to this day, even though there is no longer any risk and though the land is by no means new, the custom of asking and getting something by way of bonus is still in force, and probably will be so long as there are greedy magnates and needy politicians, for you must be aware that it is an invariable rule for railroad builders to return to the governments from whom they receive bonuses a part of the gift. This becomes the foundation of personal fortunes or the nucleus of an election fund.

Now, just in the same way there have arisen demands from certain producers for special consideration. For example, the manufacturers of farm implements in Ontario claim that it is difficult and impossible in a new land to compete with the giant manufacturing concerns of the United States, and that they must be protected from competition. Hence the consumers—that is, the farmers in the Western provinces—must pay from twenty to thirty per cent more for an implement than it is really worth. Similarly the lumberman in British Columbia tells us that he cannot compete with the American mill-owner and hence the consumer on the plains must pay an additional twenty per cent. for his building material. And so it goes all along the line.

There are seekers for special privileges on all sides. And the strangest part of it all is that most of them get just about what they ask.

SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF FAVORED INTERESTS.

To show how much truth there is in their claim that they require coddling in order to carry on their business, it will not be out of place to give one or two illustrations. Everybody in Canada knows the Massey-Harris Co. It is one of the companies that benefitted most by the protective tariff, and it is chosen for the reason that its operations were and are carried on very largely in the Western provinces. Just how much wealth the various members of the firm have made out of the business it would be difficult to estimate, but the donations of one member in the form of colleges and public halls are just an evidence of the small surplus left over after a wide range of relatives were provided for, and the large fortunes of the other branch of the firm indicate that the policy of Protection worked fairly well for the manufacturers at least. And this says nothing at all of the manager of the concern and the arch-conspirator with the government in perpetuating this policy of Protection. It is a consolation to all good Western farmers, whatever their denominational leanings may be, to know that a fine college in the metropolis of the West is the result of their forced donations to the firm we have just mentioned.

A second illustration is taken from the history of lumbering in British Columbia. A short time ago on a visit to Victoria it was the privilege of the editor to drive around that beautiful city. On inquiring who lived in the several palaces of which Victorians are so proud, it was wonderful how often the word "lumberman" was heard. And yet it is not wonderful, for if ever there was a country under God's blue sky in which a lumberman should make money easily it is in our own province of British Columbia. Yet here the other day these lumbermen were protesting that they could not compete with the mill-owners of the State of Washington. What a mockery! With better timber limits, cheaper power, and much cheaper labor, if they cannot undersell Washington by ten to fifteen per cent. they had better confess their rank incompetence as managers of industrial concerns. If anything ever exposed the hollowness of the Protection cry it was this demand of the British Columbia lumbermen. They need no protection. The Washington price is higher than British Columbia need ever charge, to say nothing of the addition that follows the imposition of a duty. If the implement manufacturers of Ontario and the lumbermen of British Columbia wish to rob, let them do so in the manly Jesse James fashion but let them give over this miserable traitorous policy of purchasing the right to rob by securing legal enactment to that end.

At the recent congress in Vancouver, one of the manufacturers—sleek, corpulent, porky—is said to have pleaded to be allowed to live. Just think of it! A man with a mansion, and servants, and an automobile, and a launch, and everything else that a man could desire, except brains and moral worth, this man to whine for a little mercy! What about the thousands of consumers—honest men and true—who toil day and night, who earn their bread with the sweat of the brow, and who yet cannot get a dollar ahead? Think of a half-starved family shivering around the last embers of a fire, and then think of the father, well-clothed, well-fed, ordering them right and left in order that he may warm his poor, cold hands. That is a poor, mean parallel to these men with their whining complaint that they are suffering.

THE FARMERS NOT IN THE FAVORED CLASS.

It is to the credit of the Western farmers that they have never asked that farm products be protected, though farm products are on the tariff list as a blind. They are willing to face the world in this matter. And so they may. If there is any farm product which they cannot raise as cheaply as it can be raised elsewhere they will leave it alone. That is a good policy surely. It would be absurd for our farmers to begin to compete in banana growing. Nature has denied the privilege of engaging in that pursuit. Even so in other fields. If any manufacturer cannot get along without protection from the goods of competitors in other lands he is trying to produce something that nature had never intended him to manufacture in this land.

The fact is, that no one class needs protection in order to thrive. Our best policy as a nation is to settle down to the production of those commodities nature has intended us to deal in. In farming, mining, lumbering, fishing we can lead the world, and with our abundant water power and plentiful

supplies of iron we can enter upon manufacturing of most articles on even terms with the most favored peoples.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FAVORED CLASSES.

But it is urged by the manufacturers that they should be protected, that is, given a bonus of twenty-five per cent. so that the workmen should receive higher wages. What rank dishonesty! The two bonused bodies in Canada—the railroads and the manufacturers—have had more trouble with underpaid employees than all other bodies combined. The bonus goes every time into the pocket of the manufacturer. Let us make no mistake on that point.

And as to this contention that industries must be fostered for a time until they can compete with the foreign trusts, does not everybody see that this is only another way of asking that we build up a trust on the homeland? For if a tariff is imposed just until a few concerns are safely running in our own country, does not that mean that these concerns have a monopoly of the trades forever?

WHAT OF A TARIFF FOR REVENUE.

But it will be said that though a tariff for protection is not necessary, a tariff for revenue certainly is. Here we are faced with an entirely different problem. To solve it let us make the supposition that we have no tariff at all. How would the country then raise money for administering the affairs of government? In only one way of course, by direct taxation. Now, although in a country that is not educated in methods of finance, this would be most unpopular, nevertheless, it would be the best method in the end, for no government could afford to squander its income if it were gathered directly from the people. This is one of the reasons why both parties at Ottawa to-day favor a high tariff. They wish to be independent of the people in the matter of expenditure. To-day it costs you \$1200 a year to live. Of this amount possibly \$200 represents what you pay as the result of Protection. Now, if you were paying this \$200 directly into the government coffers, would you not watch the expenditure a little more closely than you do? The fact is, there would be no fun at all in running government, there would be no rake off for party workers, if the system of Protection were done away with.

LET THERE BE JUSTICE IN ANY CASE.

At the same time we recognize that our country is not educated to the point of a full Free Trade policy. Then all we ask is that in the imposition of a tariff for revenue, all parties be dealt with fairly. At present the working masses are being robbed in order to satisfy the needs of a few manufacturers. The farmers of Western Canada and the plain workers in cities and towns are not being fairly dealt with, and nobody knows this better than the manufacturers and the politicians.

WHY THE POLITICAL PARTIES ARE PROTECTIONISTS.

It will be asked why both political parties in Canada are Protectionists. We have already given our reason. Let us give another. You know that both parties to-day trust in the long run not upon policies and platforms, but upon adequate election funds. These funds are obtained in the main from railways and manufacturers. If the farmers of Western Canada were associated as closely as the manufacturers of Eastern Canada, if they could be bled as secretly and as successfully, their unanimous protest of the last few months would be heeded.

THE WEST MUST SPEAK.

And now it is for the West to speak its mind at Ottawa as frankly as it has done during the recent tour of the Premier. Notwithstanding the fact that the party press is hiding the truth, it is beyond question that the whole thinking West is a unit in this matter. The arguments of grain growers and others are unanswerable, but unless even a more vigorous protest is made the decision of the manufacturers' association to speak (shall we say in dollars?) when the members meet will result in an increase rather than a diminution of our present burdens.



TRUE WORTH
DEPENDS UPON

QUALITY

For nearly seventy long years Huntley & Palmers reputation has steadily increased. From small beginnings Huntley & Palmers manufactory has become a landmark of industrial England. Today, Huntley & Palmers Biscuits are enjoyed throughout the world.

The history of this success is the history of Quality. Quality considered, Huntley & Palmers Biscuits are the cheapest on the market.

Never in the manufacture of these biscuits have Huntley & Palmers used a second-grade material or any substitute.

HUNTLEY & PALMERS BISCUITS

Next time you buy biscuits, be sure to specify Huntley & Palmers and reject all proffered substitutes.

Obtainable throughout the world.

HUNTLEY & PALMERS, READING, ENGLAND.



Never again need your baking or roasting worry you.

Never again—after you have labored over a fine batch of biscuit or a delicate pie crust—need you fear that it may be spoiled in the oven.

Never again need you get anything less than *best results*.

The Wonderful Oxford Economizer

found only on Gurney Oxford Stoves and Ranges—*guarantees* good cooking.

It gives you an even, steady fire that can always be depended upon—that will never burn red hot one minute, then out the next—that can always be regulated and will stay regulated.

The Oxford Economizer will also make a big cut in your coal bills. Its even fire burns only four fifths the fuel burned by any other stove. You save 20% in real dollars and cents.

In addition to the Oxford Economizer

Gurney-Oxford Stoves and Ranges

contain many other features found no where else.

Gurney-Oxford divided flue ovens cook anything in any part of the oven evenly, and best.

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A SON OF RENOWN

By Oswald Wildridge

The Story of a Rich Prodigal

STRANGERS idling through the dale wondered greatly as to who David Branthwaite might be when they chanced to meet him, for he was one of the men who could not be overlooked. Many were the mistakes the wayfarers made in their efforts to classify him, but, so far as is known, not one of them ever imagined him to be the doctor. If luck was theirs, and the fact was revealed to them by a native, they left the hill-country bearing some strange stories which were apt to make the men of the towns think better of the heart of humanity. They were also given the desire for a word with David Branthwaite and a shake of the hand.

It must be confessed that in many matters of address and conduct the doctor fell short of the standard set up by the profession. We never saw him arrayed in black, save for a burying; his preference in material ran to a serviceable heather-mixture, in cut, the shooting costume met his fancy best; when he made his rounds he drove a horse shaggy as any of the mountain ponies, and we never met him without his dog, the most touselled otter-hound in the country side. It is also on record that when he attended the quality at Dalefoot he addressed them as "Mr." and "Mrs.," and dealt with them in the tongue of the faculty; but among his own people he had a strong liking for the dialect, and probably the happiest hours he knew were those spent by the glowing fire of a farmhouse kitchen when storm and darkness trapped him on the hills. In this way he learned many secrets, was given a glimpse of many skeletons usually hidden behind well-locked cupboard doors, and because he was a strong man and likeable he became a helper in a multitude of cases for whose treatment the lancet and the medicine bottle had no application.

Conversation on these occasions ran in grooves. Andrew Matterson had a taste for politics, and an hour with the doctor and the master of Nephgyll we counted a better thing than a night in the House of Commons; at Sampson Lowther's we had theology that would have greatly astonished the bench of bishops; but up at Grayrigg the talk ever turned on the adventures of Robert Steele, the lad who acquired the secret of money making so completely that while he was still young he had become a man of power.

One day, when Robert was beginning to make a name for himself, David drove five miles out of his way so that he might carry a newspaper to the sheep farm on the shoulder of the Great Howe; afterwards, as soon as they saw him mounting the brow, Jacob and Margaret knew that the doctor had news of their boy for them, and those were never-to-be-forgotten moments for the doctor when he read how "the chair was taken by Mr. Robert Steele," or how "Mr. Robert Steele proposed the adoption of the balance sheet," though the greatest event of all was when he revealed to the old folks the fact that their own son had actually "addressed the Chancellor of the Exchequer on behalf of the deputation."

It was shortly after this that certain suspicions arose in the doctor's mind concerning Robert Steele, and the day after the sheep farmer and his wife completed the greatest exploit

of their lives, a surprise visit to London, he dropped in for a "crack." As a man of observation he discovered at once that the adventure had ended in disaster.

Margaret was clearly ill, Jacob confessed to feeling a "laal bit tired," but the thing that troubled the doctor most of all was that new hardness of their features and their chilling lack of response. Both of the old folks had grown like the rocks that encircle the dale.

London, they explained, was such a wearying place, it lived so quickly and made so much noise; and their weariness was the mark that London had made. Margaret felt terribly sorry for the people who were compelled to earn their bread and butter there, and she was sure that a single day's work in London must be vastly harder than a whole week of sheep-tending in the dale.

Robert? Oh, yes, he was quite well! His house? It was a wonderful house; there were none like it in the dale except the castle at Dalefoot where his lordship lived. Yes, Robert had plenty of servants. Margaret had counted four, and she fancied there were others; and he had silverware that must be worth a fortune, and carpets as soft to the foot as the breast of Great Howe, and pictures that surely the greatest painter-men in the world must have painted. And that was all. They were both very tired, and they would never go to London again.

"And quite right, too," the doctor snapped; "you'd have been better employed if you'd gone to Tom Jenkinson's sale," and in a trice old Jacob and he were discussing the prices which Tom had obtained for his sheep and cattle, this being Branthwaite's way of giving a new turn to an undesirable conversation. He had little doubt as to what had befallen the old couple, and his suspicion became a certainty at the end of a month, when Margaret took to her bed, smitten by a malady for which medicine has no remedy. This was one of Branthwaite's hard cases; setting a bone or battling with a fever was child's play to treating a breaking heart.

"She's beating me herself," he declared, when the time for faithful dealing arrived, and Jacob, my man, I'm not going to hide the truth from you any longer. The mistress is failing, and I'm helpless. As long as a body wants to live, it's one half the battle, but Margaret's just letting her life go by." He laid his hand on the farmer's shoulder and looked him squarely in the face. "Jacob, I'm in the dark—she kens what it is that ails her, and you know it as well. I am not wanting you to tell me anything that belongs to yourselves alone; but as between man and man I'm making it plain to you that mebbe your wife's life is lying in your hands, and if you can name anything that'll rouse her it's her only chance."

They were out in the croft, standing by the doctor's shabby, time-worn gig, and this was Branthwaite's last word. He was never the man to beg for a confidence or to wait for one, but as he placed his foot on the step Jacob Steele laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"Bide a minute, doctor," he said; "I'll tell you. You mustn't let her slip. I need her mair than ever. I canna face the loneliness without her. It's for the laddie she's grieving. He was all she lived for; but—he—he's slipped away; the thing that's known as pride has stolen him, and now she's a mother without

a bairn, and she seems to feel that she has nothing left that's worth living for. You'll mind hoo we were aye joking about the busyness that wouldn't give him time to come to the dale to see his father and mother, and hoo we settled to give him a grand surprise by going to London ourselves and dropping in on him—just as if we'd called for a cup o' tea. We shouldn't have done it. He's done famous, has Robert, but he's one of the men who can't stand corn. He's climbed so high that he's passed out of sight of his starting point. Man, it was terrible—a heartbreak—we saw it at the very first. We had a gey hard job to get intil the hoose at all, for there was a silly man body who wanted to know if we'd brought cards with us, an' then he wanted oor names, and it was bodder-some to drive it intil him that in t' dale a friend may always count on an open door, and that all he'd got to do was to tell his maister that a man and woman wanted a word with him."

"But you got your word at last?"

"Aye. We got it. Robert bundled us through intil a bonny back parlor. He was frightened to death that any of the servant folks should know that the woman with the plain speech and old-fashioned clothes, and the man who was a sheep-farmer, and looked like one, were just his oan father and mother. I'll spare ye the rest. There weren't any words. We just came home. And since then Margaret's been going doon the

I'm pretty certain that I've never been asked to prescribe for one that was suffering from hardness as well. Anyhow, you may count on me doing my best. It's no ordinary treatment that'll set her on her feet, and no physis; but while there's life there's hope, and I'll bid ye good-day." And with that he was up in the gig and driving out of the croft.

His next visit to Grayrigg was a long one, and, according to the things that Margaret has related, his talk had little to do with sickness or its treatment. Still it was amazingly effective, for when Jacob came down from the fells he found his wife sitting up in her bed, new color in her cheeks, her eyes once more ashine. She was wonderfully ready to talk; she who had been so content to lie still day after day with rarely a word upon her lips; and while Jacob marvelled at the change she began her revelation.

"Ise a wicked woman"—of all the women in the dale we had none more gentle, not one more motherly—"and I've only just found it out. Like the man in the Book, I've turned my face to the wall and been ready to give up my life, bit noo I'm wanting to live—if oanly to put the crooked things straight."

Jacob laid his hand caressingly on his wife's shoulder. "Eh, my lass," he muttered brokenly. "This just caps aw—God's mighty good—an' this'll be a bit



"He was frightened to death that any of the servant folk should know that the woman with the old-fashioned clothes and the man who was a sheep-farmer were just his own father and mother."

hill. She's scorned by her oan bairn, an' she isn't caring aboot living."

"And yersel, Jacob?"

This was one of the signs that the doctor was touched. He nearly always dropped into the dialect. Jacob Steele stared steadily away to the Pike o' Blisco, glowing in the sunlight like an up-reared spear of gold; the doctor knew that his heart also carried a jagged wound, and that speech was hurting.

"I'm a proud man myself," he answered, at length; "and I'm thinking mine's a better mak' o' pride than the sort my lad has found among his money bags and his honors. Robert Steele has chosen his own track—and he may tread it. If the old home and the old folks and the old ways are not good enough, he may just make shift with the new ones. I've put him out of my life. That night—after we got back fra London—when I barred the door—I barred it against him for ever."

"Does Margaret ken that?"

"We've never had any secrets."

"What does she say?"

"She agrees with the justice of it. We both mean to be hard. There's nothing 'll ever wipe out the slight. And, doctor, there's surely a chance for her—you'll not let her slip."

"It's what ye might call a complicated case, Jacob." David's voice could be terribly dry when he chose to make it so. "I don't know that I've ever had one like it. There have been times when I've suspected the breaking of a heart, but

o' David Branth'et's work."

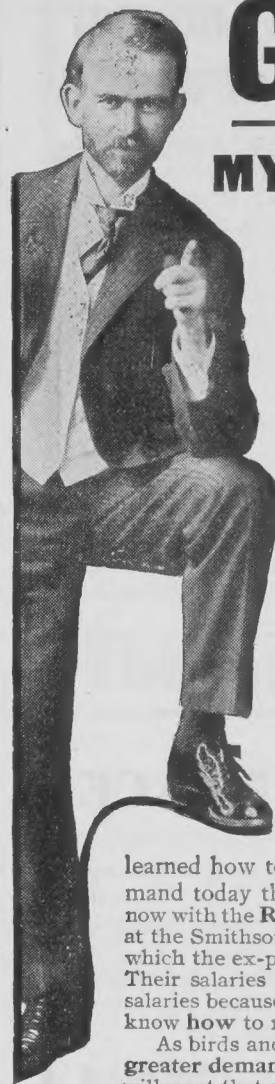
"He's spent a gey long time with me to-day"—Margaret was full of her tale—"He's been telling me of a woman body somewhere—he wouldn't name no names, though I expect she's one of his patients. She's got a son who's one o' t' biggest wastrels on earth; he's neglected her till she's known the want o' bread, and abused her as though she'd been his worst enemy, and there's hardly one o' t' Commandments he hasn't broken; and yet, when she's had a penny to spare she's spent it in buying something for herself and she's passed it off as a present fra her son, so that the folks who kened him when he was a bit laddie shouldn't think ill of him."

"My word, lass, but that was fine."

"Ay, wasn't it? An', Jacob, before he went the doctor asked me aboot—about our laddie. An' it wasn't so much the words he used as the queer way he handled them that set me thinking, and I've got it on my mind that the folks in the dale may be blaming Robert for the thing that's such a heartbreak to you and me. And I canna stand it. What if he is ashamed of his mother's old-fashioned ways? I can bide it. What I can't bide is that anybody should treat his name with disrespect, or point the finger of scorn at him."

"It's oanly his wages, the thing he's earned. Didn't we agree that as a matter o' justice—"

"Ay," Margaret broke in, "we spoke in haste and pride. An' I'm not so sure



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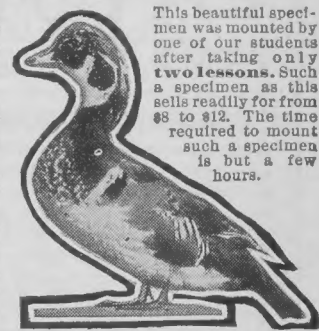
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about justice now. I'm beginning to think that when fathers and mothers have dealt with mercy they'll have neither time nor taste for justice—they can leave that to folks with harder hearts."

"And what is it you want me to do?" There was rebellion in the tone; and while Margaret pleaded for the reopening of the door Jacob listened with his jaw tightly set, his eyes harboring an uncompromising frown. From the bedside he turned to the window, and looked with unseeing vision on the mountain heights. Memory painted for him another picture, of that scene in London with all its black indignity, reminding him of the sacrifices of fatherhood and motherhood, and the baseness of the return. Margaret was asking more than he could grant. Time enough to relent when the prodigal came home and begged for mercy.

His mind made up he returned to the bedside of his sick wife, and there he discovered that decision rested with the mother and not with himself. In her hand Margaret held a pair of baby shoes, holed and frayed by use and years. They were her crowning argument.

"D'ye remember them?" she whispered, a passion of love in the tone; "they are his—the first pair your money bought for him." She placed them in his hands. "Ye mind how proud you were. The little feet soon grew tired in them days Jacob, an' ye were aye ready to hoist the bairn on your shoulders and help him on the way. He needs you yet. For the sake of the little feet that wore them, laddie—for the sake of the feet, you'll open the door?"

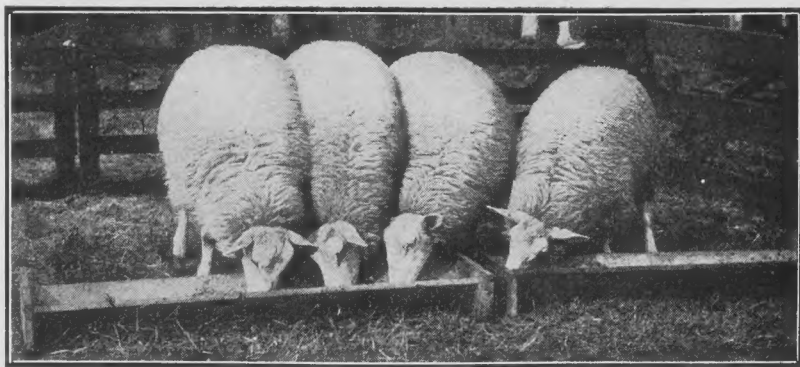
This was verily Margaret's hour. The triumph of mother love was complete.

dale narrows at its head, he could hear the shepherds at their work upon the heights gathering in the flocks which had fled to the hills. Give our mountain sheep their freedom, and they will never wait to be buried in the valley; they prefer to face the tempest on the topmost crags. Muffled and dim, the cries of men and the baying of hounds drifted down the steep fell sides, and after a brief struggle the doctor surrendered.

"It's not a bit o' use, Meg," he bawled to his storm-battered horse; "I mustn't be sitting in my gig in comfort when a helping hand may be wanted up there, so we'll just see how Jacob Steele's getting along." Half an hour later Meg was snugly housed in Jacob's stable, and her master was hard at work rounding up the stricken flocks; and when the last of the sheep had been penned, the doctor was fain to agree with the farmer that he "would niver win through to The Green," and that a night at Grayrigg must be his portion.

With the passing of the hours, the storm grew in fury. Shrieking, howling, roaring, the wind swept through the passes; high overhead it billowed from rock to rock with the boom of thunder, and the snow was driven before it in blinding sheets, and swirled and piled about everything that gave it hold until the drifts were built higher than the height of a man.

Seated by the wide-mouthed kitchen hearth, Margaret made a fine pretence of knitting, but her needles lay mostly idle in her lap; and, as for Jacob, he was for ever stirring about, now pacing the floor, but oftenest going out into the porch to note the movements of the tempest. "I've been thinking I heard a cry of distress across dale," he explained



Four prize lambs.

Handling the shoes with reverence, Jacob restored them to her keeping. "You shall have your way, wife, said he. "If Robert likes to lift the sneek, he'll find the door open, and—I don't think it's ever been bolted yet."

With this he hurriedly left the room, but half way down the stairs inspiration checked his steps and sent him back to his wife's bedside. "I'll be away to Bransty in the morning, and ye shall have the best black silk that money can buy; an' if fowk like to think that it's a present fra Robert—well, we'll just let 'em think."

II.

It was a fierce winter that fell upon the country that year, and the men of the dale have marked it in big, bold lines on the calendar that memory keeps. Long before the autumn winds had made an end of their dirge, Scawfell was wearing his winter cap, and when the news came over the fells that Black Sail was blocked we knew that we were in for a hard time. Bitter were the winds that assailed us, blinding were the sheets of snow, and as the end of it all that tempest for which, when we tell of it, we have no prefix of degree. It is not known to us as "The Great Storm," but simply as "The Storm." When even the railway arches on the coast line outside the dale were filled from base to crown; when the hollow wherein Margery Bannister lived was buried so that nothing was left of Margery's cottage save the chimneys; when Robert Musgrave lost 150 sheep; when every dyke in the lowlands was hidden, and at Burnfoot every household had to dig its way out.

As David Branthwaite drove with difficulty through the defile into which the

after a longer absence than usual, and, although he was sure it "was nowt bit a shepherd call," he was off again the moment he had got the chill off his finger tips. Almost immediately he was back again with a shout that brought his wife and Branthwaite to their feet. "It's true, doctor; it's quite true. There's some poor body out yonder in t' snaw, and I'm off to seek him."

"Ay! And I'm coming with you. This is likely to be a doctor's job." David was already wrestling with his greatcoat. "And we must have Jossy Ferguson along wi' us, and we'll give Lanty Armstrong and Ben Dodgson a call if we can get near their houses."

Heavily coated, wrapped also in thick shawls and armed with iron-pointed sticks, the three men turned speedily out into the tempest, Margery's benediction in their ears: "I'd bid you bide if I dare—but it's a mother's bairn that needs ye—and God bring ye safely back!"

"I'm none too sure about my bearings," Jacob shouted as he whistled his two sheep-dogs across the croft, "but t' cry seemed to come fra down there"—he pointed straight across the dale—"somewhere Birker way. Dogs'll be a fine help if he calls again."

It was a vain hope, however. All the world seemed to be full of sound, but it was the raving of the tempest; the clamour of distress was hushed. And rescue also appeared to be impossible. Out on the fells the snow was piled in drifts, huge and deep and dense, and even the winds appeared to be clouds of snow, so thickly massed were the sweeping flakes and spikes. One man on such a night would have been helpless, but foot by foot the doctor and his com-

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rades fought their way. At the end of an hour's desperate struggle the dogs gave them a new lead; and there, under the shelter of a mighty rock, they came upon the wayfarer, over whose body the storm was spreading a winding sheet of spotless purity. Branthwaite knelt beside him. A pause of awful solemnity followed. The doctor burst into a passion of speech.

"It's you and me against death, lads. Here, Lanty, get a grip o' this bottle. Now then, the rest o' ye give me a lift with him. We'll have him on his feet, and if we don't shake life into him it'll not be our fault."

Now, with regard to the other happenings, the farmer of Grayrigg has a somewhat hazy recollection. He remembers that many orders were given by the doctor, and that all were faithfully carried out, but the fact that has fastened itself on his mind is this—that when at last the stranger spoke he uttered the one word "Father," and that afterwards the voice of the doctor cut loud and exultant into the thunder of the storm. "Eh, man, this is mighty. It's your own laddie you've saved this night."

He is also apt to make light of that second struggle, when upon a stretcher made of coats and staves they carried the prodigal across the breast of the fell, but never will he forget the face of his wife when her son was given back to her. "Love," said he

For a spell the room was silent as the moors on a sultry day in June. It was a movement by the doctor that broke it, and when Robert looked on the grizzled face of David Branthwaite memory sprang into fullness of life.

"I remember now," he said. "was coming home—and the storm beat me." "That'll do, my laddie," the doctor growled. "You've had enough storm for one night. You may get to sleep now."

But Robert was not to be silenced so easily, even though speech was a labor. "I was coming home—it was the letter that dragged me. I couldn't stay away," he said.

Between the father and the mother a glance of perplexity was exchanged. The doctor busied himself at the table, bending low over his task. Margaret passed her hand gently over her son's head. "We've sent you no letter, my bairn,"

"No. It was the doctor. I've brought it with me. I'm going to keep it for ever. He told me he was glad I'd found wealth and fame. Afterwards he told me that my mother had been ill, but I wasn't to worry—she was doing nicely. And then—he praised me for—for the devotion I was showing by sending her such beautiful gifts. And I'd given her nothing but shame and neglect! He also told me how my name was ever on your lips, yours and my father's. How through all the dale I was being held up as a model of what a son ought to be. He said something about the



"The cry seemed to come from down there."

to the doctor afterwards, "is just past telling."

Margaret met them at the door, standing outside in the driving snow. Lanty Armstrong had given her the message which David had sent so that she might be spared a harder shock. When he saw her darkly drawn against the flood of light, the doctor roared that other message for which she waited in trembling hope, "Ye're laddie's all right Margaret; his mother's nursing is all he wants."

Himself, he was not sure, but it was ever Branthwaite's way to beat back despair with the offer of hope until defeat could no longer be concealed. Far into the night they toiled in the old-fashioned bedroom, just the three of them, with now and again a maid showing a frightened face; the doctor with his coat off, sleeves rolled up, perspiration gleaming in beads upon his brow; the others waiting, helping, praying. Thus the new day entered, and, as the grandfather's clock downstairs struck three, Robert Steele came back from the Land of Silence.

Full of wonder his eyes wandered from point to point. They settled at last upon his mother; he whispered her name, and then "Father." Margaret stooped and kissed him.

saving grace of a pair of baby shoes, but I don't know what he meant. I understood all the rest—saw how you were trying to shield my name—it broke down all my empty pride. I didn't want money any longer—I wanted to look into my mother's face. I didn't want fame and the applause of men; I wanted to grip my father's hand. There was nothing else that counted. So I came home. They tried to keep me at Dalefoot, but I couldn't stay. I'd simply got to get home, and I lost the track—and now I'm going to sleep—a lad again—in my father's home."

Margaret sank upon her knees by her son's bedside, her face buried in her hands. Gently the doctor tip-toed from the room, and when Jacob followed he laid a heavy hand on the farmer's shoulder and growled a fearsome threat: "Man, if ye say but one word o' thanks, I'll strike ye off my list."

Still it was to Jacob to whom the honour of the last word fell. "I'm not going to thank ye, David Branthwaite," he said, "for that's a thing that's beyond the power of tongues. And I'm not thinking that Margaret'll put ye to confusion, but I've warrant that for the rest of her days your name'll not be missing frae her prayers."

And, as the doctor himself has since observed, "What mair can a man desire?"

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The Shadow that Became Light.

A R. N. W. M. P. Story. By Irene Keane, University of Alberta.

"Halt!" The command rang out sharply on the night, and was echoed and re-echoed among the spruce and poplar of the lake shore, running up the bald hill at the right into a cave, and dying away in the gurgles of the waves. The birds hushed for a minute, as though wondering where that strange sound came from and a coyote howled in the distance. A little branch fell from an over-hanging tree and was borne away by the waters. Then all was silent.

Hubert Sinclair, the man with a price on his head, sank back in the moss of the muskeg, scarcely daring to breathe. For four years he had evaded the police, and he had sworn that he would never be taken alive. Now, for the first time, he had known what it was to feel that the hour for destroying himself was near at hand. That ringing command had come to him with a force he had never felt before, and he awaited its repetition, revolver in hand, his eyes anxiously scanning the surrounding woods, that he might learn the whereabouts of the one who had discovered him.

Hour after hour he lay there, and no sound of human voice again broke the stillness. There was a dark shadow on one side of the bald hill, that he did not remember having seen before, that seemed immovable; when he finally crept down to his boat and launched it with the care of a man who fears discovery, he saw that the shadow had moved—ever so slightly—and he was still more alarmed. His fears grew apace, while he paddled swiftly over the lake, for the shadow followed him. Now and then a racking cough burst from his lips, and started the echoes anew. Grounding the boat just as the day broke, his lean, dark, hollow-eyed haunted face became distinct for a moment. Dropping on all fours, he was the picture of a sneaking, hunted animal. His eyes searched in vain for the shadow. It was gone.

Corporal Grierson, Royal North-West Mounted Police, dismounted easily from his horse and entered the little store at Corbett's Landing. "Waal neou! Wonder who's going to catch it this time?" ejaculated the store-keeper, who combined in his own person the united dignities of store-keeper, justice of the peace, notary public, insurance agent, and post-master. This sentiment directly or indirectly expressed, seemed to be general. When Grierson had lit the "best" cigar hastily proffered him by the before mentioned office-holder, he turned and sauntered through the store again, with a slow deliberate stride, his spurs clinking on the uneven boards, his hat carelessly thrust to the back of his head.

Three or four country girls, of uncertain ages stood at the bottom of the steps, all of them intent upon making certain that their hair and neck ribbons were quite right. A great number of small boys gazed with widening eyes upon this silent, red-coated man with the quiet dignity and command of the born soldier. A ridiculous little fellow, who could scarcely have been three years old, attired in a light shirt several sizes too big for him and a pair of overalls likewise too large, walked fearlessly up the steps, with a fair imitation of the cavalry stride of the officer. Grierson smiled, and bending down, surprised the little man by shaking hands with him. There was general laughter; the tension was relieved and the onlookers realized that the policeman was quite human; and when he rode away a few minutes later, this feeling took expression in a more complimentary form than is usual with such a group.

Little cared this "Rider of the Plain" or any other member of the Force for comments or opinions, however, as long as duty was performed, and Grierson gave not a second thought to the group behind him. Steadily riding on, he came to an old, apparently deserted cabin. The mud had fallen away in many places from the filling between the roughly-hewed logs. The single window was broken, and a rusty latch and padlock indicated that the cabin had been

vacant for years. The path to the door was choked with wild grass and innumerable weeds, and the fence lay on the ground in many places.

The cabin and its surroundings received but a cursory inspection, for Grierson had expected to find them in just this state of repair. There was evidently a different focal point for his investigations. For hours he worked among the weeds, parting them, taking observations from different points of vantage. An exclamation of intense satisfaction—"Ha!—I thought as much"—escaped him, when he found the marks of a well-worn path at the lower end of the deserted garden. The path once found, Grierson lost no time in making a plan for its location in his note-book. Then, apparently satisfied, he rode away in a direction opposite to that which he had taken first.

When next he alighted, it was at a cabin more pretentious than any he had yet seen on the trail. He was received with the grave reserved courtesy which distinguishes the British host, his horse taken care of, and he himself made at home. With the quick scrutiny of the man whose powers of observation are highly trained, Grierson had grasped all the main details of the living room of the cabin in the few minutes which elapsed during the time Mr. Montgomery was putting away the horse.

Grierson noted a volume of Milton lying loosely turned down on top of a recent "Strand" Magazine; engravings of the relief of Lucknow, and the Thin Red Line of the Crimea; a surveyor's transit upon the shelf, and a heap of manuscript at a desk, and formed a mental estimate of the man with whom he expected to spend the night. One thing had startled him a little—a photograph lying carelessly among the closely written sheets, showing a man in the uniform of the Black Watch—the famous Forty-Second—standing beside a woman dressed in black velvet, holding aside with her hand a white lace veil which hung from the top of her head, to the hem of her dress. The man was Montgomery aged perhaps twenty-five or six; the woman's features were unmistakably Indian.

He had reason to remember it a few hours later, for the serving was attended to by a small, deft Indian maiden, who though treated with the consideration due a daughter of the house, held aloof from Montgomery as she poured the tea into the cups that Grierson mentally observed were of the finest china. Her hair hung loosely over her shoulder, caught with a band of Indian bead-work behind the ears; her dark dress matched the piercing inky shade of her eyes, which seemed all the darker contrasted with the slight olive color of her skin; on her feet were pure white moccasins. She watched every move of Grierson, who finally became impatient under the scrutiny. He was used to being narrowly watched by Indians, but he felt that somehow this one was different from the usual run of them. There was something compelling in her manner, a touch of hauteur more to be expected from a Saxon princess than from the daughter of a savage race. Hearing Montgomery address her constantly in Cree, he ventured to make some semi-complimentary remark to her in the same language, and was rather surprised when she drew herself up and looking him steadily in the eyes answered, "White Moccasin speaks English!"

"Thank you—I am very glad!" replied Grierson with perfect sang froid, watching her through half shut eyelids. White Moccasin left the room shortly afterwards at a signal from Montgomery, and Grierson had time to test his previous mental estimate of the man. He found that he had a very subtle personage to deal with, one who fenced so skillfully and who parried every implied question so easily that at the end of an hour, Grierson knew precisely what he did at the beginning. One cir-

cumstance alone had been noteworthy: Grierson, while debating some of his experiences on the Peace River, had casually mentioned a man named Sinclair, one of the Hudson Bay Factors there; and he noted that Montgomery flushed deeply, and immediately turned the subject.

In the semi-twilight of a beautiful North-Western evening, Grierson wandered around the garden surrounding the cabin, cigar in hand, outlining in his mind his plan of action for the morrow. The slogan of the Force, "Get the Man," found an insistent echo in his heart. He knew the nature of his quarry, the skulking, cowardly traits of the man who had been sought for during four long years. He realized that chance for promotion lay in the successful issue of this mission; he felt more and more the utter impossibility of getting his prisoner alive, except by stratagem. A night, not long past, came to his mind and he saw again the dark waters of the lake, and the momentary glimpse of the fearful criminal, frightened by the too-hastily uttered word of command,—alert ready for self-destruction on the instant, and he bitterly blamed himself for his over-eagerness to capture his prisoner. His cigar went out while successive courses of action were registered.

Then a peculiar feeling of not being alone came to him, and turning, he saw that White Moccasin was standing near him, white and drawn of face, her hauteur all gone. "Did you want me, White Moccasin?" he asked, wondering

heartily for his service jacket, as first he lost a button, and then part of a strap from the official red coat which he still wore. By the rustle of the leaves and the low flight of the gulls, he could tell that a storm was rapidly approaching.

In truth, it came all too soon. They had barely time to get in a small lean-to of logs, left by some fishermen of the year before, when a heavy downpour of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, burst upon them with unlooked-for force.

Once inside, they disposed themselves characteristically. White Moccasin sat on her feet in the middle of the floor; Grierson remained near the door with his hand in his right pocket, alert for any sound aside from that made by the storm.

"What will Montgomery say to this?" asked he, more to break the silence than anything else. "He won't know," was the laconic reply. "We may go now,"—continued she, opening the door a few minutes later, for thus suddenly had the storm abated again. Grierson lingered in the cabin, though he had never flinched from his duty before. Something in this little Indian maid had taken a strange hold upon his fancy. He had spent years in the North in the company of Indian women, but had never met one before who had undertaken to command him. Once or twice he fancied he could trace a resemblance to Montgomery in her features, but it was only fleeting. "It is all ready, come!"

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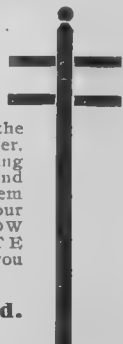
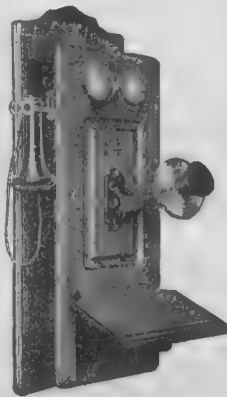


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A fishery cruiser in B.C. Waters.

if she had come out not knowing that he was there. "If the Police will come with White Moccasin, he will be able to put his iron band on the one he seeks," answered she, her hands clasped as in prayer, her whole attitude one of earnest entreaty.

Grierson hesitated a minute. Was this a trap? He felt that there was a mystery somewhere. Through the lighted window, he could see Montgomery idly turning the leaves of a magazine, here was White Moccasin who evidently knew Grierson's business in the neighborhood—query—where was the chain of connection? An old saying, that "when there is any doubt about doing a thing, don't do it" came across his mind, but he suddenly decided to see what there was in White Moccasin's promise; if she did not fulfil it, he might get a clue which would aid him materially.

So making a sign for White Moccasin to lead, he followed her at a short distance. After a number of roundabout turns, he saw that she was leading toward the deserted cabin, and when they came near it, she stepped into the path discovered by him earlier in the afternoon, with the familiarity born of long acquaintance. He had intended pursuing this path to find out where it led on the morrow. He was being saved the trouble now.

Soon the ground sloped under their feet in a series of terraces, and thick underbrush began to impede their progress. White Moccasin slipped through the hard places with the ease of a wild animal, while Grierson began to wish

aroused him from his reverie, and he went forth again into the night with this little maid of the wilderness. His admiration for her was growing apace; he was, in fact, thinking more of her at that particular minute than he was of the man Sinclair whom it was his duty to bring to justice.

By this time they had reached an arm of the lake and launched a small canoe that was moored there. Grierson was rather proud of his paddling powers, but his pride was humbled in the presence of this frail girl who could handle her paddle with the greatest dexterity he had ever seen. "In two hours, the police will have his man, and White Moccasin will be glad," said she as they steered away from the overhanging bank. For a few minutes in the darkness, Grierson's face assumed its drawing-room expression—the ghost of a smile, a smile felt, though not seen—just a slight quiver of the under lip, revealing the inner emotion.

Montgomery had been fervently hoping that the policeman would not stay all night, and had even gone to the length of taking measures to prevent his doing so. When Grierson had gone out in the garden for his smoke, Montgomery had slipped out to the stable taken the horse and led it down to a back pasture, sending it off on the trail towards town with a quick lash of his whip. But the police mounts seem to acquire some of the sagacity of their riders, and as we shall see later, the horse turned up just where it was most wanted.

Grierson was a puzzle to him. Unmis-

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takably a young man, he had the diplomacy and astuteness of a man of the world. His expression varied so continually according to the angle his face was viewed at, or the position he assumed, that Montgomery could not decisively judge his character.

Was Montgomery then a criminal also, that the presence of the red-coat disturbed him so greatly? No,—but he was shielding one who was. Years ago, in the time of his young manhood, Sinclair had become a thorn in his flesh. Montgomery had been early married to a young English woman of high rank, but there was that in his blood that forbade his settling down and quietly waiting for his title to descend to him. His pretty young wife, whom he had never cared for, went away, pained by his neglect, and was not heard of afterwards. Montgomery became a soldier of fortune, had many hair-breadth escapes, and finally came to America. Here he was sheltered by the daughter of an Indian chief, who had white blood in her veins. The wild, free life of the camp allured him, and the consequence was his alliance with Mahatawa, who left him the baby White Moccasin after two years of happiness.

But though he had now settled down as a gentleman of leisure, he could not quite forget that once in England he had made a great mistake, and when Sinclair, always a sneak since their days at Eton, came along one day, demanding protection (though he was now a brand-

shelter, had stirred up all the fears of the former night in Sinclair. His teeth began to chatter; the storm had caught him, and he was wet to the skin. He had not dared to go to Montgomery's for food, for nearly a week, for fear that he would be caught without a chance of self-protection. He had seen nothing of White Moccasin, and he ground his teeth and clutched his hands with rage as the suspicion occurred to him that perhaps Montgomery had bidden him defiance at last, and betrayed him to his pursuers. He made another vow then, that if this were really the case, he would make Montgomery pay dearly.

Gierison, peering ahead, saw Sinclair at last, but not a moment sooner than White Moccasin, who gave a peculiar Cree chuckle of satisfaction. In an instant, the girl was blotted out of the policeman's mind—his quarry lay before him! She made some trivial remark, which he repeated after her mechanically; his mind obviously on the goal ahead. At that minute a sharp curve of her paddle brought them within a few feet of where Sinclair lay,—and the neighing of Gierison's loose horse was heard on the bank. A flash of lightning lit up the lake, and the red uniform of Gierison. Sinclair's revolver snapped in that instant, just as Gierison, leaping from the canoe, fell upon him, deflecting the bullet, which had been aimed at the heart, so that it passed through the shoulder.

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ed criminal) as the price of his silence. He threatened that if it was refused he would expose this past escapade of Montgomery's and Montgomery's Indian marriage, which was now void, since Sinclair had papers proving that the English wife, Lady Anne, was still living. And Montgomery had been helpless before him, and had provided him with the wherewithal to escape the police.

White Moccasin, who had grown up with something of the Indian's natural antipathy to those of another race had shared her father's deadly hatred and fear of Sinclair, and the more so when she understood him better. Montgomery had taken up some of his spare time teaching White Moccasin the English language and letters, and she had been a very bright scholar. She had the secretiveness of her Indian mother, and therefore Montgomery had no inkling of her resolve to betray Sinclair as soon as she could. She had dogged his footsteps while carrying messages from Montgomery, and so she was able to lead Gierison to him in a way that he would have some difficulty in accomplishing unaided.

Montgomery had a premonition of impending evil, when he looked out and saw that Gierison had disappeared, and suddenly drawing his revolver from under a pile of papers he set out in the direction of the lake, intent upon keeping his promise to warn Sinclair when danger threatened.

An unusually dense shadow at the side of the bank near his temporary

ion and handcuff the unconscious man and Gierison strapped him across the saddle with the light gleaming in his eye, that comes to every member of the Force, when he has accomplished the task set him. As he rode slowly away, his hand upon the human burden, the horse's hoofs resounding in the night air, Montgomery, who had witnessed all from a nearby bluff turned away with a sigh of relief, and White Moccasin, a wistful look in her eye softly dipped her paddle in the moving waters. The Shadow had become a Light.

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"Not much, Maria," said John, with tremendous earnestness. "Not if I know it. I don't mind spending three dollars on you if you feel bad, but I ain't agoin' to have you made into any of these here new women, gaddin' about the city to women's clubs, and savin' the country that don't need savin'. You jest mix up some sulphur and molasses and take it, and you will feel better, but don't let me hear no more of this new-woman nonsense."

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Sammy.

By F. Hopkinson Smith.



IT was on the Limited: 10.30 Night Express out of Louisville, Nashville and bound south to yond.

I had lower Four. When I entered the sleeper the porter was making up the berths, the passengers sitting about in each other's way until their beds were ready.

I laid my bag on an empty seat, threw my overcoat over its back and sat down to face a newspaper within a foot of my nose. There was a man behind it, but he was too intent on its columns to be aware of my presence. I made an inspection of his arms and hands and right leg, the only portions of his surface exposed to view.

I noticed that the hands were strong and well-shaped, their backs speckled

push through. If he delivers mail, or collects bills, or drives a pack mule, or walks a tow-path, the muscles of the thigh are hauled taut like cables, the knee muscles keep their place, the calves are full of knots—one big one in a bunch, just below the strap of his knickerbockers, should he wear them.

If he carries big weights on his back—sacks of salt as do the poor stevedores in Venice; or coal in gunnies, as do the coolies in Cuba; or wine in casks, or coffee in bags, then the calves swell abnormally, the thighs solidify; the lines of beauty are lost, but the lines of strength remain.

If, however, he has spent his life in the saddle, rounding up cattle, chasing Indians, hunting bandits in Mexico, ankle and foot loose, his knees clutched tightly, hugging that other part of him, the horse, then the muscles of the thigh round out their intended lines—the



"I never left that plow till sundown."

with brown spots—too well kept to have guided a plow, and too weather tanned to have wielded a pen. The leg which was crossed, the foot resting on the left knee, was full and sinewy, the muscles of the thigh well developed, and the round of the calf firmly modelled. The ankle was small and curved like an axe handle and looked as tough.

There are times when the mind lapses into vacancy. Nothing interests it. I find it so while waiting to have my berth made up; sleep is too near to waste grey matter.

A man's thighs, however, interest me in any mood and at any time. While you may get a man's character from his face, you can, if you will, get his past life from his thigh. It is the walking beam of his locomotion; controls his paddles and is developed in proportion to its uses. It indicates, therefore, the man's habits and his mode of life.

If he has sat all day with one leg lapped over the other, arm on chair, head on hand, listening or studying—preachers, professors and all the other sedentaries sit like this—then the thigh shrinks, the muscles droop, the bones of the ankle bulge, and the knee joints

most subtle in the modulating curving of the body.

The aboriginal bareback rider must have been a beauty.

I at once became interested then in the man before me, or rather in his thighs—the "extra" hid the rest.

I began to picture him to myself—youth, blonde hair, blue eyes, drooping moustache, slouch hat canted rakishly over one eye; not over twenty-five years of age. I had thought forty, until a movement of the paper uncovered for a moment his waist line, which curved in instead of out. That settled it—not a day over twenty-five, of course.

The man's fingers tightened on the edges of the paper. He was still reading, entirely unconscious that my knees were within two inches of his own.

Then I heard the exclamation—

"It's a damned outrage!"

My curiosity got the better of me—I

coughed.

The paper dropped instantly.

"My dear sir," he said, bending forward courteously and laying his hand on my wrist, "I owe you an apology. I had no idea anyone was opposite me."

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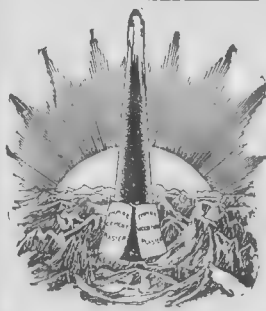


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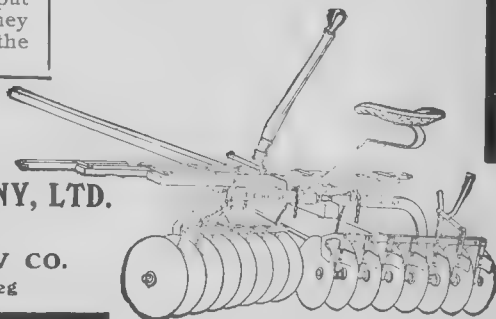
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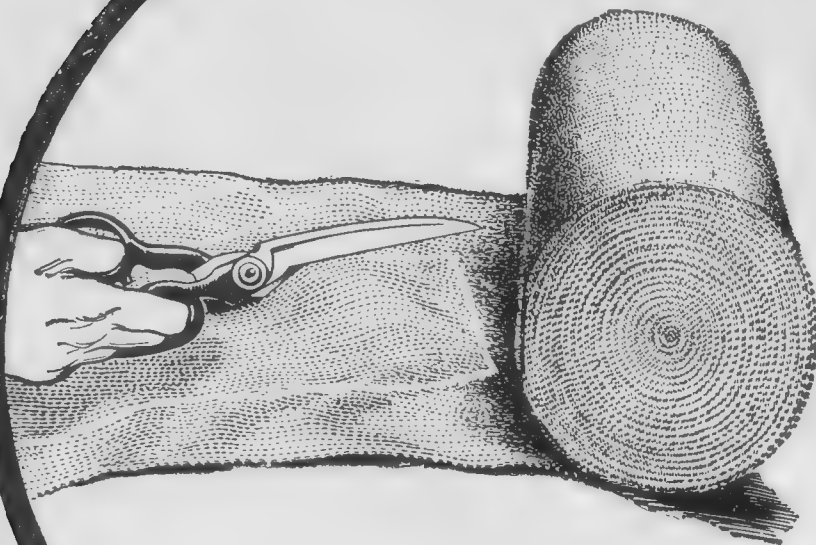
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If I was a surprise to him, he was doubly so to me.

My picture had vanished.

He was sixty-five, if a day; grey, with bushy eyebrows, piercing brown eyes, heavy, well-trimmed moustache, strong chin and nose, with a fine determined lines about the mouth. A man in perfect health, his full throat browned with many weathers showing above a low collar caught together by a loose black cravat—a handsome, rather dashing sort of a man for one so old.

"I say it is a shame, sir," he continued, "the way they are lynching the negroes around here. Have you read the Extra?" passing it over to me—"Another this morning at Cramptown. It's an infernal outrage, sir!"

I had read the "Extra," with all its sickening details, and so handed it back to him.

"I quite agree with you," I said; "but this man was a brute."

"No doubt of it, sir. We've got brutal negroes amongst us just as we've got brutal white men. But that's no reason why we should hang them without a trial; we still owe them that justice. When we dealt fairly with them there was never any such trouble. There were hundreds of plantations in the South during the war where the only men left were negroes. We trusted our wives and children to them, and yet such outrages as these were unheard of and absolutely impossible. I don't expect you to agree with me, of course; but I tell you, sir, the greatest injustice the North ever did the slave was in robbing him of his home. I am going to have a smoke before going to bed. Won't you join me?"

Acquaintances are quickly made and as quickly ended in a Pullman. Men's ways lie in such diverse directions, and the hours of contact are often so short, that no one can afford to be either ungracious or exclusive. The "buttoned-up" misses the best part of travelling. He is like a camera with the cap on—he never gets a new impression. The man with the shutters of his ears thrown wide and the lids of his eyes flicked back gets a new one every hour.

If, in addition to this, he wears the



"You don't want me here no mo', an' I'm gwine away."

lens of his heart upon his sleeve, and will adjust it so as to focus the groups around him—it may be a pair of lovers, or some tired mother, or happy child, or lonely wayfarer or a waif—he will often get a picture of joy, or sorrow, or hope—life dramas all—which will not only enrich the dull hours of travel, but will leave imprints on the mind which can be developed later into the

richest and tenderest memories of his life.

I have a way of arranging my own sensitized plates, and I get a certain amount of entertainment out of the process, and now and then a Rembrandt effect whose lights and darks often thrill me for days.

So when this unknown man, with his young legs and his old face, asked me,

on one minute's acquaintance, to smoke, I accepted at once.

"I am right about it, my dear sir," he continued, biting off the end of a cigar and sharing with me the lighted match. "The negro is infinitely worse off than in the slave days. We never had to hang any of them then to make the others behave themselves."

"How do you account for it?" I asked, settling myself in my chair. (We were alone in the smoking compartment.)

"Account for what?"

"The change that has come over the South—to the negro," I answered.

"The negro has a competitor, sir. The interests of the black man and the white man now lie apart. Once the white man was his friend; now he is his rival."

His eyes were boring into mine; his teeth set tight.

The doctrine was new to me, but I did not interrupt him.

"It wasn't so in the old days. We shared what we had with them. One-third of the cabins of the South were filled with the old and helpless. Now these unfortunates are out in the cold; their own people can't help them, and the white man won't."

"Were you a slave owner?" I asked, not wishing to dispute the point.

"No, sir; but my father was. He had fifty of them on our plantation. He never whipped any of them, and he wouldn't let anybody else strike them, either. There wasn't one of them that wouldn't have come back if we had had a place to put him. The old ones are all dead now, thank God!—all except old Aleck; he's around yet."

"One of your father's old slaves, did you say?"

I was tapping away at the door of his recollections, camera all ready, hoping he would let me in.

"Yes; carried me about on his back when I was so high," and he measured the distance with his hand. "Aleck and I were boys together. I was about eight and he about fifteen when my fath—got him."

My companion paused, drumming on the leather covering of his chair. I waited, hoping he would at least open

his door wide enough to give me a glimpse inside.

"Curiously enough," he went on, "I've been thinking of Aleck all day. I heard yesterday that he was sick again, and it has worried me a good deal. He's pretty feeble now, and I don't know how long he'll last."

He flicked the ashes from his cigar, nursing his knee with the other hand. The leg must have pained him, for I noticed that he lifted it carefully and moved it on one side, as if for greater relief.

"Rheumatics?" I ventured sympathetically.

"No; just gets that way sometimes," he replied carelessly. "But Aleck's got it bad; can hardly walk. Last time I saw him he was about bent double."

Again he relapsed into silence, smoking quietly.

"And you tell me," I said, "that this old slave was loyal to your family after his freedom?"

He hadn't told me anything of the kind; but I had found his keyhole now, and was determined to get inside his door, even if I picked the lock with a skeleton key.

"Aleck!" he cried, rousing himself with a laugh; "well, I should say so! Anybody would be loyal who'd been treated as my father treated Aleck. He took him out of jail and gave him a home, and would have looked after him till he died if the war hadn't broken out. Aleck wasn't raised on our plantation. He was a runaway from North Carolina. There were three of them that got across the river—a man and his wife and Aleck. The slave driver had caught Aleck in our town and had locked him up in the caboose for safe keeping. Then he came to my father to help him catch the other two. But my father wasn't that kind of a man. The old gentleman had curious notions about a good many things. He believed when a slave ran away that the fault was oftener the master's than the negro's. 'They are nothing but children,' he would say, 'and you must treat them like children. Whipping is a poor way to bring anybody up.'

"So when my father heard about the three runaways he refused to have anything to do with the case. This made the driver anxious.

"Judge," he said—my father had been a judge of the county court for years—'if you'll take the case I'll give you this boy Aleck as a fee. He's worth a thousand dollars.'

"Send for him," said my father. 'I'll tell you when I see him.'

"So they brought him in. He was a big, strong boy, with powerful shoulders, black as a chunk of coal, and had a look about him that made you trust him at first sight. My father believed in him the first moment he saw him.

"What did you run away for, Aleck?" he asked.

"The boy held his head down.

"My mother died, Marster, an' I couldn't stay dar no mo'."

"I'll take him," said my father; 'but on condition that the boy wants to live with me.'

"This was another one of the old gentleman's notions. He wouldn't have a nigger on the place that he had to watch, nor one that wasn't happy.

"The driver opened his eyes and laughed; but my father meant what he said, and the papers were made out on those terms. The boy was outside in charge of the Sheriff and when the papers were being drawn, and when they were signed the driver brought him in and said:

"He's your property, Judge."

"Aleck," father said, 'you've heard?'

"Yes, sah."

"The boy stood with tears in his eyes. He thought he was going to get a life sentence. He had never been before a judge before.

"Well, you're my property now, and I've got a proposition to make to you. There's my horse outside hitched to that post. Get on him and ride out to my plantation, two miles from here; anybody'll tell you where it is. Talk to my niggers around the quarters, and then go over to Mr. Shandon's and talk to his niggers—find out from anyone of them what kind of a master I am, and then come back to me here before sundown and tell me if you want to live with me. If you don't want to live

with me you can go free. Do you understand?"

"My father said it all over again. Aleck looked at the driver, then at the Sheriff, and then at my father. Then he crept out of the room, got on the mare, and rode up the pike.

"You've thrown your money away," said the driver, shrugging his shoulders. 'You'll never see that nigger again.'

"The Sheriff laughed, and they both went out. Father said nothing, and waited. About an hour before sundown back came Aleck. Father always said he never saw a man change so in four hours. He went out crouching like a dog, his face over his shoulder, scared to death, and he came back with his head up and a snap in his eye, looking as if he could whip his weight in wildcats.

"I'll go wid ye, an' thank ye all my life," was all he said.

"Well, it got out around the village, and that night the other two runaways—the man and wife—they were hiding in the town—gave themselves up, and one of our neighbors bought them both and set them to work on a plantation next to ours, and the driver went away happy.

"I was a little fellow then, running around barefooted, but I remember meeting Aleck just as if it were yesterday. He was holding the horse while my father and the overseer stood talking on one side. They were planning his work and where he should sleep. I crept up to look at him. I had heard he was coming and that he was a runaway slave. I thought his back would be bloody and all cut to pieces, and that he'd have chains on him, and I was disappointed because I couldn't see his skin through his shirt and because his hands were free. I must have got too near the mare, for before I knew it he had lifted me out of danger.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Aleck," he said; 'an' what's your name, young marster?'

"Sammy," I said.

"That's the way it began between us, and it's kept on ever since. I call him 'Aleck,' and he calls me Sammy—never anything else, even to-day."

"He calls you 'Sammy'?" I said in astonishment. The familiarity was new to me between master and slave.

"Yes, always. There isn't another person in the world now that calls me 'Sammy.'"

My travelling companion stopped for a moment, cleared his throat, drew a silver match-box from his pocket, relighted his cigar, and continued:

"The overseer put Aleck to plowing the old orchard that lay between the quarters and the house. I sneaked out to watch him as a curious child would, still intent on seeing his wounds. Soon as Aleck saw me, he got a board and nailed it on the plow close to the handle for a seat, and tied up the old horse's tail so it wouldn't switch in my face, and put me on it, and I never left that plow till sundown. My father asked Aleck where he had learned that trick, and Aleck told him he used to take his little brother that way before he died.

"After the orchard was plowed Aleck didn't do a thing but look after me. We fished together and went swimming together, and we hunted eggs and trapped rabbits; and when I got older and had a gun Aleck would go along to look after the dogs and cut down the trees when we were out for coons."

"Once I tumbled into a catfish hole by the dam, and he fished me out; and once, while he had crawled in after a woodchuck, a rock slipped and pinned him down, and I ran two miles to get help, and fell in a faint before I could tell them where he was. What Aleck had in those days I had, and what I had he had; and there was no difference till the war broke out.

"I was grown then, and Aleck was six or seven years older. We were on the border line, and one morning the Union soldiers opened fire, and all that was left of the house, barns outbuildings and negro quarters was a heap of ashes.

"That sent me South, of course, feeling pretty ugly and bitter, and I don't know that I've got over it since. My father was too old to go, and he and my mother moved into the village and lived in two rooms over my father's office. The negroes, of course, had to



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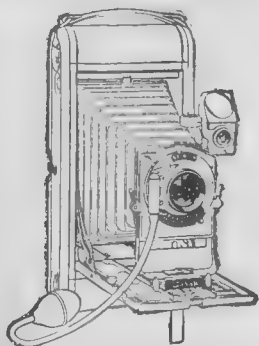
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shift for themselves, and hard shifting it was—the women and children herding in the towns and the men working as teamsters and doing what they could.

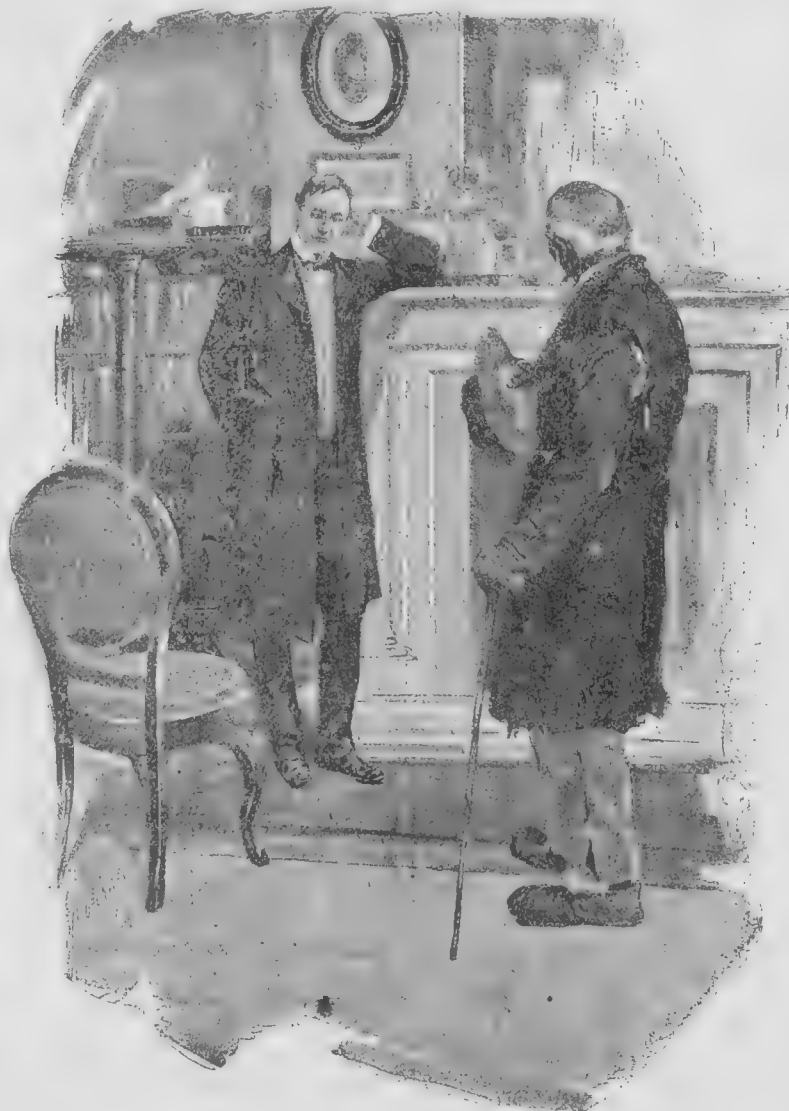
"The night before I left home Aleck crawled out to see me. I was hidden in a hayrick in the lower pasture. He begged me to let him go with me, but I knew father would want him, and he finally gave in and promised to stay with him, and I left. But no one was his own master in those days, and in a few months they had drafted Aleck and carried him off.

"Three years after that my mother fell ill, and I heard of it and came back in disguise, and was arrested as a suspicious character as I entered the town. I didn't blame them, for I looked like a tramp and intended to. The next day I was let out, and went home to where my mother and father were living. As I was opening the garden gate—it was night—Aleck laid his hand on my shoulder. He had on the uniform of a United States soldier. I couldn't believe my eyes at first. I had lost

I didn't learn till afterwards that they were all he had, and that the poor fellow was as bad off as any of us.

"Father opened upon Aleck right away, just as I knew he would, without giving him a chance to speak. He upbraided him for going into the Army, told him to take his money back, and showed him the door. The old gentleman could be pretty savage when he wanted to, and he didn't spare Aleck a bit. Aleck never said a word—just listened to my father's abuse of him—his hands folded over his cap, his eyes on the two bills lying on the table where my father had thrown them. Then he said slowly:

"Marse Henry, I done hearn ye every word. You don't want me here no mo', an' I'm 'gwine away. I ain't a-fightin' agin you an' Sammy, an' neber will—it's 'cause I couldn't help it dat I'm wearin' dese clo'es. As to dis money dat you won't let Sammy take, it's mine to gib, 'cause I saved it up. I gin it to Sammy 'cause I fotched him up an' 'cause he's as much mine as he is your'n. He'll tell ye so same's me.



"I hardly knew him, he was so changed."

track of him, and, as I found out afterwards, so had my father. We stood under the street lamp and he saw the look in my face and threw his hands up over his head as a negro does when some sudden shock comes to him.

"Don't turn away f'om me, Sammy," he cried—please don't, Sammy. Tain't my fault I got on dese clo'es, 'deed it ain't. Dey done fo'ced me. I heared you was here an' I been tryin' to git to ye all day. Oh, I so glad to git hold ob ye, Sammy, so glad, so glad. He broke out into sobs of crying. I was near it myself, for he was the first one from home I had seen, and there was something in his voice that went through me.

"Then he unbuttoned his coat, felt in his pocket, pushed something into my hand and disappeared in the darkness. When I got inside and held it out to the light, he had given me two five dollar greenbacks!

"I was sitting by my mother the next night about ten o'clock—she wouldn't let me out of her sight—when there came a rap at the door and Aleck came in. I knew how my father would feel about seeing him in these clothes,

If you say I got to take dat money back I got to do it, 'cause I ain't neber dis'beyed ye an' I aint 'gwine to begin now. But I don't want yer ter say it, Marse Henry—I don't want yer ter say it. You is my marster, I know, but Sammy is my chile. An' anudder thing, dey ain't gwine to let him stay in dis town more'n a day. I found dat out yisterday when I heared he'd come. Der ain't no money whar he's gwine, an' dis money ain't nothin' to me, 'cause I kin git mo' an' maybe Sammy can't. Please Marse Henry let Sammy keep dis money. Dere didn't useter be no diff'ence atween us, an' dere oughtn't to be none now."

"My father didn't speak again—he hadn't the heart, and Aleck went out, leaving the money on the table."

Again my companion stopped and fumbled over the matches in his safe, striking one or two nervously and re-lighting his cigar. It was astonishing how often it went out. I sat with my eyes riveted on his face. I could see now the lines of tenderness about his mouth, and I caught certain cadences in his voice which revealed to me but too clearly why the negro loved him

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and why he must always be only a boy to the old slave. The cigar a-light, he went on:

"When the war closed I came home and began to pick up my life again. Aleck had gone to Wisconsin, and was living in the same town as young Cruger, one of my father's law students. When my father died I telegraphed Cruger inviting him to serve as one of the pall-bearers, and asked him to find Aleck and tell him. I knew he would be hurt if I didn't let him know.

"At two o'clock that night my niece, who was with my mother, rapped at my door. I was sitting up with my father's body and would go down every hour to see that everything was all right.

"There's a man trying to get in at the front door," she said. I got up at once and went downstairs. I could see the outlines of a man's figure moving in the darkness, but I could not distinguish the features.

"Who is it?" I asked, throwing open the door and peering out.

"It's me, Sammy—it's Aleck. Take me to my ole marster."

"He came in and stood where the light fell full upon him. I hardly knew him, he was so changed—much older and bent, and his clothes hung on him in rags.

"I pointed to the parlor door, and the old man went on tip-toe into the room and stood looking at my father's dead face for a long time—the body lay on a cot. Then he placed his hat on the floor and got down on his knees. There was just light enough to see his figure black against the white of the sheet that covered the cot. For some minutes he knelt motionless, as if in prayer, though no sound escaped him. Then he stretched out his big black hand and passed it over the body, smoothing it gently and patting it tenderly as one would a sleeping child. By and by he leaned closer to my father's face.

"Marse Henry," I heard him say, 'please, Marse Henry, listen. Dis yere's Aleck. Yer wouldn't hear me the las' time, but yer got ter hear me now. It's yo' Aleck, Marster, dat's who it is. I come soon's I could, Marse Henry, I didn't waste a minute.' He stopped, as if expecting an answer, and went on. 'I ain't neber laid up nothin' agin ye, though, Marse Henry. When ye turned me out dat night in the col' 'cause I had them soger clo'es on an' didn't want me to gin dat money to Sammy, I knowed how yer felt, but I didn't lay it up agin ye. I ain't neber loved anybody like I loved you, Marse Henry, you an' Sammy. Do yer 'member when I fust come? 'Member how ye tuk me out o' jail, an' gin me a home? 'Member how ye nussed me when I was sick, an' fed me when I was hungry, an' put clo'es on me when I was most naked? Nobody neber trusted me with nothin' till you trusted me, dey jus' beat me an' hunt me. An' don't yer 'member, Marse Henry, de time ye gin me Sam-may an' tol' me to take care on him? You ain't forgot dat day, is yer? He's here, Marse; Sammy's here. He's settin' outside a-watchin'. Him an' me togedder, same's we useter was.'

"He got upon his feet, and looked earnestly into the dead face. Then he bent down and picked up one corner of the white sheet, and kissed it reverently. He did not touch the face. The tears were streaming down his face:

"It was jes' like ye, Sammy, to send fo' me. We knows one anudder, you an' me—and he turned towards the front door.

"Where are you going, Aleck?" I asked.

"I dunno, Sammy—some place whar I kin lay down."

"You don't leave here to-night, Aleck," I said. "Go upstairs to that room next to mine—you know where it is—and get into that bed." He held up his hand and began to say he couldn't, but I insisted.

"The next morning was Sunday. I saw when he came downstairs that he had done the best he could with his clothes, but they were still pretty ragged. I asked him if he had brought any others, but he told me they were all he had. I didn't say anything at the time, but that afternoon I took him to a clothing store, had it opened as a favor to me, and fitted him out with a

suit of black, and a shirt, and shoes, and a hat—everything he wanted—and got him a carpet-bag, and told Abraham, the clothier, to put Aleck's old things into it, and he would call for them the next day.

"When we got outside Aleck looked himself all over—along his sleeves, over his waistcoat and down to his shoes. He seemed to be thinking about something. He would start to speak to me and stop and look over his clothes again, testing the quality with his fingers. Finally he laid his hand on my arm, and, with a curious, beseeching look in his eyes, said:

"Sammy, all yesterday, when I was a-comin', I was a-studyin' about it, an' I couldn't git it out'n my mind. It come to me agin when I saw Marse Henry las' night, an' I wanted to tell him. But when I got up dis mawnin' an' see myself I knowed I couldn't ask ye, Sammy, an' I didn't. Now I got dese clo'es, it's come to me agin. I kin ask ye now, an' I don't want ye to 'fuse me. I want ye to let me drive my marster's body to de grave."

"I held out my hand, and for an instant neither of us spoke.

"Thank ye, Sammy," was all he said."

Again my companion's voice broke. Then he went on:

"When the carriages formed in line I saw Aleck leaning against the fence, and the undertaker's man was on the hearse. I caught Aleck's eye, and beckoned to him.

"What's the matter, Aleck? Why



"He sat bolt upright, head erect, the reins in one hand, the whip resting on his knee, as I had seen him do so often when driving my father."

aren't you on the hearse?"

"De undertaker man wouldn't let me, Sammy; an' I didn't like to 'sturb you an' de mistis."

"The tears stood in his eyes.

"Go find him and bring him to me," I said.

"When he came I told him the funeral would stop where it was if he didn't carry out my orders.

"He said there was some mistake, though I didn't believe it, and went off with Aleck. As we turned out of the gate and into the road I caught sight of the hearse, Aleck on the box. He sat bolt upright, head erect, the reins in one hand, the whip resting on his knee, as I had seen him do so often when driving my father—grave, dignified, and thoughtful, speaking to the horses in low tones, the hearse moving and stopping as each carriage would be filled and driven ahead.

"He wouldn't drive the hearse back; left it standing at the gate of the cemetery. I heard the discussion, but I couldn't leave my mother to settle it.

"I ain't gwine to do it," I heard him say to the undertaker. "It was my marster I was 'tendin' on, not yo' horses. You can drive 'em home yo'self."

My companion settled himself in his chair, rested his head on his hand, and closed his eyes. I remained silent, watching him. His cigar had gone out; so had mine. Once or twice a slight quiver crossed his lips, then his teeth would close tight, and again his face would relapse into calm impressiveness.

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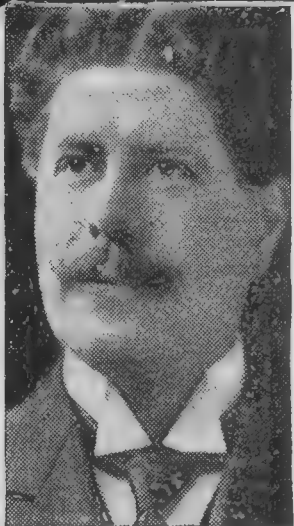
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At this instant the curtains of the smoking room parted and the Pullman porter entered.

"Your berth's all ready, Major," said the porter.

My companion rose from his chair, straightened his leg, held out his hand and said:

"You can understand now, sir, how I feel about these continued outrages. I don't mean to say that every man is like Aleck, but I do mean to say that Aleck would never have been as loyal as he is but for the way my father brought him up. Good-night, sir."

He was gone before I could do more than express my thanks for his confidence. It was just as well—any further word of mine would have been super-

fluous. Even my thanks seemed out of place.

In a few minutes the porter returned with, "Lower four's all ready, sir."

"All right, I'm coming. Oh, porter."

"Yes, sir."

"Porter, come closer. Who is that gentleman I've been talking to?"

"That's Major Sam Garnett, sir."

"Was he in the war?"

"Yes, sir, he was, for a fact. Got more'n six bullets in him now. I jes' done helped him off wid his wooden leg. It was cut off below de knee. His old man Aleck most generally takes care of dat leg. He didn't come wid him this trip. But he'll be on de platform in de mornin' a-waitin' for him."



Queen's Own, Toronto, in firing line, Aldershot Army Manoeuvres.

A Second Proposal.

By Ethel Stefana Stevens.

Professor Richard Cowan, D.Sc., F.R.S., had another housekeeper, and her ways were not his ways. The wheels of his household no longer ran smoothly, for the days of ideal housekeepers have vanished, and in their stead has come a weary succession of inefficient widows and spinsters who know neither the meaning of peace nor the rudiments of economy.

Once, a year ago, under the excellent rule of Mrs. Colepepper, he had almost been unaware of the daily machinery of his household. Now he found himself forced to consider questions of domestic misrule and dissension to such an extent that the even tenor of his well-ordered and scholarly mind was uncomfortably disturbed. Mrs. Colepepper had married—and at fifty-two. It was preposterous behaviour, and ever since her departure everything had been at sixes and sevens.

The professor moved irritably round the room. He must tell Mrs. Montgomery that she must go, and tell her that evening. It would put him off work for a week, of course, but the woman was impossible, and it must be done. He would go round to his cousin's; he could not face the impending scene without some moral support. John's house was his haven of refuge in these troublous days; John's library was a very abode of quiet and comfort, and John's young wife a serene, presiding goddess, who was always ready to help the professor to solve his domestic problems with practical and tactful advice.

* * * * *

John and his wife were lingering over the dinner-table—they dined late; and John's wife fussed prettily over the professor as she made him sit in the big armchair by the fire and brewed fresh coffee for him over the bright blue flame of her little silver apparatus. She always prepared the coffee herself, and it is a fine art only perfected by the elect among women and wives.

"Then I must hurry out," she said. "Marion Belstairs has a bridge-party next door, and I have promised to make a fourth for an hour until her brother comes."

"I will hear all about your troubles when I come back, Richard," she called back over a chiffon beruffled shoulder. "You and John will smoke in the library till then, won't you?"

A moment afterwards she and her pale blue cloak had vanished.

"What does she mean?" John asked. The professor sighed.

"I am sending Mrs. Montgomery away. She drinks, I am positive, and you know I don't notice these things unless they are very apparent and unpleasant. And I am very busy on these radium tests. I ought to tell her tonight. It's a great nuisance."

"And you're looking out for squalls, eh? This is the fourth, isn't it, old man? You see unlucky. Have a cigar."

"I shouldn't mind," the professor continued in gentle, plaintive tones as he lit the proffered Havana, "if it did not interfere with my work. It upsets my whole nervous system. I find it impossible to concentrate."

John smiled.

"You should invest in a permanent housekeeper," he said heartily.

"How?" asked the professor.

"Marry."

The professor looked at him blankly and then somewhat testily replied, "Rubbish!"

"Not at all," John persisted. "Why shouldn't you? It is not right for a man of your age to be single when there are so many pretty and charming women without husbands. We've all got to cave in. You know, old chap, sooner or later, and the sooner the better. When you're older—and you're close on forty now!—there won't be so much choice about it."

"But," the professor objected irritably, "women interfere with work. They make the house uncomfortable. One has to have an At Home day: calling, and all the rest of it. I admit, however, that it would save me trouble in the house."

"Have you ever thought Mouse a trouble?" ("Mouse" was John's pet name for his pretty little wife.)

"Oh," and the professor sighed. "But Dolly is different."

"Of course she is," her husband assented, with a comfortable air of proprietorship. "But you might find that your wife was 'different,' too. You'd better take the plunge, old man. It would be the making of you. You're getting middle-aged before your time."

The professor smiled, and he had a pleasant smile, too, which ruled out the thoughtful puckers on his studious forehead and brow.

"No woman would have me," he said, a trifle wistfully. "I'm a fossil, John, by now. And I shouldn't know how to set about it."

Both men sat silently smoking for a while.

"Do you know," John said, "that Mouse's sister, Persephone, is coming here next week?"

"M—m—what's that?" asked the professor absently. "Mouse's sister? Didn't know she had one."

"She's very like Dolly in some ways," John went on. "Only more bookish—a thoroughly nice girl, a charming girl. Upon my soul, if there had not happened to be a Mouse as well, I believe I should have fallen in love with her myself."

He turned enthusiastically to the professor, but his eloquence was lost. His cousin's eyes were concentrated on invisibility beyond the tobacco smoke, and, knowing the professor as himself, John recognized that it would be useless to talk to him until the sign was vouchsafed that he had returned to the workaday world. He was evidently ruminating on his radium tests, temporarily basking in his borrowed comfort. So John filled and lit his pipe, and settled back to his evening paper.

"Richard marry?" said Mrs. Donni-thorne that night, as she sat on her husband's knee by the fire after the professor had gone. "But John, darling, that is what I have always said he should do. It would reform him. He wants a wife more badly than anyone I ever saw, poor dear."

"Yes—but Persephone?"

She thought a moment and then laughed.

"I will manage Persephone. You know, after all, Richard is quite good-looking."

"Yes, he's a decent-looking chap, and he dresses better than you would expect for an absent-minded bachelor."

"Except," she inserted, "when he forgets to put on a tie, as he did the other day. But Persephone would enjoy seeing to that."

"She may not wish to—" John said dubiously. "Persephone has a great deal of character."

"Why, my dear boy, there never were



Coming Home from the Drive

two people better suited. He wants mothering, and Persephone loves nothing better. She adores brains, and he would appreciate a disciple. Sephie hates the protective, assertive type of man. I shall prepare the way directly she comes. You will make it your duty to see that Richard forgets his collar or tie, or that he doesn't put on his coat. His very absent-mindedness will attract her."

Miss Persephone Dacre was a comely young woman of about five-and-twenty, with a sense of humour and a dimple on her firm, well moulded young chin. She had endured three years at Newham without injury to either her nerves or her complexion, and had avidly pursued various intellectual hobbies since, inspired more by a sense of duty than by

natural aptitude, for she was one of those girls who are happiest when making a blouse, or ironing ribbons, or experimenting in chafing-dish cookery.

She opened enthusiastic brown eyes when her sister told her that Professor Richard Cowan was coming to dinner that night.

"Cowan!" she exclaimed. "The Professor Cowan?"

"Well, I suppose there isn't another," Dolly admitted.

"Why, I know some girls who would be fearfully envious of me if they knew I was to meet the great Cowan. He is such a recluse. I don't believe, Dolly, you know how important he is!"

"Every prophet—" quoted Dolly. "You know, we see a good deal of him. The poor man is driven out a good deal

lately because of a brute of a house-keeper."

"The ground is well prepared," she whispered later on to her husband when he entered the drawing-room with the unsuspecting professor, who was as gentle and absent-minded as usual. He did not notice Persephone until she was brought right up to him and introduced, and then he relapsed into a dreamy silence. But Persephone was not the girl to let an opportunity like this pass. She wanted to make the celebrated scientist talk, and she ended by succeeding. The professor did talk, and having mounted his hobbies found himself launched into an eloquent exposition of his pet theories about radium tests. Persephone was an apt disciple and listened with rapt eyes.

"She's a most intelligent girl," the professor remarked afterwards to Dolly. "A most intelligent girl."

"And pretty, too, don't you think?" Dolly queried.

"Really? Well, you know, I didn't notice much."

Dolly with difficulty repressed a remark.

She essayed a similar line of tactics with Persephone.

"Well, did you like him?"

"Oh, he's wonderful!" Persephone affirmed enthusiastically. "Most interesting." She paused for a moment, then added: "Dolly dear, did you notice how crooked his tie was, poor man!"

"No," Dolly said mendaciously. "I hadn't noticed. But I hear he doesn't even get fed properly."

The professor's visits became a matter of daily occurrence now. Persephone metaphorically, and sometimes literally, sat at his feet; and one day he took her into his holy of holies, his laboratory. Dolly's approval of this advance was a little chastened by the fact that, according to Persephone's own admiring admission, he entirely forgot her presence until recalled by his visitor into the

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knowledge. This was humorous, but it did not argue progress. And Dolly had become exceedingly attached to this pet idea.

The professor was almost unconscious that a fresh element had come into his life, until one evening the sixth house-keeper, taking revenge on him for the escape of a fine specimen of a harmless snake to her bedroom, which she regarded as a special and malignant attention from the master of the house, made her departure in the early afternoon, taking with her the cook (who had gone into hysterics when summoned to the rescue). When the professor rang the bell angrily at eight-thirty to know why dinner had not been served, he learnt that there was none to serve. The disconsolate gentleman went over to his cousin's as usual, to find that they had both gone out to dinner, and that the cook had a night off. Persephone

had cooked a picnic meal over a chafing-dish, and she cooked a second for the hungry professor. She was so sweetly domestic that the professor, accustomed to view her as an intelligent gramophone, into which he could utter his scientific thoughts uninterrupted and encouraged, found himself regarding her, though not for the first time, as a woman.

As he went home that evening, well-fed, well-soothed, well-content, the idea occurred to him that he would, the very next day, ask Miss Persephone Dacre to marry him. He had more than once considered the matter in odd moments—loosely, vaguely; but now the full-grown decision sprang into being. It was not conceit that made him take her consent for granted. Had she not shown for weeks past that she cared for no society better than his own, and were not their tastes similar, their enthusiasms iden-

tical? Why should she logically refuse? And, if she did, why they could go on as they were before. They neither of them—he judged from a conversation he had held with her once—believed in sentiment.

* * * * *

The next evening Dolly noted a more than usual brightness about her sister's eyes. She seemed on the point of making a confidence, and then, repressing it, would start an outside subject with a disconnectedness which Dolly did not fail to observe.

"Where were you this afternoon?" she asked casually.

"Oh, at the professor's. He's on the point of completing the experiments with the radium tests. We were nearly successful this afternoon. We got some wonderful results."

"Quite wonderful, I should say."

Dolly said meaningfully, inviting a confession with a smile.

But apparently Persephone was not in the mood to make one. She preserved the same glow of hidden happiness and importance.

"He's proposed to her," Dolly thought with conviction. "It's just like Persephone not to say. She'll wait a week and then bring it on casually. She always has pretended to hate sentiment."

She confided her suspicion to her husband. He laughed.

"Well, in any case, he doesn't act much like an engaged man. I ran in after dinner, as you know, and they told me he had hardly left the laboratory."

"Oh, the tests, I suppose. Persephone said the experiment had reached an important stage."

"Funny he didn't come in to-night, anyway."

The next day Dolly thought the radium had faded a little from Persephone's face. At four the professor came in, full of his news. The tests had been successful! Dolly poured out tea with the attentive silence of one to whom the subject was entirely beyond comprehension, and then slipped out, leaving them still talking radium.

About half an hour afterwards she saw the professor leave, with a forlorn droop to his shoulders that made her wonder. He walked miserably—not like a man who has scored a double triumph, a man who has made a world-important discovery, or an accepted lover.

(Continued on Page 58)

Watch the Horse Closely.

"Never allow anything to draw a horse's attention from you when you are working with him" is the motto to which Prof. John Beery, of Pleasant Hill, Ohio, owes his position as the foremost trainer and handler of horses in the world to-day. Prof. Beery's pre-eminence in the world of horses was never better attested than at the recent convention attended by 300 of the 7,000 pupils of the Beery Correspondence School of Horsemanship.

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Ella Wheeler Wilcox: In the matter of fashions the average woman has all the originality of the last sheep of the flock going through the fence.

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst: Women have their own peculiar virtues and their own peculiar qualities, and their influence in the world depends mainly on their cultivating those peculiar feminine characteristics with which they are endowed.

Jane Addams: Home is the one place in all this world where hearts are sure of each other. It is the place of confidence; it is the place where we tear off that mark of guarded and suspicious coldness which this world forces us to wear in self-defense, and where we pour out the unreserved communications of full and confiding hearts. It is the spot where expressions of tenderness gush out without any sensation of awkwardness and without any dread of ridicule.



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Some Late Facts and Stories of British Columbia Mammals.

Specially written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale.
Photos. by Author and Fleming Bros.

All those who are interested in the big-eyed, human-faced, sleek-skinned fur seal will rejoice that the United States has refused to release the breeding islands in the Behring Sea to the North American Commercial Co. If you could meet one of the men who has been ashore while the herd was driven and the young seals killed, you would hear a tale that would make the stoutest heart shudder. I met a Japanese and a Russian chatting together that a few months ago had occupied very different positions to one another. A Japanese sealer had closed into the island under a heavy fog. Two boats were silently lowered and slowly rowed ashore. In the bow was the young Jap now standing before me. A few hundred yards up the beach of the island the guards of the American company that had the lease of the island were busily herding and killing, much

tive cruisers were in Victoria Harbour, the captains declared they would enforce the rule even to seizure of any sealer caught with firearms in Behring Sea, even if he was hunting sea otter.

At the very time they made this declaration the pirate halibut craft of United States fishermen—big companies that know the laws—were steaming past the selfsame harbor of, Victoria bound for the fishing grounds, the halibut beds. Now, many of the best halibut beds lie close ashore in our Canadian waters. Of course, as the United States is so strict with our sealers, she, no doubt, would be equally firm with her halibut fleet and warn them not to trespass on our three-mile shore line. Does she? No! No! Every year millions of pounds of this choice commercial food fish are taken on our shores by United States fishermen. Many times we chase them with our



Desolated hauling grounds. Not a seal in sight.

as you see them in the picture. No sooner had the marauders' boat touched the beach—a bit of surf was rolling in and it made it rattle and pound—than word was passed that a raid was on. Down ran the Russians and Aleuts. A scattering volley from the rifles drove the boats back into the surf. In the bow of the nearest stood a dark figure. Close to the tide line on the beach knelt another. Three times a line of fire spat from the rifle of the kneeling figure. Three times the surf-flung boat threw the figure on the bow out of range—and here were the two men on the main street of a coast city amicably conversing in very broken English. Truly it is a small world after all. So far, by way of introduction. Now, I want to call your attention to actual conditions. For years now, since the sealing award, the United States has insisted on a closed Behring Sea for our Canadian sealers within the sixty-mile zone of the islands. Not only that, but she has policed the entire Behring Sea to watch that we do not break the rule and use rifles. The captains of her revenue craft—for they are small, swift, lightly armed gunboats that take a green sea over the bows and seem to enjoy it—have even sealed up the guns on our craft that were out sea otter hunting. This year, when the protec-

old slow craft, the Kestrel. Once in a while we catch them, but not often. The same thing occurs with the salmon. We both agree to observe certain close seasons on the fish, mainly sockeye salmon; bound through Canadian, then United States, then again through Canadian waters to their spawning grounds in the Fraser River in British Columbia. We observe thoroughly the close season each week, as agreed. Do they? No, no! Positively, NO!

Two west coast Indians just returned from the north had a trying time. As is usual with the sealers, when it is a good day for "lowering," the boats left early in the morning and went straight away from the schooner, hunting as they went. The plan is to take a short base to form a triangle, and then hunt back on a new line to the schooner. Of course, by the time they made the base she would be fully hull down, if not more. If you have ever been out of sight of land in a small boat there is a feeling of precious little between you and that place we call "Kingdom come." Well, just as the bow man swept about so that he could see the hull of the sealer by standing up, he saw her disappear. Too old a sealer to be alarmed, he just grunted out "anoul-atsea negis" "Great cloud making or storm coming," (in the original cakuitl),

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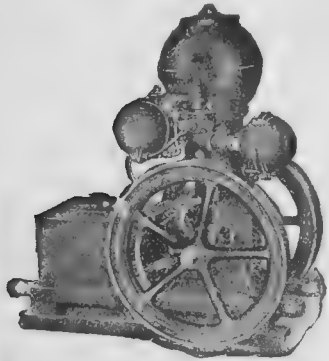
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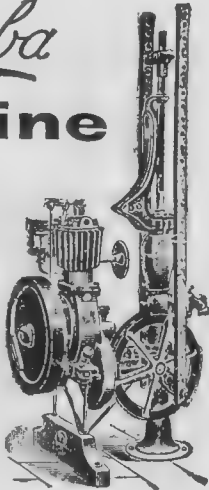
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and they paddled on the back track might and main. As well brush the tide back with a feather. The great wind drove them seaward for all the dark night hours. To add to the peril, one had to bail constantly, and, alas! he had to empty the "billy" of fresh water to bail with. I can see them in that twenty-foot cedar canoe careening up the hills and diving down the slopes of those huge waves that run in our misnamed Pacific. I have done it in daylight, but at midnight, ah! When the sun sent that first cold, gray light over the heaving sea it disclosed two men, one feverishly throwing water out that seemed to come in all the faster, while the other strove to keep the canoe before the wind. The next day they espied a dark line, land. That night they made it. Have you ever stepped ashore on this magnificently rugged coast and wondered just how you would live if the food box went overboard?

True animals these west coast men. They first of all clawed into the sands until they found some brackish water, then they slept. Now, just where they were, if you take your map with you and land there it will help you mighty little, for it was many days scrambling along the shores, living on moss. They carried the precious "billy" with them, and their three precious matches made three invaluable fires. And they lived these three days on boiled moss. If this were an epicurean dainty, truly the Aluetian peninsula country is filled with it—and precious little else. Finally they struck an Indian village—just seven days after the sealer disappeared in the storm rack.

Besides the seal, we have another mammal out here that is very well worth hunting, that gives large financial profit, but occasionally does what

I wonder it does not always do—hunt the hunters. Look at the mighty bulk of these air-inflated whales at the wharf of the whaling stations. It is not unusual for the prey the whaling tugs pursue and kill and finally tow home to be longer than the tug itself. Generally it is just clever steering of a plunging tug in a great smooth rolling sea—a motion that is calculated to make a landsman aboard wish for speedy death—then comes the careful aiming of the harpoon gun on the bow, the roar of the exploding gun, the swish of the harpoon line, the impact of the projectile and its swift explosion in the lungs of the huge, doomed whale. For a mile or a dozen miles, an hour or a dozen hours, the great creature may tow the tug, it all depends just where the explosive bomb was placed, but—and this is another story. About the only small whaler I know of was steered right up to one of these silent mammals. As usual, slow, correct aim was taken. The harpoon gun sent the explosive bomb well into the mighty body. The explosion took place as usual and the whale sounded. Now, if this had been an exemplary animal, he would have done as so many others have—towed that tug until he was so exhausted that the whalers could use their lances and administer the final stab. But no, this chap had a fight for his liberty. Ever gathering speed, the enraged mammal charged the clumsy tug. One swift turn, one upthrowing of the great tail, one swiftly descending blow, and the stern of the tug was smashed up like so much cardboard, and down the whale sounded. If it sought to kill its enemies it failed, as they promptly took to the boats. If it aimed to destroy the tug, it succeeded, for the craft sank in a few minutes. No lives were



Killing the young males of the seal herd on the breeding Islands by the employees of the leasing Company,—the American Commercial Co.



Inflated bodies of whales at whaling station on Vancouver I., B.C.

lost in this exciting adventure save that of the whale, as it was found later floating dead.

Another very odd mishap took place upon our shores lately. The Crescent was off Flattery for halibut. Two Swedes were in one of the dories with several hundred fathoms of fishing gear out when they fouled a whale. In some manner the myriau hooked line had become entangled about one of these great fish (?)—as the nature fakirs call them. As soon as the whale felt the restraint of the line, he started off at full speed, dragging the dory through the crests of the waves like a chip. These were moments of wild alarm for the two fishermen, for so many ends and entanglements existed as made it serious work to move or attempt to cut loose. Every moment they expected the whale to sound deeper and take the boat with it, but luckily the lines parted, the whale came up and exhausted some vapour, and while he was breathing slowly there were two other animals that were hurriedly filling their lungs and fitting their oars and getting out of that spot with all due speed.

The big Kosmos liner, the Amasis, Captain Appen, was tied at the wharf at Victoria the other day. His log had a most rare entry. At 4-30 on a Tuesday afternoon while passing Cape Flattery a whale was seen, about a sixty-foot one. Apparently he had been engaged in some deep sea combat for he was bleeding very freely and was being attacked by some great fish or mammals. The cap-

tain thought it was sharks and killer whales. I rather doubt the latter, being inclined more to the idea that it was swordfish and sharks. At any rate, the big enraged beast saw the black hull of the Amasis rolling right towards him; what more natural than he should take it for another enemy? Head first, with all his power, he rammed the big blunt steel box. Now, while a whale can knock the end from off a wooden tug with its tail it is an entirely different proposition to attack a swiftly moving steel wedge with its head, as this one proved—for the bow cut into the huge head swiftly, easily, with scarcely any shock of impact to the steamer, and the mighty carcass sank beneath the keel. So I take it as remarkable that the hundred-foot tugs that form our fleets of whalers nowadays should, day after day and year after year engage in combat with so mighty a creature and in nearly every case escape injury.

Don't boil meat at a gallop. Boil five minutes, then cook it at a temperature of 160 degrees Fahrenheit.

Don't make bread into large loaves. The centre is apt to be underdone and spoil easily.

Don't keep custards in the cellar in an open vessel. They are liable to become poisonous.

Don't wash omelette pans. Rub with soft pieces of paper, wipe them out and keep in a clean closet.



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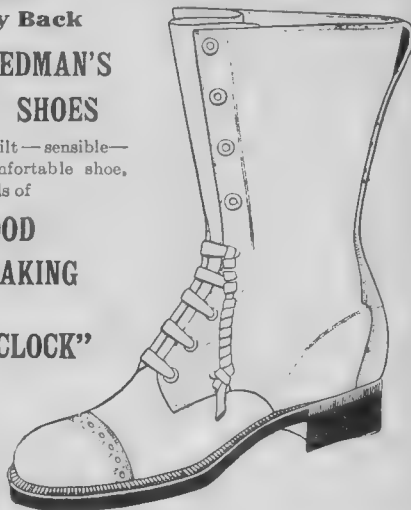
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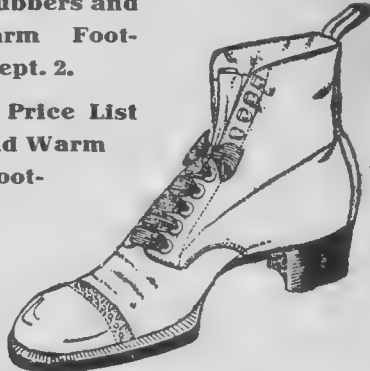
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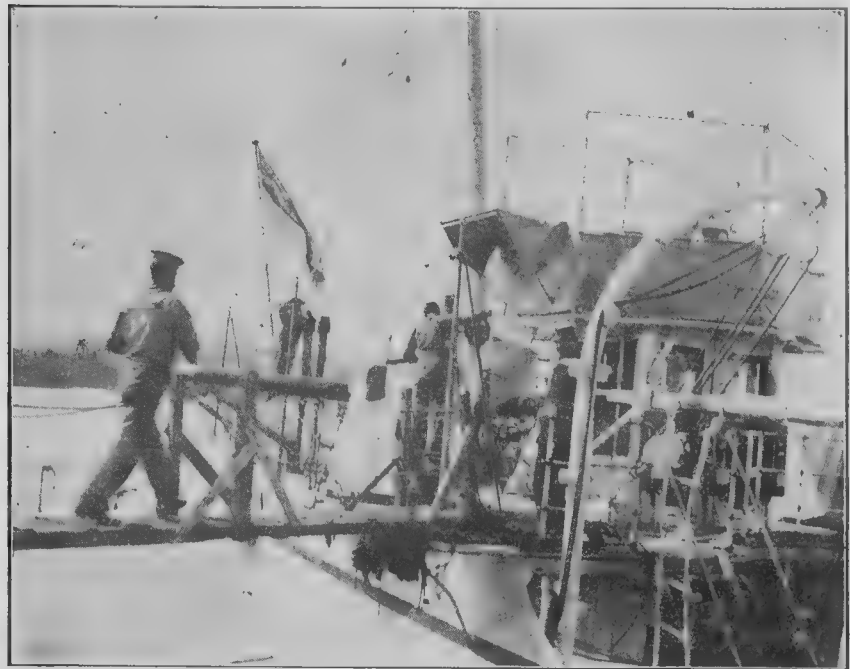
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Matt, Man of Affairs.

By Nathaniel Hamilton Maxwell.



THE lull of the early afternoon had fallen upon the office. The distant pounding of the machines overhead, the droning of the typewriters, mingled with the street noise below, and seemed bent on putting the office force to sleep.

In the inner office, which was enclosed by a wooden railing from the rest of the big room, the General Superintendent in his shirt sleeves stood propped against his desk, resting over a cigar. The Assistant Superintendent nearby, with half his earlier energy, was laboring with the agent of an out-of-town concern, and was apparently in trouble. Just beyond the railing, a clerk lolled on his elbows reading a newspaper. The morning seemed to have worn every one out.

A boy appeared at the far end of the office, walked deliberately by several clerks who called out to ask what he wanted, opened the gate of the inner office and slid into a chair.

The Superintendent looked at him inquiringly, but he neither offered explanation nor removed his cap. His clothes had been cut down to fit him. He was

"But if you'll give me something to do, I kin do it."

The Assistant Superintendent had overheard the last few sentences.

"Matt says he can do anything, but not everything," he remarked to the agent.

"That's one on the Superintendent."

He passed the cigarettes and both began to smoke and to grin approval.

"If I gave you a job, Matt, would you get a hair-cut out of the first day's wages?"

The boy ran his fingers through his hair and cast a tired smile about the office.

"I kin get it clipped wid the horse-clippers at the fire-engine house an' save my day's wages."

"What if there was a fire?"

"Like one kid," said Matt. "He had a black crop on him, and the firemens said that oughtn't to run loose, an' they cut an alley like, down the middle of his head, when ding-a-lang-a-lang the bell rung, an' the firemens dropped the clippers and swung on just as the engine was goin' out, an' the other kids yelled at him, an' his mammy was goin' to get the firemens arrested, only it was a false alarm, and they was back an' finished it before she could get a warrant swore out."



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like a diminutive man, a drayman reduced to boy's size. The face was keen and thoughtful, but over it spread so worn a look that he seemed the impersonation of fatigue.

After a minute he glanced up from under straggling locks of hair with big, gray eyes.

"Mister, I'm lookin' fer a job."

He pulled off his cap and smiled.

The Superintendent had been watching him closely. The boy was unusual, even if his story was an old one.

"There don't seem to be no demand fer me. I begun lookin' at five this mornin'. One duck says to me, 'Get out, before I kick yez.'"

A droll look overspread the jaded face.

"What's your name?" the Superintendent asked.

"Matthew Matthews is my real name, and some calls me by my first name, and some by my second, but everybody calls me 'Matt.'"

"Matt Matthews or Matthew Matt," remarked the Superintendent reflectively.

"Yes, sir."

"What can you do, Matt—everything?"

"Naw, sir."

The Superintendent noted a difference between former applicants and this one.

"That's queer. I thought fellows like you always could?"

"My mother says nobody kin do everything," said Matt, standing up.

"He must have been a sight!" put in the assistant encouragingly.

"I got a hair-cut over there not long ago, but it grewed awful long like, pretty quick."

Matt ran his fingers through his hair again, this time very slowly.

"Maybe looking for a job makes your hair grow," suggested the Superintendent.

"That's what I'm thinking myself," said Matt. "I see in the penny paper that nearly all of them millionaires is baldheaded."

The Superintendent felt the top of his head hastily, then pointed at his assistant with a warning laugh.

"Do you hear that, Charley?"

The assistant had seen what was coming, and was looking the other way, much absorbed.

"Matt says, Charley, that if you millionaires spent more time looking for work there would be fewer of you baldheaded."

"Do you smoke, Matt?" asked Charley, passing the cigarettes.

Matt had sunk into the chair again. He declined with sleepy thanks.

The agent picked up his hat to go, saying as he did so, "You can take our order at the terms you last named." He turned to the Superintendent, "I wish you could see your way clear to give that boy a place. I recommend him."

The Superintendent had made up his mind already.

"Matt, you can come to work to-

morrow morning at three dollars a week. Now, go home and go to bed. Here's a dime to ride on the cars with."

Matt pulled his cap over his eyes, said "Thank ye," feebly, stumbled through the gate, and passed out to the street—tired, but "a fellow with a job."

II.

When the janitor came next morning he found Matt waiting at the door. The boy was not tired now, and had succeeded in getting his hair cut without the distressing complications sometimes caused by fires.

Matt said he was there to work, so the janitor divided his labors with him. When the engineer came, Matt introduced himself with the same words, and was promptly despatched to the hardware store on urgent business.

Everybody heard, on arriving that morning, that Matt was there to work, so by the time the Superintendent came there were general demands for the boy's services.

The engineer and the janitor elbowed up to the railing and waited on the Superintendent. Charley completed the group.

"I can use him, sir, and in fact I'm needin' him in the injine-room," said the engineer with a bad frown.

The Superintendent gestured negatively with the flat of his hand.

"A boy's what I been astin fer over a year, sir," averred the janitor with an argumentative thump on the railing. The Superintendent shut his eyes.

"No, no! No, no!"

"Why not put Matt in uniform for the President's office?" suggested Charley with the air of a discoverer.

The Superintendent had heard Charley say, the night before, that they would not have got that out-of-town order had it not been for Matt, so he had decided to keep him near at hand as a mascot. He motioned them away.

"You millionaires go about your business," he exclaimed, "or you'll all be baldheaded before your time. Leave Matt to me."

Whereupon the meeting dispersed and the Superintendent addressed himself to



Indian Camp, Red Deer Lake

Matt, who just then came in from the last of his early morning errands. "Matt, do you know where the Standard Paper Company is?"

"Naw, sir."

"Well, take that package there, will you, and get back right away. Here's six cents car fare."

Matt put the package on his shoulder and started out.

"Hey, there," said the Superintendent. "What car are you going to take?"

"Green Line."

"Thought you didn't know where the place was?"

"Ain't that the only three-cent line in town?"

"Believe it is, Matt," he chuckled. "Go ahead."

He began work on a pile of papers. Before he was half through he was in-

terrupted by Matt, who had returned.

"What's the matter? Where's the package?"

"I give it to the girl."

"What girl?"

"At the Standard Paper Company."

"At the Standard Paper Company?" the Superintendent asked incredulously.

"Yes, sir; a woolly-headed girl with a silly grin."

"Sounds like it," Charley put in from a distance.

"What's her name? Mollie, Kittie, no, Kittie, that's it!"

"Kittie's her name," said Matt. "A big tall duck wid a satchel give her a box of candy wid 'Miss Kittie McGreg' written on the top. Then you ought to see the grin."

The Superintendent was a brief time at the telephone.

"Kittie says it is there," he announced doubtfully.

"Matt, how in the name of common-sense did you get back so quickly? That's a terrible distance."

Matt fumbled in his hat and produced three cents, which he laid on the table.

"I seen a duck with red socks and goggles out there at the end of the car line waitin' wid a automobile. I says to him, was he goin' to the Standard, and when he seen the size of the package I was wid, he says, 'Yes, get in.' Gee! but them people make time. Soon I seen a yellow brick wid 'Standard Paper Company' written on it, and a light brick next, and a big shed across the street, and I says to him, 'What's that light brick and the shed?' and he says, 'Them's the Standard Paper Company's,' and I says, 'Why ain't they got the name up?' Then he grinned like and didn't say nothing, and I says to him, 'That ain't no way to run business, is it? wid peope goin' by in the trains thinkin' it's a powder mill.' Then he says to me, would I hurry, he was ridin' downtown and I could go wid him. I seen them callin' him 'Jerry' at the shop, so I called him that. He's some duck. Gee! but his machine kin travel!"

The Superintendent and Charley exchanged significant glances. They recognized the description of the speeding treasurer of the Standard.

The Superintendent put the three cents back in the drawer.

III.

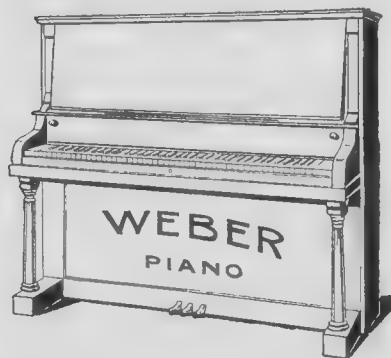
From the day of Matt's first appearance there, he became a factor in the business. His quaint expressions passed into the vernacular of the office, and his never-failing good humor kept him always in demand. He was destined, too, to become the deciding episode in more deals than the one on his first day which caused his appointment as the secret mascot.

On one Monday morning, Charley expressly hurried Matt in, to vary the monotony of haggling details raised by a stupid fellow whom he would have

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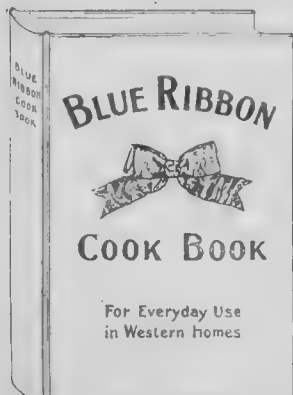
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It is specially prepared for everyday use in Western homes and is practical and up-to-date. For instance, all ingredients are given by measure instead of weight, so you do not need scales.

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pitched out of the office had it not been for the interest he represented.

He gave Matt some involved instructions about the re-arrangement of his letter files.

Matt took orders like a train despatcher, and began execution with a hearty good-will that was quite irresistible. A look of interest from the Bore was repaid with a smile.

"You seem to be in a hurry."

Matt smiled and redoubled his energies.

"You'll die young that way, sure."

"I'm dead already and back again," Matt confided.

"What did it look like?" asked the Bore.

Matt cast a glance at Charley for leave to continue the conversation.

"Big white dome, all lit up; fellow taken tickets at the gate."

"Indeed!" grinned the Bore. "Price of admission reasonable, I hope."

"Aw, you couldn't buy in. That gag wouldn't work. One diligation wid badges tried that. They went back countin' their money an' kickin'."

Matt winked at his chief with the off side of his face.

"I suppose, then, you got in all right?"

"I suppose you had overcharged customers in the former life," insinuated the Bore.

"They was wid a bum company," Matt explained.

"I give 'em the firm's cable address, and the fellow says, real quick like,

practicing a sermon. And I say, we are sorry to lose you."

Matt was too much alarmed to see the joke.

"Oh, no! I'm goin' to stick to the business wid yez."

The voice was very much strained, and the Superintendent saw for the first time that he had wounded. "Well, what were you having such a thundering big time with the minister about?" he asked half apologetically.

Matt swallowed.

"Well, this was how it is. We had one of them Indian missionaries teachin' us at Sunny-school and he gives us a letter, and that, wid pictures of Buffalo Bill's Custer's massyger, and then again the Indians all sittin' around dressed up."

"Then he gives us 'Every little helps,' and that; and some said they can give a dime, and some fifteen, and one duck wid paten' leather shoes, and that, says he could give a quarter, and when they comes to me, I feels sorry for the Indians and I says, 'Put me down for a quarter, too.'"

"Then they all give me the laugh, thinkin' I couldn't get it, and the fellow wid the paten' leathers let on as if his jaw was comin' off, from laughin'. But the missionary says to us, 'Bring over your money to-night, and we'll send it all at wonct.' And when I went home, I ast my mother to give me one of my quarters, and she commenced to cry, and that, and she says that the doctor comin' to see my little sister, wanted his money and she give it to him. Then



A Thoroughbred Husky

'Front seat and scorecard; mineral water free.'"

Matt dodged an imaginary kick and disappeared out the gate.

"I guess you people must be all right," the Bore chuckled to Charley.

"I guess so," he answered, rather flatly.

"Suppose, then, we call it a go!"

"Very well," said Charley.

Sorry to take so much of your valuable time, sir."

"Don't mention it."

Charley had proved himself the man for an emergency. The Bore shook hands with him and departed. Charley waited to let him get well out of the building, then took up his hat and left.

The Superintendent, who had been away all morning, came stamping into the office. Something had gone wrong. Matt said, "Good morning," inquiringly, and became the first available object of his wrath.

"Sorry you have decided to leave us, Matt," he said dryly.

"How's that?" A look of blank amazement overspread the boyish face. Could it be possible?

Ordinarily the Superintendent would have repented of his joke immediately.

"Me leave yez!" Matt's gray eyes were blinking rapidly.

"I saw you talking to the preacher yesterday on the street, and from the way you were dressed up and giving him the right-hand gesture on the left-hand side, I thought you must be going into the preaching business and were

I says she done right. But I kept thinkin' of 'em givin' me the laugh when they seen me again.

"Then I kept lettin' on to myself I knowed what to do, and so after a while I goes down to Granny Griggs's on the first floor—I'm always goin' to the grocery for her, and that. She's got religion. And I says, did I hear her say the family Bible was too big for her to read, now she was gettin' old? And when she says 'Yes,' I asks her, could I sell her a nice handy Bible for a quarter, and she says to me 'Sure.' And I says, 'The trouble is, I haven't got the Bible yet,' and she says, 'When you get it, bring it in, and I'll have a quarter.'"

"Then I goes to my Sunny-school teacher, and I says to him, did I hear him say he was givin' Bibles to them as learned the Catechism, and he says to me, 'Yes,' and I says to him, 'Trouble is, I want it right away,' that I was earnin' it for an old lady that might die, and she couldn't hold the big family Bible any more."

"Then my Sunny-school teacher says, 'Tell the preacher I say you'll learn it all right, and for him to give you the Bible right away.'"

"And the preacher didn't know what I was tryin' to do to him until I told him, and that's when you seen me."

"Then he gives me the Bible, and I took it to Granny Griggs, and she says, 'My! that's too cheap, I'll pay you thirty-five cents.' So when the time come, the fellow wid the paten' leathers

and that says he could give thirty-five cents, too, if his allowance wasn't all gone. Gee! But there's some jaw-breakers in that Catechism. My mother couldn't think why I was readin' it so bad."

The Superintendent's face was a study..

"Don't worry, Matt," he exclaimed. "You can stay with us."

Matt evinced his relief with one of his finest smiles, and went back to his work.

When he left the office a few moments later the Superintendent called the bookkeeper.

"Harry!"

"Yes."

"Did you hear that?"

"Yes."

"What did you think of it?"

"I think we had better put him in charge of our banking business."

"Well, Harry, the thing is just this, if ever I say, 'Matt, here's fifteen cents car fare; throw this paper-weight into the English Channel!'—why, let the Allied Powers look out for a splash."

IV.

The anniversary of Matt's first appearance in the business world was always celebrated at the office. Upon the day that marked the turning of the first year, he appeared with a new tie and with a rose in his buttonhole.

"Married?" inquired the Superintendent.

"Naw, sir. I'm here a year."

"What! Is it a year to-day?"

The Superintendent made a brief survey of the lad. He had grown in physique and advanced in usefulness. There was general improvement, extending, perhaps, even to his grammar.

"You have had one raise in salary, Matt, haven't you? When was it?"

"That was the Monday you thought I was goin' to be a preacher."

"Oh!" answered the Superintendent thoughtfully. "Well, Matt, I believe we shall have to give you another advance in honor of the occasion. You



Bear Hunters

can count on us for an increase of a dollar per week."

Matt was much affected, but recovered in time to reply fittingly.

"Thank yez; I'm much obliged. A fellow here can feel himself expandin' with the business."

Another year passed. As on the first anniversary, Matt was decorated with a rose. His headgear had now advanced from the old cap to a broad-brimmed hat, for he considered that his position as assistant collector and second assistant banking man (when there was no one else there) required him to look as well as possible. On this occasion he was again honored with an advance in salary. The toasts followed and good fellowship reigned in the office.

The ceremony over, the Superintendent proceeded to business.

"Here are two bills for collection," he said. "One for twelve dollars eighty-five cents and the other for nineteen dollars. Get the money, and when you have finished that" (he handed Matt a check) "go to the Traders' Bank and draw this check."

"One hundred and ten dollars." Matt read aloud, "Rider and Company, Traders' Bank."

"Do you know the teller at that bank, Matt?"

"Williams is his name," he answered. "He's married to that Jerry's sister at the Standard Paper Company's—fellow that run over a street piano wid his automobile."

"Married, is he? Well, if you say so, Matt. Now, there will be one hundred and forty-one dollars and eighty-five cents—the most you have ever carried in cash. That's in honor of the day."

"One hundred and forty-one—eighty-five," Matt repeated as he folded the papers in his pocketbook.

The Superintendent began work upon a pile of opened letters spread in front of him. A half hour later he looked up suddenly. Matt was coming toward him, his face working nervously, his fingers clutching the rim of his hat. The conclusion was inevitable.

"Lost!" exclaimed the Superintendent.

"How much?"

Matt handed him a roll of bills and two dimes. "Not all, thank fortune," the Superintendent said as he took them. He counted aloud rapidly. "Twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, hundred, ten, twenty, thirty! One hundred and thirty dollars and twenty cents. Eleven dollars sixty-five cents missing. Where is it?"

Matt's face was its own answer.

The Superintendent laid down the money with a gesture of impatience. "If you fellows that are so anxious to advance would take better care of money you are carrying we should all get rich quicker. The money is gone, I suppose; if so, the incident is closed. Be more careful next time, that's all."

Matt spoke. "I guess I done wrong. But if I lost it—it wasn't no kerlessness."

The Superintendent looked up inquiringly.

"If you have anything to say, Matt, speak up!"

"What happened was this: I went down to make my first collection, the twelve-eighty-five one, and while they was countin' out the money, and that, I hears some duck say to a fat fellow wid a diamond pin, 'You don't mean Rider & Company!' as if he was surprised, and then I seen that the fat fellow stuttered like, 'S-S-Strait tip!' he says. 'R-Rider & Company can't pay. Keep that to yourself,' he says like. Then I says to myself, 'Rider &

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Company are the people this check is from, maybe I'd better hurry to bank; I might get there ahead of somebody else.' And then is when I disobeyed orders, because you says collect the two bills first and then go to bank."

The Superintendent's mood had changed to one of attention.

"But I says, 'If I go to collect first I might lose out,' so I goes straight to bank, and when the payer—that's Williams—looks at the size of the check, he commences to kid me right away, because I know him, and, givin' the other payer the wink like, he says to me, 'You must be goin' into the bankin' business yourself!'"

"What's there in bankin' for a fellow fixed like me?" I says, and all that time he was countin' the money about four times, and he picks it up and throws it down again in front of him, like as if he was thinkin', and I says to him I was in a hurry, I wasn't talkin' to my girl. 'Wait a minute,' he says, and then he calls through the wires to the book-keeper, and he asts him real quiet like how Rider & Company's account stands. Then I seen it was up to the book-keeper and I steps over to the window where he was. 'Ninety-eight-thirty-five,' he says to Williams real soft. Then Williams talks to the receiver and cashier a while and he comes and hands me back the check and says it ain't good. 'Why ain't it good?' I says 'They haven't got the money in bank,' he says. 'Quit kiddin' me,' I says, 'and pay your debts!'"

"Then he laughs kind of funny and

I says to myself, 'From what I heard we might not get anything. This way we get ninety-eight dollars thirty-five cents.' Then I made the other collection—nineteen dollars—and if I done wrong you can take what I put in bank, eleven dollars sixty-five cents, out of my wages."

A boy appeared at the railing. 'Extry, sir? All about the heavy failure!'"

The Superintendent glanced at the headlines, "Rider & Company Fail. Will Pay Fifteen Cents on the Dollar."

He had read half way down the column when he was interrupted by an altercation between Matt and the news-boy.

"What's the matter here?" he demanded.

"I guess this kid is waitin' on the money for his paper," Matt explained. "I told him to come back to-morrow, you were busy readin' now."

"Oh!" the Superintendent exclaimed absently. "Here's a nickel." He plunged again into the details of the failure.

"You can lay the three cents change on the table," Matt suggested to the boy. "Please call again."

Andrew Carnegie: In one sense we are all weavers. We weave the web of life, and it is well for us to remember that if a fault is allowed to pass into the web, that web can never be as perfect as if there never had been a fault.



Traders' Dog Teams after a 325 Mile Trip

says that I don't believe him, but it's so, and he says to come around again in a little while, probably Rider & Company would be in and make a big deposit."

"Not from what I heard,' I thought to myself. Then I walks over to the desk where the people write their checks and things, and I thought to myself, 'Ninety eight—thirty-five,' the book-keeper says to Williams they've got in bank, that leaves eleven dollars and sixty-five cents, and I makes out a deposit slip, eleven dollars and sixty-five cents to the credit of Rider & Company."

"Deposit slip!" the Superintendent exclaimed.

"Yes. I made it out just like "you showed me that day for our firm, and I takes the money out of what I collected, and I deposits it and then I goes to the payer—that's Williams—and I gives him the check again."

Then he gets kind of mad and says how long does it take some people to get an idea through their heads, and I says, 'The check's all right now. Somebody just made a deposit for Rider & Company.' And then he goes to the receiving teller and to the bookkeeper and the cashier and they was all gesturin' wid one another, and finally the payer—that's Williams—walks back, picks up the hundred and ten dollars where it was lyin' and hands it out. And that's how I am eleven dollars sixty-five cents short. I put it in the bank, so I could get the other out, and

The House of Too Much Trouble..

In the house of Too Much Trouble,
Lived a lonely little boy;
He was eager for a playmate,
He was hungry for a toy.
But 'twas always too much bother,
Too much dirt and too much noise;
For the House of Too Much Trouble
Wasn't meant for little boys.

And sometimes the little fellow
Left a book upon the floor,
Or forgot and laughed too loudly,
Or he failed to close the door.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
Things must be precise and trim—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
There was little room for him.

He must never scatter playthings,
He must never romp and play;
Ev'ry room must be in order
And kept quiet all the day.
He had never had companions,
He had never owned a pet—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
It is trim and quiet yet.

Ev'ry room is set in order,
Every book is in its place,
And the lonely little fellow
Bears a smile upon his face.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
He is silent and at rest—
In the House of Too Much Trouble,
With a lily on his breast.

—Albert Bigelow Paine.

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DON'T MISS THIS

As in Younger Days.

By Lawrence Perry.



THE Titan and Captain John grew old together — suddenly, it was in a bobble of a sea, this side of Sandy Hook, that the knowledge came, and the skipper bowed to it. Since then he had taken to lying inside the narrows on the lookout for small schooners and other craft. It paid very poorly; sometimes there was not more than a tow a week, and Captain John became discouraged. He tried to keep it to himself, but Tonkin, the mate, and the rest of the crew who had been with the Titan since her maiden trip twenty years before, were quick to notice the change. They knew just what the trouble was, and they knew the hopelessness of it too. However, Tonkin was commissioned to encourage the old man in some way when a good opportunity came.

It came early one morning when he entered the pilot-house and found his captain leaning heavily over the wheel, gazing into the mist banks that shrouded the upper bay, muttering to himself. This last was something new for the skipper, and Tonkin shook his head sadly.

"Cap'n John," he said at last, "the

John. Ye might better sink the boat for insurance. Water boat! It would be a disgrace. The Titan! D'ye remember when we used to lay off the bar with the best o' them? Cap'n John, do you remember when we prized in atween the stern o' Tom Skelly's Gulliver and the starboard side of the ship Albatross? Forced her off and got the tow?" added Tonkin, marking a new light in his skipper's eyes. "Them was great days. Fifteen hundred dollars at a whack, eh, Cap'n John? They wa'n't a tug in the harbor that could lay over us then. Great days!"

"They were for sure and certain," replied Cap'n John. "I wonder—I wonder if I wasn't too skeary in keeping her inside the harbor after she got the knockdown off West Bank that time? Perhaps—perhaps we kin—" then he hesitated. "No," he said, "I saw then that the tug was gettin' old, like me, and that we had no more business out there. She's got older since, and so hev I. Yes, I'm gettin' old, Sam, and I feel it. I kin feel the tug a-gettin' old, too—sometime I kin feel it so plain that I don't know whether it's the tug or me. Look at her boilers; she's had 'em ten years, and I can hear the piston of that single pressure engine grunt every time the steam kicks it down the cylinder."



Canada's Emblem

steward's got yer grub below. I'll take the wheel," and then, as the old man did not move, he added, "feelin' blue, Cap'n John?"

The captain pushed his derby hat to the back of his head and toyed with his silver watch chain.

"Feelin' a little glum, Cap'n John?"

"Sam, I am glum, they ain't no use trying to deny it," he said at length. "It's been a pretty long rope and has stood a sight of strain, but I've been seeing the end for a long time."

"Oh, it ain't as bad as that, Cap'n John," said Tonkin, cheerfully.

"Yes, it's as bad as that, and maybe worse," answered the captain. "I've fought hard, you all know that, Sam; I've fought and planned and schemed for three months, and it's amounted to nothing but wasted time. The fact is, this tug has got to go into the water carryin' business. I could make a livin', perhaps, supplyin' boats with water, and that's more than I'm a-doin' now. It's a disgrace, but it's got to be faced."

"Water boat!" ejaculated Tonkin. "We ain't got down to that, hev we?"

"It's got to be faced all right," repeated the captain. "I ain't paid expenses for two months; waere's rent due, and a doctor's bill, and the Skelleys are a-tryin' to hev me kicked out of the towboat association for not payin' dues. Water business! There ain't nothin' else to do."

"Water boat? Oh, not just yet, Cap'n

"Well, yer all right and the tug is too," replied Tonkin cheerfully. "Johnson and I was all over her last night, and she's sound and good from her garboards to her sheer strake, and the engine is good for ten years to come, so the chief says; why, we was a-sayin' only this mornin' that we would go anywhere in her through anything."

"Did ye say that—all of ye?" inquired Captain John suddenly straightening up with a new strange light in his eye. No lyin' now Sam."

"Sure we did," replied Tonkin, encouraged by his success, "and we wouldn't a' said it nuther if the Titan was an ol' hooker and her skipper a seenile wreck like he makes out he is."

Captain John braced his shoulders, but he watched Tonkin narrowly.

"So you think the Titan could stand a spell of weather? Honest?"

"Honest! Yes, honest!" cried Tonkin, impatiently.

"Well, mebbe so," said Captain John, musingly. "I always felt she had one good fight left in her—one would be all I ask." "Ye see," he continued, looking at Tonkin, "there is a scheme I been worryin' about all night, and this mornin' when I looked over the Titan I threw it down and says it ain't no use—the Titan's too old. I saw nothin' to it but the water business. It seemed there was nothin' to do but to come to it. But now, Sam, ye've kind of braced me

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up to it again. Ye all said ye'd go any-where in the boat—what?"

"We did for sartain," said Tonkin, drawing up his gaunt frame and brushing his gray, straggling moustache with his thumb and forefinger. "Why? What's the scheme?"

"No matter," chuckled the old man, "maybe there's a way out. Ye'll all do what I say, eh?"

"Sure," replied Tonkin, and he meant what he said; for the trust of the mate and the crew of the Titan in their skipper was as the implicit faith of children.

As for Captain John, he seemed like a new man after that, and when the Titan tied up along a certain East River pier where the tugs lie five abreast at night, he walked ashore with a brisker step than in years. Then he walked home, and later in the evening went down to his tug, boarding her quietly so as not to waken Tonkin. He lighted his pipe and gazed steadily at the sky, baring his head so that he might feel the weight of the wind, listening as though to catch something it might be saying. Captain John was wise beyond his craft, and the years he had studied and communed with the elements had not been lost. For one thing he could read in the wind with almost unfailing accuracy what the weather would be in the next twenty-four hours and that was what he was doing to-night. It told him what he had already surmised. "The wind will keep southerly until to-morrow morning, and two hours or about after sunrise it ought to turn sou'east and be nasty," he said triumphantly, and then his mood changed.

Tugs never venture out to sea when the wind is east. The Titan was going to do so tomorrow.

"There'll be a hard day for ye, old girl," he said, tapping the guard rail with his hand. "I wonder can ye stand it? Ye can pull us through to-morrow, and then we kin both get old without a thought." He started to pace thoughtfully astern, and Sam Tonkin popped inside his cabin door, out of which he had

been observing his commander with bulging eyes. Tonkin often watched his skipper through the night hours thus, but never had the old man seemed in such a practical mood. Never before had the mate been so well in touch with his skipper's actions as to-night. Usually, when he communed alone with his tug, Captain John was quite beyond him, all he knew was that the old man and the Titan had some uncanny sympathy.

"Cap'n John's up to somethin'," he muttered as he rolled into his bunk and went to sleep.

Five o'clock and out in midstream the Skelly Towing Company's great H. J. McGrath was puffing towards the point of Governor's Island with three of the city's newest and finest slide-bottom garbage scows strung out astern with two hundred fathoms of hawser between each, two men to a scow. How quickly wwould she have put back had her skipper but read the wind as wisely as Captain John had.

"What's up, Cap'n John?" asked Tonkin, as the Titan backed out from among the sleeping tugs.

"No questions," replied Captain John. "We air a-goin' to follow about half a mile astern of the McGrath and her scows. They'll break the water for us till we get outside—outside we'll see what we see and then do it."

"I dunno, cap'n" said the mate, snuffing the air, "they is a-goin' to be a nasty sou'easter before long. The sky looks bad."

"So there is; I clean forgot to think of that," replied Captain John winking. "Never mind, it's an ill wind—ye mind? We'll keep right after the McGrath—the Titan will keep there as long as the McGrath does."

Tonkin went below to set the men to work to make everything snug. There was going to be fun before the Titan got back, if ever she did.

"If Cap'n John warn't so sot up I'd jump overboard," said the engineer. "But when he's feelin' good the old Titan

does wonders, and I'm satisfied. I guess the engines could keep her head up if worse comes to worse, anyway. They're not so bad. I'd like to know what he is up to."

Three sharp toots of the whistle summoned Tonkin to the pilot-house and the captain greeted him with eyes that fairly shot fire. His hat was off and his white hair was bristling. They were off Robbin's Reef, and to the southward the sky was a greenish blue, with white, smoke-like patches of clouds careening across. The wind was hitting the pilot-house until the windows rattled, and even in the land-locked bay there was quite a swell. The McGrath and her scows were passing out of the Narrows.

"Hev ye made everything tight?" asked Captain John, turning to the mate and talking hurriedly. "Well, I'm a-goin' to tell ye what we're a-goin' to do, then. I hev had an idee that the Titan kin tow two barges, too, and so I'm just followin' astern of the McGrath to learn the game. That's short and sweet, ain't it? Mebbe I'll tell you a little more—Cap'n Jim Skelly's a coward. To-day is a good day to follow the likes of him."

"Ye're a-goin' out in a brewin' easter just to follow the McGrath!" exclaimed Tonkin. "Holee smoke! Are ye crazy, Cap'n John?"

Captain John replied with a wink.

Without another word Tonkin ran down the companionway and into the engine room, beating his head with his hands.

"Cap'n John has gone plumb daft; he's crazier than a lunatic," he cried to the engineer. "Johnson, the ol' man knows an east wind is comin' up, and yet he's sot on followin' the McGrath to larn how to tow barges—as if he didn't know! I started to talk him outen the idee, but Lor, he's just goin' outside in spite of the eternal."

"Umm!" said Johnson, reflectively. That was all he said. Captain John's word had been law too long to be questioned now. It did not even occur to

Johnson to do so, nor to Tonkin.

"Somethin' told me Cap'n John was goin' wrong, but I didn't think that it would come so sudden," grumbled the mate. "I wish I had kept still about the tug being seaworthy."

The McGrath had cut across the point of the Hook, and was standing in line with the lightship, heading towards the dumping grounds. From the Titan's pilot-house Captain John could just make out her big, double funnels looming black against the gathering gloom, the scows wallowing astern. She had stopped as though her captain were undecided what to do. A minute later she had headed about and was racing for haven as fast as the scows would permit. Captain John's shouts of anger were heard above the moan of the rising tempest, for it seemed as though the McGrath's captain had become frightened in time to destroy the one chance on which Captain John had decided to risk his tug, himself and his crew. Nevertheless he still clung to the vague hope that had brought him out there.

"We'll swing to the eastward and get round astern of the coward," he yelled to his crew. "Get your heaving lines and stand by the stern bitts!"

The crew jumped to obey his orders; for all were thrilled with a strange confidence in that old, white-haired man, glaring down at them through the gloom from the pilot-house. He was talking to his tug as though she were his child.

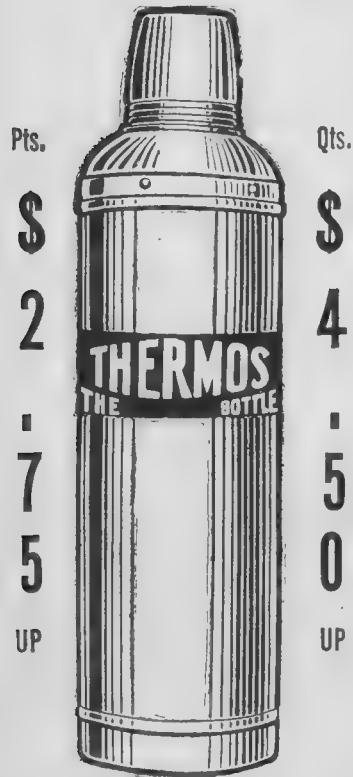
The twilight grew green, then purple, far away rose a lower, deeper moan, ending with a shriek. From above a black opaque curtain fell until the bottom was marked by the crested waves.

The sou'easter had begun. Crested waves washed at the tug, spending their crushing strength against the bow which split them into harmless spray. In frenzy the wind lifted the waters out of the swirling sea, and hurling them, crashed out the pilot-house windows; the sweep of the hail was like grape shot, but Captain John never moved.

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From the reeling pilot-house the sea was as a giant writhing in anger—a sea of torment out of which rose ever and anon a long, black, shadowy hand—up out of the heaving darkness, grasping at the tug as though to pull her over on her beam ends. Shadowy waters coiled about her; wave after wave breasted her fearfully, and still the Titan bucked her way to the eastward.

It was a mighty fight; it was a mighty tempest, but high above all—more to be feared than the storm to his wondering comrades, was Captain John. His face was set, save for the slight movement of his lips on silent commands to his tug; his white hair straggling over his face, and his eyes flashing indomitable force. No need now to tell Tonkin and the rest that he was not following the McGrath and her scows in an insane caprice. There was method up there in that pilot-house, grim method; determined and unyielding.

In his efforts against the storm, he lost the big tug and her tow, and try as he would he could not raise them. They were behind that veil somewhere, and Captain John, cursing his misfortune, forced the Titan still on to the eastward along the course he had mapped out. But blind luck, he told himself, was all he had to depend upon.

Suddenly he leaned forward and gazed intently through the lifting gloom and, for the first time, was caught off his guard. The wheel twisted him off his feet, slinging him as though he were a boy. Quick as a cat though he regained his balance, jamming the wheel hard before the tug had fallen off six feet. Then with a death grip on the spokes he leaned forward again and strained his eyes ahead.

There was something out there, not to the eastward, but to the southward. The skipper, however, could not tell what it was. As he looked, a red light quivered across the waters, then another a goodly distance ahead and still another. Captain John watched them wonderingly, pitching, reeling, swaying, but his hands never relaxed their grim hold on the wheel. One light—three lights—red—then Captain John gave a mighty shout as the truth flashed through his mind. The McGrath's scows!

"Now!" he screamed. "Now, who's crazy? Didn't I say Jim Skelly's a coward? Didn't I? The McGrath's cut her scows loose to save herself! Salvage—six thousand dollars clear! D'ye hear, men, d—, d—, d'ye hear? Now girl," he muttered, "take us over to 'em. This is yer last fight," and so speaking he spun the wheel broad off, and the Titan floundered away on the new course, dead into the seas. Down in the engine room the jingle bell rang full speed ahead, while Tonkin and his mates rushed to rig the towing hawsers.

Straight across the seaway clawed the tug. Up, down, sometimes on her lee rail, sometimes buried under green water, the screw racing astern—on though, ever on across the waters as though driven by irresistible power—by the dominant will of Captain John. Nearer and nearer. The storm was passing, and in the dawning light could be seen the three scows, careening helplessly, rising half out of the water, then crashing down again with a great slap, the scowmen signalling wildly for assistance. Only a few hundred yards now; could the Titan make it? Once she buried her decks under water, but out she came, shaking the water out of her scuppers like a dog. On until she shot to windward of the leading scow and swung down to leeward.

Lashed to the flagpoles in the bow, Tonkin stood upright whirling a weighted heaving line around his head like a lariat.

"Nope, can't make her yet," he yelled in answer to his captain's command to throw the line.

"We can't go any nearer," screamed the skipper, "that scow'll crush us to pieces. Look out, look out, she's comin' at us, anyway. Stand clear, get up above," roared Captain John, at the same time nearly pulling the full speed bell out by the roots.

The string of scows, driven by the wind and waves was drifting down on the tug with crushing power.

"Hit' her' up, unhook your engines,

bawled Captain John down the speaking tube to the engine room, but Johnson was doing all he could.

On lumbered the scows and the Titan was not going to clear them. The leading scow was but twenty yards abeam and the Titan was barely making headway. Captain John realized this, and then his quick eye saw a chance for salvation. "Astern, full speed," sounded the bell in the engine room.

"Quick, Tonkin, stand by the rail with an axe," yelled the captain.

Tonkin jumped below and in an instant was at his post. He knew what to do. Astern ten feet and the barge would miss its prey. Five feet, then the end of the scow slipped harmlessly past, but the hawser connecting the second barge caught the tug just over the guard. Over she went until her port rail was buried under water. Then came Tonkin's opportunity, and with a mighty swing of his axe he severed the tow line and the tug righted and was saved.

The second scow could be easily cleared and Peterson stood ready with the heaving line. Down she came with a rotary swing, the third scow plunging astern. When they were in line with the Titan the Swede made the distance with a thirty-foot heave. The scowmen caught the hissing line and bent it to a hawser which the Titan's crew hauled aboard and made fast to the stern bitts. Then Captain John threw the Titan's bow into the seas, the scows rounded to with a jerk and hung steadily astern with an even strain.

As the sun set over the Staten Island hills the Triton passed in Quarantine with two scows—four thousand dollars—dangling astern. For hours Captain John had not spoken a word. When the scows were cast off at Red Hook and anchored he gave the wheel to Tonkin, and sat down and wrote his salvage claim.

"Now the old woman and you all are provided for," he said, and then threw himself on his bunk and closed his eyes, babbling like a child.

"Hurry up all ye kin," yelled Tonkin down the tube to the engineer. "The old man's tuck is almost gone."

But the Titan's tuck was about gone too. How she stumbled up the bay! Going like the old man, thought Tonkin.

At last she hobbled alongside the pier, but before making her berth there was a dull clank. She gave a sort of sigh, the Titan did, and then after all the brave struggle with wind and wave, after all the success of it, she succumbed on the flat oily river water and was helpless on the tide. Being ebb, she swung properly against the pier, and Tonkin lassoed with a bight of a hawser and made fast.

Then he went below to where Johnson stood in a foot of water, gazing pensively at the ruins. The mate nodded sympathetically as he glanced at the cracked crank shaft, the bent connecting rod, and the ripped valve bonnets.

"General demoralization," he said solemnly.

They helped Captain John ashore, and as he shuffled down the pier he turned and waved his hand at the Titan. That night she sank at her pier, but Captain John never knew.

A schoolboy, being asked by the teacher how he would be flogged, replied:

"Please, sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system—the heavy strokes upward and the light ones downward."—H. Bond, 42, Wrotham Road, Gravesend, Kent.

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One of the men got his thumb cut off, and turning to his chum, an Irishman, ejaculated:

"Whatever shall I do? I'm done for life."

Pat, taking things somewhat coolly, and thinking his chum was making a fuss over a mere trifle, responded solemnly:

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At the Circus.

By Sara Cone Bryant.

The Doctor of Philosophy was big and fair and good-looking. The Professor of Literature was small and dark and something more than good-looking. They stood on the street corner waiting for a car. And while the Professor's gray eyes gazed dreamily into the distance those of the Doctor of Philosophy were engaged nearer at hand.

"Have you finished your chapter on eccentricities of style?" he asked in the tone of one who refers to a familiar topic.

The Professor of Literature turned to him slowly, with appearance of considering his remark seriously. Then she said in a gently abstracted tone: "I believe I should like to go to the circus."

The Doctor of Philosophy started; then he laughed; then he took out his watch. "We are rather late," he said. "but I think we can make it. Come on."

As they were getting out of the car she looked at him with sudden anxiety. "You don't mind, do you, Max?" she said. "Do you know, I never went to the circus in my life! And I just feel as if it were circus in my soul thirsts for this afternoon. But perhaps you would rather not?"

The man smiled. "I wouldn't rather not," he said; "I rather would."

Then they were at the gates, and he

laughed. "Come along," he said encouragingly, moving between her and the clown. He looked at her again with a twinkle in his observant eye when they had found their chairs. The reserved, potentially prim lines of her self-possessed face were yielding to a totally new expression.

Just in front of them sat a woman with three children. One of the three was a small, energetic boy who steadily and unconsciously climbed up his mother's body at every particularly attractive feat. She dislodged him and set him down each time with unvarying equanimity, and each time his clear, piping, little laugh chirped out with an exultant crow of delight. The Professor of Literature looked at him as much as she looked at the circus. She laughed when he laughed, and her cheeks grew as red under the clear olive skin as his own chubby fair ones. "Isn't it fun!" she said, moving impulsively nearer to the man. "Great," assented the man decidedly.

The pink satin ladies leaped on the cantering horses. The purple and yellow ladies cavorted gracefully in the air. Athletic gentlemen in truly bewitching costumes played about on flying rings amid the rafters. The little boy climbed and was detached and climbed again. Children laughed and the trained seals



Live Lynx

bought two tickets and they went in. The Professor of Literature walked daintily in the sawdust with uplifted skirt. Her eyes explored with conservative wonder. "I wish to examine that geography-book-production over there," she said suddenly. But the man shook his head. "You are sadly unacquainted with the ways of the circussian world, Anna," he said gravely; "this is not the circus; the show is farther on." "Oh," said the Professor with docility. And she followed where she was led, through other gates, into the main tent. There she suddenly became aware of uncouth creatures disporting themselves in enclosed circles of sawdust. She looked up into the dim bigness of the tent, then at the tiers of laughing faces and variegated garments. One of the clowns began to bellow inanely, like a calf. The Professor's dainty, assured step faltered. "Where do we go?" she asked uncertainly.

"Quite the other end," said the man cheerfully.

They moved along running the gauntlet of a line of clowns, and much observed of the front rows. Presently they came to an individual propelling himself along on his hands, feet upward. Presumably it was because he could not see, that he chose the moment of their near approach to emit a startling roar and to tumble straight toward them like an animated rimless wheel. The Professor of Literature had been regarding him with pleased and surprised interest, but her expression changed completely and rapidly. She retreated with a stifled exclamation. The Doctor of Philosophy

played ball. And presently, looking down, the Doctor of Philosophy saw that the pre-occupied woman of letters had vanished from his side mysteriously. In her place sat a girl, with childlike eyes and laughing lips, and hair which seemed unawares to have escaped from bonds of precision. The Doctor of Philosophy looked away with a sudden contraction of the brow.

And then the circus was over, and the crowd trickled and streamed and poured into the arena toward the door. Anna looked at Max with a world of amusement and delight in her glance. "Aren't you terrible glad you came to the circus?" she murmured. "I never did have such a good time."

"Nor I," said the man.

Just then a plaintive wail came from the climbing boy. His mother had unwisely embarked in the heavy seas with her three small craft, and now one of the small craft was being swept hopelessly from her side, vociferous but ineffective for self-rescue.

"Here, here; you're all right," said the girl briskly as the man reached down and extricated the frightened child, "don't cry, laddie." The mother, swept in spite of herself out of reach, looked anxiously for the missing member of her small crew. Her eyes met the reassuring smile of the girl and settled in relief. "Let him come with us, Max," the girl said; "we can deliver him over safely to his mother beyond the crowd." Max nodded, lifting the small figure to a commanding position on his shoulder. "There, youngster," he said, "we'll get mother in a minute."

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The small boy was not a timid child. After a briefly solemn scrutiny of the two faces nearest him he took in so much of the situation as concerned his safety, and smiled, amicably. The girl put up a hand to the fat little one which hung over Max's shoulder, and patted it. The small warm fist closed trustfully on her fingers, and so they made their slow way toward freedom. "You liked the circus, didn't you," said Anna to the new member of the party. He looked round at her radiantly. "So did I," she answered the look, laughing.

The mother was in sight till they reached the worst spot in the rush from two directions; there for a moment they lost her. So beside the main door the three took a stand and waited for her. Anxiety fell again upon the spirit of the small boy. His mouth drew together threateningly, his blue eyes clouded. "See here," said Anna, quickly, "did you ever see such a funny little bear as this? He is just like the big bear in the cage, isn't he? Only he is all silver, and very little. Feel how cunning he is!" The small boy looked at the wonderful little bear who was pulled from his hiding place in the girl's shirt waist; he allowed himself to be beguiled; the fat forefinger poked tentatively at the dangling charm on the short watch chain. Max leaned down slightly, to facilitate the entertainment.

At precisely this moment, while the group of three was so picturesquely disposed, Anna, glancing round for the lost mother, met the erect curiosity-filled gaze of two pairs of wide eyes. The wide eyes belonged to two girls from the college, who were in all her classes. They were taking in herself, the small boy and Max with a devouring and delighted eagerness which there was no mistaking. The Professor made an involuntary little sound in her throat, as she beheld them. Then she bowed and smiled charmingly. Max, following her glance, underwent a similar electric shock, similarly repressed. The girls passed on, their very backs betraying their eagerness to get out of earshot before they began to express themselves.

A solemn silence fell on the two members of the Faculty. Then their eyes met, and suddenly they began to laugh, uncontrollably. Max handed the boy over to his mother, appearing with gratitude and lingering dismay, and bent over Anna with the laugh still in his eyes. "Shall we go and feed peanuts to the elephants?" he asked.

"Shall we?"

"No circus is the real thing without it."

"Then surely. This circus must be the real thing; it is my only one."

But she laughed so much at the baby elephant that the man missed his aim every time he looked at her. "You put me out, Anna," he said seriously. "There is something about your face to-day that distracts my attention."

"Poof," she said, "a man who cannot hit that cavity could not hit the side of the State House."

"Try it yourself," he rebelled. And she did try it, with varying success, until the zebra attracted her attention.

It was while they were studying zebraic effects that the Doctor of Philosophy remarked, without prelude, "You do not look a bit like Professor Rainsley to-day;—you look like—little Annette, under the oak on the old campus, the day we licked the sophomores. I wonder why?"

"I wonder why," repeated Professor Rainsley softly, a smile at the corner of her mouth.

"Little Annette," the man said, suddenly, "just why did you send me away? It is so long ago we don't mind discussing it, you know; and I should really like to know?"

The girl's face flushed, startled; she looked at him with quick reproof. But his expression was quite serene. "Do humor my vanity," he said lightly, "it is all so far past, now. Was I too hopelessly the wrong man, or was there a right man somewhere?" She turned her face aside. But he was persistent. "Why did you send me away with half a hearing, Annette? Were you so sure you could not like me better?"

And still again, as she was silent, he asked, with some change in his voice, "Why did you send me away, Annette?"

She turned her burning face toward him and he saw her eyes flash, though two tears hung on their lashes. Then she said, and her voice broke with indignant reproach.

"Why did you go—so easily?"

The Doctor of Philosophy opened his mouth, but no sound came. He looked at her as one in a daze. And as he looked her eyes fell, and then came back and opened themselves to him. He bowed his head, and his cheeks flushed like a boy's.

"Because I was a fool," he said, simply. "Will you forgive me for being a fool, Annette?"

"Oh," breathed Annette, taking hold of the rope, firmly.

"Come away," said the Doctor of Philosophy, drawing her hand through

his arm, "I want to tell you a great many things. I am in a hurry."

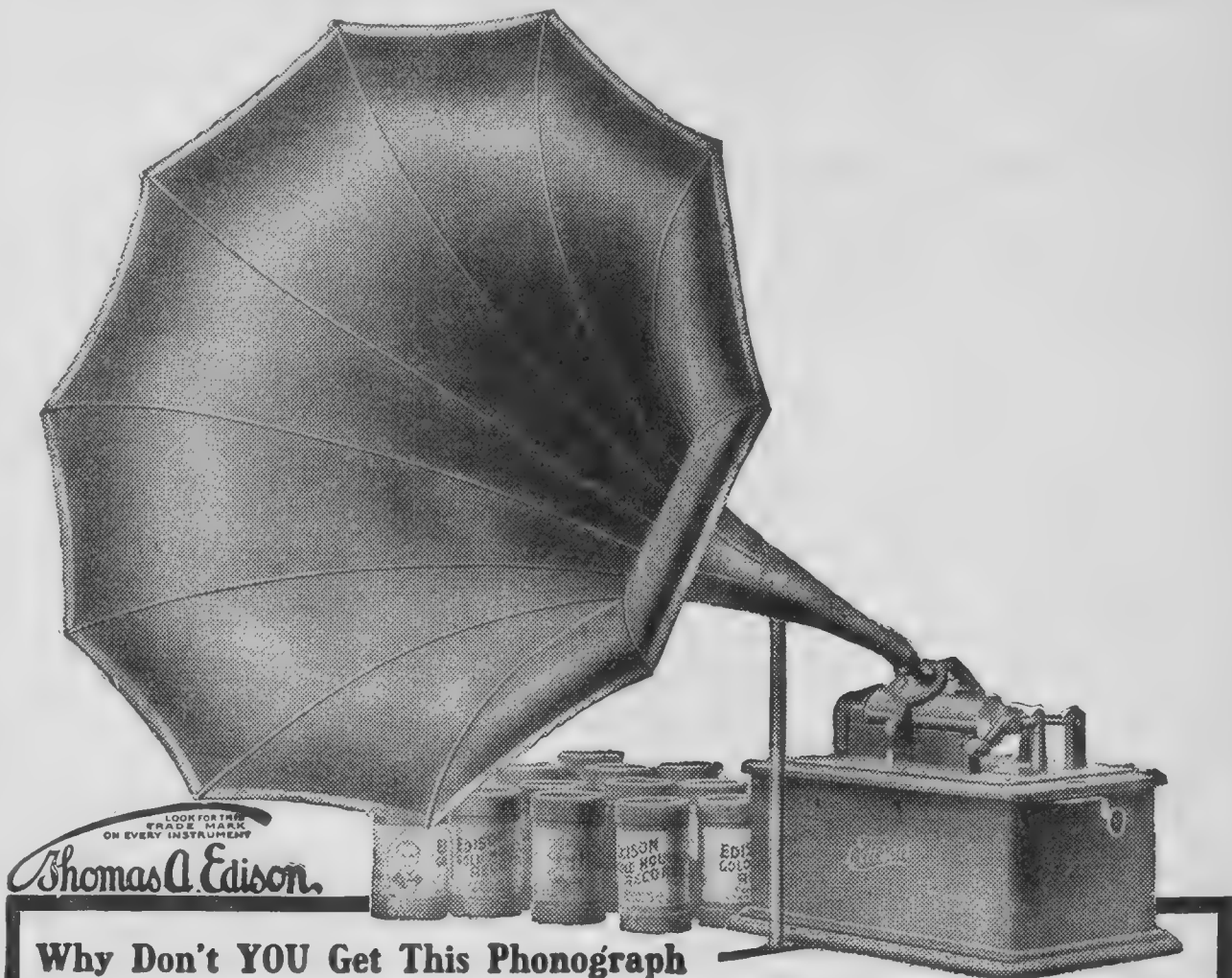
The Professor of Literature came. She forgot to hold up her skirt, and it dragged and swirled through the sawdust. They left the side shows and the shouting vendors behind, and the great cool boulevard stretched out before them, wide and open and far, in the late afternoon light. Then he began to tell her the great many things. And if any one of his pupils could have heard him, his reputation for succinctness and sobriety would have been ruined in Hallsbee College, forever.

Old Lady: "Well, I'll give you this twopence, not because I think you deserve it, but because it pleases me."

Tramp: "Thanks, mum; but couldn't you make it fourpence, and thoroughly enjoy yourself."—H. West, Longwood Grove, Hunslet, Leeds.

A Treat All 'Round.

At a country fair a man went up to a tent where some elk were on show and stared wistfully up at the sign. "I'd like to go in there," he said to the keeper, "but it would be mean to go in without my family, and I cannot afford to pay for my wife and seventeen children." The keeper stared at him in astonishment. "Are all those your children?" he gasped. "Every one," said the man. "You wait a minute," said the keeper; "I'm going to bring the elk out and let them see you-all."



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By Emma Brewer.

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The position of Japanese women and girls opens up a wide field of inquiry, and it is interesting in every particular whether we regard their social life, education, employment or marriage, and strangely enough, less is known about the home-life of the Japanese women than that of any other nationality.

A Japanese baby-girl begins life very much in the same way as an English one. It is true that the birth of a boy is hailed with greater delight, yet the girl has not at all a bad time if it, as every baby, whether boy or girl, is revered and loved in Japan, and nothing is considered a trouble that is done for it; indeed, love for children is a national virtue.

On the seventh day after birth the baby is named, not after anyone in the family, as that would be regarded as a poor compliment, but after some beautiful object in nature. There is no special ceremony on this occasion, the birth and name being simply and formally registered. The first great event in baby's life corresponds in some way to our christening. It takes place thirty days after birth in the temple, where she is placed under the protection of her patron, Duty.

After this begins a quiet, undisturbed life for baby; it is dressed in a loose garment which can be put on and off without any fatigue; it is not so pretty as that worn by our babies, but it is more sensible. If it be a girl, the color of the dress is very bright and gaudy; if a boy, the color is dull and sombre. White is never worn by children, as it is kept specially for mourning.

Within a few weeks of birth a baby of the poorer class is carried about on the back of some member of the family, generally a brother or sister of about six years of age, to whom it is tied by bands of cloth; the two are out in all weathers, almost living in public, and apparently quite happy.

The baby of the middle-class rides on the back of her nurse till she is old enough to crawl and toddle about, but is rarely seen in the streets; the child of the rich is not so happy, being carried at all times in the arms of her attendant, both within and without doors.

It is easy for Japanese children to learn to walk, for they are shod in woolly socks, and can tumble about without danger on the soft matted floor, there being no furniture to fall against as there would be in an English room.

Every little child wears a label around its neck in case of accidents, having its name and address written on it.

The love which is showered upon Japanese children encourages every sweet and kindly trait of character; they are never frightened into telling lies or hiding faults, for there is no scolding or punishing, no shutting them away in dull nurseries. The simple unfettered life led by girls in Japan forms a happy growing ground for everything sweet and maidenly, and it is almost without effort that they grow into helpful dignified women. Notwithstanding all the love and care with which a girl is surrounded, she is made to understand from her earliest years that Duty must be her standard, and that Inclination can never be allowed to govern her conduct.

I think it is this life-long teaching of self-restraint and thoughtfulness for others that is answerable for the attractive and dignified manners of the Japanese women, and even of the little

girls, yet their courtesy and good manners are not entirely the result of training, for they are born and bred in them.

In the quiet atmosphere of home-life, with its daily round of duties performed without any thought of praise, the girl goes on from year to year, leading by no means an idle life, for in all but the wealthiest families the daughters do a great part of the household work. This is not so difficult and complicated as in England, for there are no carpets in their houses, no bric-a-brac, no stoves, no looking glasses, while a large part of the cooking is done outside the house proper.

Still, there is a good deal to be accomplished during each day; for example, the beds to roll up and store away in the closets, mosquito nets to be taken down, rooms to be swept and aired before breakfast, and the piazza to clean; then there is breakfast to cook and serve, dishes to be washed, and marketing to be done either at the market or from venders who come to the doors. She has to learn to prepare the every-day dishes, especially the boiling of rice and the preparing of various soups; she must be well instructed in the making of rice dough, a special dish for the New Year, and in the making of sake, a sweet white liquid which is the fashionable drink during the Feast of Dolls.

There is always a good deal of sewing on hand, as most of the dresses have to be taken to pieces, not only when they are turned and dyed, but when they are washed.

In addition, a daughter of the house has a good deal of responsibility; she makes tea for guests, and serves it herself; she sees to the laundry-work, which differs greatly from ours. In Japan everything is washed in cold water and without soap, and instead of ironing the garments, they are hung up on bamboo poles and pulled smooth and straight while they dry.

Such are some of the duties of the Japanese girl, while her pleasures are confined to one month in the year, that of March, with its camellias, cherry-blossoms and dolls; this belongs especially to girls, and during its days they queen it right royally in the midst of their families.

The modest Japanese girl never flirts; she is pure, sweet and amiable, with great power of self-control and a knowledge of what to do on all occasions. She is very undemonstrative, and until quite lately looked upon kissing as a disgusting way of showing affection.

Every child, boy or girl, is taught reverence for great men and things, and in this lies the strength of the nation.

As far as she goes, in all little things of daily life the Japanese girl is bright, industrious, good-tempered and attractive, but the highest part of her nature has been but little developed, for the highest principle upon which she has been taught to act is obedience. Until within the last few years schools for girls were unknown in Japan, although every woman-child received instructions in certain things, such as the ordinary written language, arranging flowers, making the ceremonial tea, writing and flower-painting, all of which made up a woman's education in former times. It is different now. Girls have the advantage of schools established by the various missionary societies, as well as by Government, and all are fitted up in the most approved style. These afford a much broader education than formerly obtained, when it was thought sufficient to instruct the girls in Chinese, in etiquette and in accomplishments.

Every rank in life can now receive education suitable to its position, and girls eagerly take advantage of the

opportunities offered them of learning mathematics, history, natural science, geography, and languages. It is hard work for them; still, the new school-life is cheerful, healthful and enjoyable. In fact, the Japanese girls fall quickly in love with the higher education and work enthusiastically to obtain their diplomas.

The influence of the new school-life is to develop more fully the best powers of the mind, and to give them broader culture, and to make the girls more independent, and more self-reliant; but whether it fits them as well as the old system did for the duties of married life, which is peculiar in Japan, remains to be seen.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser thinks that when a generation has been educated in the new principles, the Japanese women will bear favorable comparison with the women of the old regime. Anyhow, it will be interesting to note what the new development will bring forth.

One thing about girl-life in Japan stands out very clearly, viz., that with the close of her school-days and girlhood the happiest part of her life is at an end. Having learnt all the duties that will fall upon a wife and mother in a Japanese household, and having taken advantage of all the benefits offered by the higher education, the girl at the age of sixteen is expected to marry, and, as a Japanese girl said to me only last week, "If we don't marry very soon, we are regarded as a disgrace to our parents."

Now, marriage in Japan is not and never can be the perfect union and relation of life that it is with us, for love in our sense of the word has nothing to do with the matter. The method of betrothal which obtains in Japan seems curious to us. A young man wanting a wife speaks to some married friend, and asks him to look out for some beautiful and accomplished girl who would be willing to become his wife. If, when this is done, the young people find no fault with each other, a formal betrothal is entered into and the marriage hastened on; but all the arrangements are made by go-betweens, who consider themselves responsible for the success of the marriage. The ceremony itself, which takes place at the house of the bridegroom, is neither of a religious nor of a legal nature. The bride is conducted to this house by her go-betweens accompanied by her confidential maid, if she has one, who will remain in the new home as her personal attendant.

The trousseau and household goods which the bride is expected to supply are sent on before. It would perhaps interest English girls to know what a Japanese bride is bound to supply towards the household goods. Here is the list: A bureau, a low desk or table for writing, a workbox, two lacquer trays or tables on which meals are served, as well as everything required to furnish them, even to the chop-sticks, and last but not least, two or more complete sets of handsome bed furniture. As to her trousseau it must contain clothes sufficient to last a lifetime.

We have said that the nature of the marriage ceremony is neither religious nor legal; it is, in fact, quite of a private character, consisting of a formal drink of the native wine taken from a two-lipped cup which is presented to the mouth of the bride and bridegroom alternately. The drinking from one cup is a symbol of the equal sharing of the joys and sorrows of married life. No one is present at the marriage but bride and bridegroom, their go-betweens, and a young girl whose duty it is to present the cup to the lips of the contracting parties. When this is over, the wedding guests, who have been waiting in the next room during the ceremony, join the wedding party, for whom a grand feast is prepared.

The only act required to make the marriage legal is the withdrawal of the bride's name from the list of her father's family, which has been registered by the Government, and its entry upon the register of the husband's family. Even this legal recognition of

her marriage is a comparatively new thing in Japan. From this time all ties are severed between her and her girl's home, except that of affection.

After three days the newly-married people visit the bride's family laden with all sorts of presents from the man's family to that of the wife, and both wife and mother are joint hostesses on the occasion, for which great preparations have been made.

One of the great pleasures looked forward to in England by a newly married pair is having a home to themselves; it is not so in Japan. The girl takes up her abode in the husband's home, and is, as a rule, subject to her mother-in-law. It has been said that body and soul, mind and spirit must, in a Japanese marriage, all tend to the one thing, viz., giving entire satisfaction to the new master and his family, especially to the mother-in-law. A wife's duty to her husband includes no thought of companionship on terms of equality; indeed marriage often brings distinct hardship with it, most of which lie at the door of the mother-in-law.

The position of married women has been greatly improved by the new laws which have come into force during the last few years.

There is one bright spot for a married girl to look forward to, and that is the moment she herself becomes a mother, especially if the child be a boy, for then she is treated as a person of importance by the parents-in-law.

The Japanese mother's life is one of perfect devotion to her children. "Indeed," says Mrs. Hugh Fraser, "nothing in the whole of Japanese life seems more beautiful than the influence of the mother over her children, who are the strongest ties, binding husband and wife together."

Next to the love of children, reverence and love for old age is quite remarkable. No one seems to mind growing old, and never hesitates to tell her age; indeed, there is a peculiar charm about the old women of Japan. Two lonely old people marrying for kindly companionship is called "a party for making tea in old age."

A Japanese household contains many servants, scarcely ever less than ten; their wages are low and their cost for living is not expensive; twelve or fourteen shillings will cover the cost of food for one servant for a month and about the same for wages.

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been, will feel disposed to quarrel with this description when he has fairly inspected the great store with its massive proportions in every space, pillar, architrave and ornament. We are now enabled to give the best illustration of one department (the main floor) that the camera can obtain from a necessarily circumscribed radius.

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"Your honor," replied the woman, "the ass was crushed to death between the wagon and the wall."

"Very good, go on."

The woman shifted her position, "And I am the wagon."

"And you are the wagon. Go on."

"And you are the ass."

The confusion arising from the laughter was so great that the judge had to clear the room and finish the hearing privately.

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The embroidered Cushions, which are illustrated on this page, and selected from the latest designs, and as they are handsomely tinted, can be effectively embroidered (in the colors suggested by the tinting) by any worker who has a slight knowledge of embroidery. These tinted and floral scenes are effectively finished by Ribbon Ruffings which match the coloring of the design. The first cushion is one that has been specially designed for the West, and the artistic manner in which the golden Wheat has been adapted the lasso which forms the lettering "The Girl of the



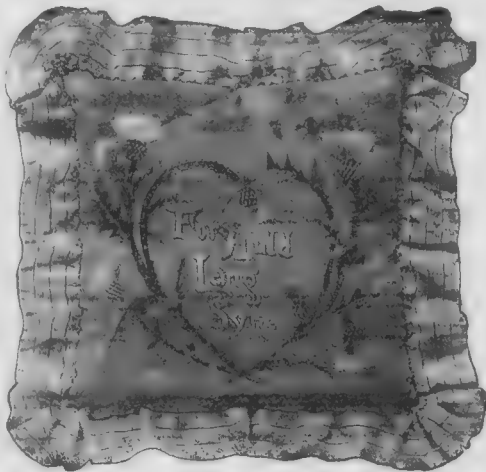
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No. 4994 has a pretty arrangement of Scotch Thistles with appropriate lettering. The design



No. 4994—"Auld Lang Syne." 60 cts.



No. 2316—Roses. 60 cts.

is tinted on green linen, and the cushion is finished with a handsome shaded ribbon ruffle, in shades of Mauve No. 1000.

No. 5230 is suggestive of Christmas Cheer, and it would be difficult to imagine a more suitable holiday cushion than this, with its snowy scene tinted on grey and brightened with Holly Berries. The scene is worked with outline stitch, excepting the roof of the church which is embroidered solidly with white shaded with grey. The leaves and holly berries are also worked solidly.

No. 2316.—The Dutch or

Stenciled Rose is embroidered in padded satin stitch, and the leaves in long and short stitch. The ribbon is Feather Stitched with green outlined with one row each of Japanese Gold and black Royal Floss. The design including the veins in the leaves are also outlined with black.

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Sva.

Su - gar Plum tree? 'Tis a mar - vel of great re - nown! It blooms on the shore of the
have a hard time To cap - ture the fruit which I sing; The tree is so tall that no
gin - ger-bread dog, And he barks with such ter - ri - ble zest That the choc - o - late cat is at

Lol - li - pop Sea, In the gar - den of Shut - Eye Town; The fruit that it bears is so
per - son could climb To the boughs where the su - gar plums swing! But up in that tree sits a
once all a - gog, As her swell - ing pro - por - tions at - test; And the choc - o - late cat goes ca -

wan - drous - ly sweet - (As those who have tast - ed it say) That :
gin - o - late cat And a gin - ger - bread dog prowls be - low; And
vort - ing a - round From this leaf - y limb - un - to that, And the

cres cen do.

good lit - tle chil - dren have on - ly to eat Of that - fruit to be hap - py next day.
this is the way you con - trive to get at Those su - gar - plums tempt - ing you so.
su - gar plums tumble, of course, to the ground, Hur - rah for that choc - o - late cat!

f

D.S.

Music and the Drama.

Musical prodigies are not rare, but they seldom develop into great musicians. Mozart was perhaps the most wonderful musical prodigy the world has ever seen. And what is still more wonderful, the great promise of his childhood was more than fulfilled. This is rarely the case, for many wonderful children turn out only ordinary men and women. But Mozart's genius gradually developed until he towered head and shoulders above any other composer of his time.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born at Salzburg in 1756, and died in Vienna in 1791. When he was three years old, he used to amuse himself by finding out thirds on the harpsichord. His father taught him to play little minuets and showed him how to put down notes in a manuscript book. Very soon he began to write down ideas of his own. He was always a very obedient and loving child, and used to say that "after God comes my papa." He played well on the clavessin (a kind of harpsichord) at the age of four, and composed a number of minuets between that age and six. About this time he composed a concerto, but it was so difficult that nobody could play it; and when his father spoke to him about it he said: "That is just why it is called a concerto; people must practice till they can play it perfectly." At the age of six he played a concerto at Munich before the Elector of Bavaria, and a little later at Vienna before the Emperor Francis I. The Emperor was much impressed by the talents of the "little magician," as he called him, and in fun made little Wolfgang play with one finger only, and then with the keyboard covered. It is said that "all the ladies lost their hearts to the little fellow." Up to the age of seven he had never received a lesson on the violin, nor played on one, except the small one he had as a plaything; but at that age he astounded everybody by taking part, at sight, in a trio for stringed instruments. In the year 1783, when he was nearly eight, he was taken to Paris, where two of his published sonatas astonished everybody. In 1784 the Mozart family went to London, where they stayed fifteen months. Here his wonderful playing and compositions made an extraordinary impression. He played at court before the King and Queen. The King put before him pieces by Bach, Handel and other composers and he played them all at first sight. He also astonished every one by his wonderful playing on the organ. He gave many concerts and all London thronged to hear the little wonder. When he was ten, he went to Amsterdam and gave two concerts at which all the instrumental music was his own composition, including a symphony. At the age of twelve he composed his first opera "Bastien and Bastienne," which was produced at a private theatre at Vienna.

The Mozart family travelled nearly all over Europe, and the "little magician" created the same astonishment and enthusiasm everywhere. Never before was such a wonderful child seen, and the world waits in vain for another like him.

There were also two English musical prodigies, Samuel Wesley and Dr. Crotch. Samuel Wesley was born at Bristol in 1766, and died in London in 1837. He was a nephew of the great John Wesley, the founder of the Wesleyans. As a boy Samuel was such a musical wonder that great interest was taken in his progress, and many notices of him were published. But his later life did not carry out the extraordinary promise of his childhood. He certainly attained great eminence as a musician, but no more. At three years old he began to play tunes, and before he was five he learned to read and write by himself. Before he was seven he had composed parts of an oratorio. "Ruth," which he finished when he was eight. About this time he learned the violin, but his favorite instrument was the organ.

When he was eleven he published eight lessons for the harpsichord. He afterwards became a fine organist, and in 1811 played and conducted at the Birmingham Festival. His anthems are among the best of his day, and English musicians owe a great deal to him, for he was the first to popularize Bach's works in England. But he never became what was expected of him—one of the greatest composers of the world.

Dr. William Crotch was a marvelous child. He excited even greater wonder than Samuel Wesley. He was born at Norwich in 1775, and died at Tounton in 1847. His father, who was a master carpenter, was very fond of music, and had made a small organ for himself. Little William, when about two years old, showed a great desire to play on this instrument, and when he was placed before it he played something like "God Save the King." After that he soon learned to play many other tunes. His quick ear instantly distinguished every note as it was played, and he at once detected anything out of tune. When he was five he was taken to London and played the organ in public. At eleven years of age he went to Cambridge, and was assistant to Dr. Randall, the Professor of Music at the University, and organist of Trinity and King's College, and Great St. Mary's Church. When he was fourteen he composed an oratorio, "The Captivity of Judah," which was performed at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, with great success. Soon after this he went to Oxford and became the organist of Christ Church. He was, without doubt, an excellent musician and composer. He was made Professor of Music at Oxford University, and in 1822 was appointed the first Principal of the then newly established Royal Academy of Music. In addition to this oratorio, "Palestine," was very successful and very highly spoken of, and his fine motet in five parts, "Methinks I hear the full Celestial Choir," is still sung in English churches.

But the wonderful child did not develop into a wonderful man. the great promise of his childhood was never fulfilled, and the English musical world was grievously disappointed, for they expected another Mozart.

After a most successful tour around the world, the Kilties' band has lately arrived in New York from England. They have been away for two years and during that time have travelled 70,000 miles, visited twenty countries, and spent more than 100 days at sea. Canada will give them an enthusiastic welcome home after their long absence.

Madame Melba's tour through Canada proved to be an enormous success and everywhere she visited record audiences greeted the famous diva. She was accompanied by Albert Quesnel, the French-Canadian tenor; Ada Sassoli, harpist; John Lemmone, flautist, and Maurice Lafrange, pianist. Mr. Shipman, the manager, arranged for Madame Melba to give thirty concerts.

Misdirected Mourning.

While exploring the grounds about the tomb of Washington a gentleman happened to see a lady of mature years who, bathed in tears, was kneeling before an edifice some distance from the monument. Thinking she was in some sort of distress the gentleman offered assistance.

"No, sir, thank you very much. I am not in trouble, but my patriotic feelings overcome me when I gaze upon the tomb of the Father of his Country."

"Quite so," the gentleman replied tenderly. "I thoroughly understand; but, my dear madam, you have made a mistake. This is not the tomb of Washington; this is an ice-house."

If You Were Absolutely Sure Your Piano Would be Selected Especially for You, by an Artist Qualified to Judge, Would You Buy by Mail?

I figured for some time how to make a satisfactory proposition to those who are unable to come to the city to buy a piano; and I am now in a position to make a proposition that will appeal to all.

Those who know Mr. Gerhard Heintzman are sure of his artistic ability. He is a true artist, making his pianos from the standpoint of art only. He is interested in every piano that leaves his factory, and is especially pleased when asked to personally select a piano for one of his customers. Knowing this, I thought of our mail order problem, and wrote asking him if he would consent to personally select pianos ordered by mail and ship direct from the factory to each customer, and I received at once the following letter from him:—

"Dear Mr. Lindsay,

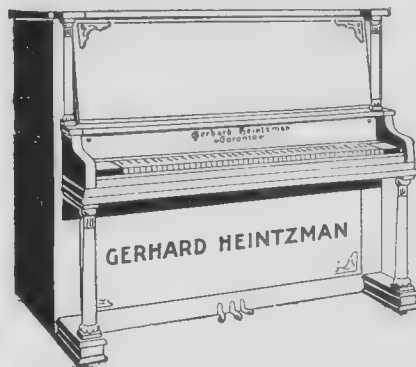
I am in receipt of your letter of the 15th inst. and am greatly taken with your mail order idea. I think by this plan you will be able to give your customers perfect satisfaction, and I assure you I will select every instrument personally and see that the greatest care is taken in preparing it for shipment. Wishing you every success.

I am, sincerely yours,

GERHARD HEINTZMAN."

With this assurance from Mr. Heintzman, I can make you the following offer with confidence in my ability to supply you with a piano that will prove a source of delight to you.

I selected for this offer the **STYLE 64 PIANO** which, by record of sales, has proven to be the most popular style. It is of a plain design, finished in walnut or mahogany, and is not too expensive.



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NEW ART
Style 64

Size—4 ft. 6in. high, 5 ft. 6 in. wide, 2 ft. 3½ in. deep.

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If the piano is not perfectly satisfactory to you on arrival, you can ship it to Winnipeg and it costs you nothing.

I take the risk because I have confidence in Mr. Gerhard Heintzman, and I can give you the reduced price mentioned above because if you buy by mail I have no salesman's salary and expenses to pay. Will you write me about it.

NORMAN J. LINDSAY,
President, Lindsay Piano Company.

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Receive this beautiful child's dress made from heavy, rich velvet in medium red, navy, moss green, seal brown.

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The Things that are More Excellent.

The longer I live, the more I am convinced that the only true and lasting pleasures in life are the intellectual. By this, I do not mean that I despise the saner forms of physical enjoyment, but that I hold it as an axiom, that pleasure, in its highest and most enduring character is an attribute of the mind rather than the body. It is true, there are various forms of recreation, such as rowing, riding, angling which afford moments of rare delight. But if we reflect for a little, we shall find that those same moments of joy are due after all, more to mental than physical causes. Each, we observe, lends itself readily to the of the mind, rather than the exhilara-

Angler, "Travels with a donkey in the Cevennes," or "A Week on the Concord" has not perceived that, whatever the skill, it is the introspective or retrospective action of the cultured mind which is accountable for the pleasure recorded!

We have often heard culture spoken of as something pertaining to society or the social state; something which we do in the presence of our friends, and hang up in a well-aired chamber at home. Yet, it is eminently a domestic virtue. It may be an exaggeration to say that failure to realize this important fact is the cause of many matrimonial shipwrecks. Nevertheless, it is to be feared that neglect of the



Bishop's Court, St. John's, Winnipeg.

habits of observation and reflection. And it is in the exercise of these moods of the swishing oar, of the swinging step, or the pursuit and capture of the rainbow trout, that our pleasure is mainly derived. The literature which has gathered round these most ancient forms of sport and recreation bears indubitable evidence of the truth of this, who that has persued, "The Complete

intellectual side of life is a frequent source of unhappiness in the home. And it is none the less real because it is unsuspected.

Every couple, it is to be supposed, starts out with certain kindred qualities of mind, otherwise, love is but a gross and fleeting passion. Sympathy with each other's aspirations must argue a definite plane of intellectuality.

And whether this is raised or lowered is a matter of much greater importance than the average wedded pair seem to think. In the multitude of cares which domesticity entails, husband and wife alike are all too frequently guilty of allowing mere social pleasure to usurp the place of what Mr. William Watson so aptly calls, "The things that are more excellent." Could they but realize it, devotion to their own higher needs is a more imperative duty than any which society imposes. Apart from the tranquility which it imparts to the home life, the pursuit of culture is attended with an elevation of soul, which the most faithful regard for the obligations of the elite, is incapable of yielding.

There is a widespread belief that, to be cultured, means, to be possessed of a wealth of specific knowledge, in some department of the arts or sciences. But, surely, culture means something more than mere devotion to a single subject, or the unwearied pursuit after excellence in any branch of scholarship? All honor is due, of course, to those who are striving for the mastery of any species of learning which may add to the sum of human happiness. But it is to be noted, that culture frequently ends where profundity begins. Magis magnos clericos non sunt magis magnos sapientes. "The most great clerks are not the wisest men" saith Montaigne. We have all known good men and valiant citizens so infatuated with their special subject of study as to remain cold and unresponsive to all other forms of mental effort. If culture means anything, however, it implies a generous appreciation of all forms of intellectual accomplishment whatsoever. The broader the culture, indeed, the wider the sympathy.

To the prominence which newspapers give to the doings of successful business men, is due, in a great measure, the tendency to regard the pursuit of wealth as of infinitely greater importance than the pursuit of culture. Most of us, of course, are so circumstanced that we have to resign certain hours of the day or night to the performance of duties which, by "the trickage of perishing coin," will enable us to stand well in the sight of the butcher, the baker and candle-stick maker. Happy the man who, having his appointed tasks well and honestly done; has still leisure and inclination to obey the call of his higher being. And thrice happy he whose vocation only leaves him the more fit to follow his chosen path with zest and courage.

But, if the craze for wealth has a blighting effect on our intellectual growth, there is another phrase of modern life, which is even more malign in its influence. I refer to the factitious interest which hangs, like a miasma, over every field of sport. While it is undeniable, that our pastimes have been stripped of much of the brutality which formerly characterized them, the truth is that too much time is devoted to, what I might call, spectacular athleticism.

With a mild indulgence in any kind of recreation, every healthy mind will sympathize, but who, that is at all interested in the development of intellectual nature, can look with anything but pity on the multitude who perform their athletic feats by proxy? Here again, the newspapers are responsible. Like inspired denizens of the poultry-yard, they cackle on the hither and thither side of the events, and thereby create an interest which would frequently be wanting. "The young man glories in his strength," saith the scriptural sage with exemplary teativeness. But spectacular athleticism has rendered this almost null and nugatory. To-day, it may with equal truth be said that the young man glories in the strength of others.

It is remarkable that the very things that make culture afford, in themselves, the highest form of pleasure of which mankind is capable—travel, reading, the study of pictures, the conversation of friends, architecture, music or the drama—all tend to elevate, and, at the same time, bestow a measure of happiness, both in the act and recollection,

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which is denied to mere animalism. In these, and all other kindred pleasures the habits of noting and pondering are allowed full play.

There is a very common, though mistaken belief, that to be cultured predicated a thorough grounding in studies of an academical order, and a settled position in one or other of the learned professions. The fact is that culture is not a thing that comes with college degrees and the professional manner, but is the polish which every healthy mind attains, by the exercise of the faculties of observation and reflection. Its chiefest features are, a certain serenity of temper, a benevolent attitude toward the larger issues of life, a generous judgment of men and things, a broad sympathy with every forward impulse and a ready appreciation of the efforts of others. In a word, culture is the result of the development of the better qualities in man's intellectual and moral nature. It is not, therefore, the special badge of a set or class; but the stamp which marks the student and thinker from the rest of the world; the seal which proclaims him as one who standeth not in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

Doctor Goodcheer's Suggestion.

The man who grows beneath his yolk
Of fell determination
Too serious to take a joke
Should take a brief vacation.

Alimony.

Said Sue, "Sure the man has a lack
Of funds to put clothes on my back.
There is nothing to do
But simply to sue."
So Sue sued at Sioux Falls in South
Dak.

Entirely Safe.

An Irishman living in Cork
Once made a large fortune in Pork.
He was told that he must
Put his funds all in trust;
So he went to Deposit, New York.

"As Others See Us."

Strap-hangers—and I use the term with all respect, for a strap-hanger is often a man who has given up his seat to a woman—strap-hangers look with condescension on suburbanites as a flock of tame birds of one breed and hue.

Now, to anyone who has lived in the suburbs such an idea savors of lunacy. As well say that all strap-hangers are alike.

Why, take George Prentice, who moved out to Cranfield on the D.L. & N.J. road when he was a man of family—he's a suburbanite, and he glories in it, but he is as different from Jack Hammond of the same town (sometimes referred to as the "gardener" for obvious reasons) as the Erie is different from the "Pennsy."

Joe Chevins, who is a Mason to the last degree and often in New York late, says:

"If you want to see Prentice, take the 11 p.m. out of New York. If he isn't on that, get off at Newark and wait for the 12 o'clock."

That shows the sort of suburbanite Prentice is. He loves dinners and theatres in New York—and he thinks that there is no place like Cranfield.

Prentice is connected with a manufacturing house in Liberty Street and, therefore, he is an early riser. The other day I had occasion to take an early train to the city—the 7-07 to be exact—and I met him entering the smoker.

We sat down together. I started by rubbing the sleep out of my eyelids. Then I yawned and said: "Lucky a man doesn't have to make this every morning. I'm still dreaming."

He looked at me a moment and then replied:

"It would do you good to have to work for a little while instead of sleeping and pushing a pen. This is the train of the whole day. I always take it. I get up in the cool of the morning at six-thirty the year 'round and sit

down to breakfast at a quarter to seven, and then I have a glorious walk of five minutes to the train when the air is sweet and it braces me up for all day in the city.

"No place like the suburbs," he continued, "for a man to live and bring up his children. Only 28 miles from New York. Easy to get to the theatres. I'm apt to stay in town to dinner and the wife meets me there (unless it's a stag dinner, you know), and then we go to the theatre and take that 12 o'clock train out. Sleep on the train and get to bed by half-past one at the latest, and you can sleep in the suburbs."

"I should think you'd live in the city," said I, busy with some thoughts about him.

Prentice looked at me as if I had suggested something evil.

"What-at? Me live in New York after I've tasted the delights of suburban life? Not much. Why, I was born in the city! I know all there is to know about New York. I'm there all day long, and what a man in business needs is change. Why, if they had a good theatre in Cranfield I wouldn't even stay in town for dinner. But Mrs. Prentice and I are very fond of an amusing play—none of these problem affairs, you understand, but something with plenty of laugh to it—and so we go to the theatre at least twice a week. And then I belong to a lodge and a club and that takes up some of my evenings, so you see I get all the city I need, and it's absolutely necessary, for the sake of my health, to live in the suburbs where I'll get fresh air and a complete change every night."

"Then I suppose you get out early Saturday and work in your garden," said I, fully aware that I was talking to an enthusiastic suburbanite.

He looked at me pityingly this time. "I've been a suburbanite for five years. Passed the garden stage in 12 months. Those who are fond of digging may do it, but as long as I pass Washington Market every day there's no need for me to sweat over a lettuce-bed or to spend time and money on such indigestible things as radishes."

"Well, then, you play tennis Saturday afternoons?"

"No, I don't play tennis either. No apoplexy for me. I belong to a sane family and I take my pleasures sanely. I generally have the children meet me on Saturday at lunch time down town and I blow them off to a lunch and then we go to the matinee. I want them to get as much fun out of the theatre as Mrs. Prentice and I have. We go home to a late dinner, and after dinner Chilton generally comes in and we play cards until it's bedtime."

I thought a minute. So far he had

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Remember Catarrh is more than a trifling ailment—more than a disgusting trouble. It's a dangerous one. Unchecked Catarrh too frequently destroys smell, taste and hearing, and often opens the way to Consumption; Be warned in time. If you have Catarrh start to cure it NOW.

Don't think it can't be cured because you have tried to cure it and failed.

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Catarrh can be cured, if you take it in hand the right way. Write to me today and I'll give you valuable medical advice free on just what to do for it.



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Simply for the asking you'll receive excellent counsel that will point out how Catarrh can be cured, not just for a week, or a month, or a year—but PERMANENTLY.

Don't let this offer pass—accept my assistance today. This treacherous disease has been my life study—I know it in every form and stage. My advice has already cured thousands who now are free from Catarrh.

You can be also if you will.

Read my list of questions carefully, answer them yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines and mail the Free Medical Advice Coupon to me as soon as possible. 'Twill cost you nothing and will obtain for you the very help you need. Address

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FREE MEDICAL ADVICE COUPON

It entitles readers of this paper to free medical advice on curing Catarrh.

Is your throat raw?
Do you sneeze often?
Is your breath foul?
Are your eyes watery?
Do you take cold easily?
Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in the nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have a discharge from your nose?
Does the mucus drop in back of throat?

NAME.

ADDRESS.

accounted for his weekdays in the suburbs—but there was Sunday.

"How about Sunday? Walks and talks about nature?"

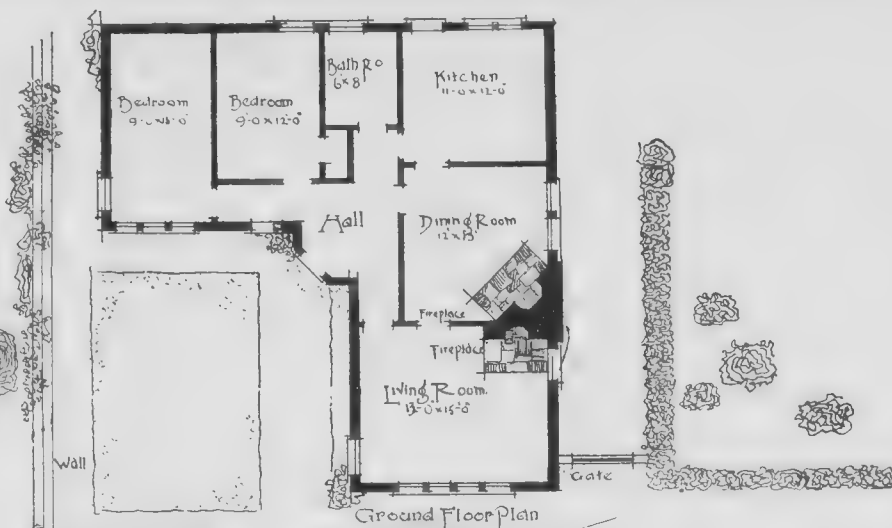
"Now don't!" said he, making a grimace. "Do you suppose we are the sort of people who take those nature books and botanize and snap birds on the wing

and press butterflies in albums? No, sir! Sunday, I take the family in to dine with my father and mother. They live near Central Park, and the children look forward to dinner with the old folks and a romp in the park afterward. Central Park is the greatest breathing spot in the world and my children dote



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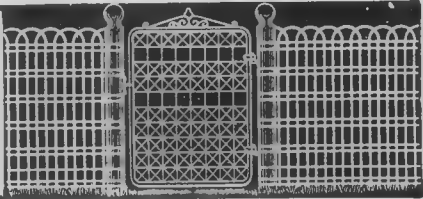
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Divided in Taste.

One morning, as Judge C., of N. County, Virginia, was starting for the town, he was approached by one of his negroes, who with more or less confusion asked:

"Massa, when yo' goes to de Co't House will yo' git me a license? I's gwine to be mar'ed."

"Married, are you Sam? All right," called the Judge as he hastily drove off. Arrived at the Court House he spent a very busy day, and it was not until he was preparing to leave that he remembered Sam's license and realized that he had not been told the name of the bride-elect.

"The old idiot, he never told me who he wants to marry, but, of course, it's Lucinda; he's always making eyes at her." So saying he returned to the Court House and had the license made out in the names of Sam and Lucinda. Sam was the first to greet him upon his return with the inquiry,

"Git my license, Massa?"

"Yes, Sam, you old fool. You didn't tell me who you want to marry, but I remembered how you're always courting Lucinda and got the license in her name."

"Lawd, Massa!" exclaimed Sam. "taint Lucindy, it's Kyarline. What's I gwine do?"

"Well," said the Judge, "the only thing will be for me to get another license."

"Massa," said Sam, "do yo' pay any'ting fur dem license?"

"Yes, Sam, a dollar and seventy-five cents."

"Will another license cos' any'ting," asked Sam.

"Yes, Sam, a dollar and seventy-five cents more," replied the Judge.

After scratching his woolly pate for a few minutes Sam replied—

"Well, Massa, I done axed Kyarline an' she sed 'Yase,' but dere ain't no dollar an' seventy-five cents' diff'ence in dem two niggers, so I'll jus' take Lucindy."—Prudence Baxter, in Lippincott's.



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The one remedy that positively cures
VARICOSE VEINS

and other diseases affecting the veins. Doctors told J. E. Oakes, of 85 Pearl St., Springfield, Mass., that he must have an operation. He preferred using **ABSORBINE, JR.**, and soon was completely cured—has had no return of the trouble. Mild, antiseptic, external application; positively harmless. Removes Gout, Wens, Tumors, Varicocele, Hydrocele, etc., in a pleasant manner. Book 4F and testimonials free. \$1.00-4 oz., \$2.00-12 oz. bottle at druggists or delivered. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 138 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

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Madam Thora's French Corsine System of Bust Development is a simple home treatment and is guaranteed to enlarge the bust six inches; also fills hollow places in neck and chest. It has been used

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HAMPER H71 (Weight 22 lbs.) Price \$4.50

- 1 bottle large Spanish Queen Olives.
- 1 tin Russian Caviar.
- 1 bottle Olive Farcies and Anchovies.
- 1 tin Pate de Foi Gras Truffled.
- 1 tin Camembert Cheese.
- 1 tin Galantine of Quail or Woodcock.
- 1 tin French Boneless Sardines in Olive Oil.
- 1 jar Pure Florida Guava Jelly.
- 1 bottle Cherries in Marasquin.
- 1 jar High Class French Mustard.
- 1 bottle German Onions.
- 1 bottle Cocks Combs.

HAMPER H72 (Weight 29 lbs.) Price \$9.75.

Hamper H72 consists of the whole of Hamper H71 and in addition includes the following:

- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay 15 year old Brandy.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Special, Best procurable Scotch Whiskey.
- 25 Havana Cigars, Panetela.

HAMPER H73 (Weight 33 lbs.) Price \$3.75.

- 1 Plum Pudding, Christie Brown's.
- 1 Pkge. Mince Meat, Libby's.
- 5 lb. Fancy Table Apples.
- 6 Naval Oranges, fancy quality.
- 1 box Xmas Crackers, "Heaps of Fun."
- 1 box Xmas Tree Candles.
- 1 lb. Huntley & Palmer's Mixed Biscuits.
- 1 box Cluster Table Raisins.
- 1 lb. New Season's Mixed Nuts.
- 1 box High Class Candy, Pascall's.
- 1 jar Robertson's R.C. Jelly.
- 1 jar Hudson's Bay Cream Cheese.
- 1 tin Extra Sifted Peas, Gaston Monac.
- 1 lb. pkg. Best Quality Tetley's 50c Tea.
- 2 oz. bottle Pure Extract of Lemon or Vanilla.
- 1 Xmas Calendar 1911.

HAMPER H74 (Weight 45 lbs.) Price \$8.75.

Hamper H74 consists of the whole of Hamper H73 and in addition includes the following:

- 1 bottle Native Port.
- 1 bottle Ginger Wine, Stones.
- 1 bottle Old Highland Scotch, H. B. Co.
- 1 bottle H. B. Rich Bark Sherry.
- 25 Cigars, El Hubaco Panetela.

HAMPER H75 (Weight 4 lbs.) Price \$5.00

- 1 lb. Cape Cod Cranberries.
- 1 Plum Pudding, "Christie Brown's."
- 1 lb. Large Turkey Table Figs.
- 1 tin Extra Sifted Peas, Gaston Monac.
- 1 pint Bottle Chutney.
- 1 pkge Mince Meat, Libby's.
- 12 Naval Oranges, Fancy Fruit.
- 1 box Malaga Grapes.
- 1 lb. New Season's Mixed Nuts.
- 1 box of 12 Xmas Crackers.
- 5 lb. Fancy Table Apples.
- 1 box Pascall's English Chocolates.
- 1 Huntley & Palmer's Xmas Fruit Cake.
- 1 Robertson's R.C. Jelly.
- 1 tin Tetley's Golden Tip Tea.
- 1 jar Hudson's Bay Cream Cheese.
- 1 lb. Huntley's & Palmer's Mixed Biscuits.
- 1 bottle of C. & B. Mixed Pickles.
- 1 Calendar of 1911.

HAMPER H76 (weight 53 lbs.) Price \$10.95.

Hamper H76 consists of the whole of hamper H75 and in addition includes:

- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Port.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Cherry.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Scotch.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Rye, 10 years old.
- 25 Panetela Cigars, Havana.

HAMPER H77 (Weight 40 lbs.) Price \$6.25

- 1 lb. Cape Cod Cranberries.
- 2 lbs. H. B. Plum Pudding (English style).
- 1 lb. large Fancy Table Figs.
- 1 lb. Malaga Grapes.
- 1 tin French Peas, Gaston Monac.
- 1 box Fancy Cluster Table Raisins.
- 1 lb. New Season's Mixed Nuts.
- 1 box Xmas Tree Candles.
- 1 box Xmas Crackers.
- 1 jar Hudson's Bay Cheese.
- 12 Oranges, large Naval.
- 5 lb. Fancy Table Apples.
- 1 box Fancy Pascall's Chocolates.
- 1 Huntley & Palmer's Xmas Fruit Cake.
- 1 Fancy Floral Biscuit Jar, filled with high class Huntley & Palmer's Biscuits.
- 2 tins Tomatoes.
- 1 lb. Tea, No. 2.
- 1 qt. tin Mulligatawny Soup.
- 2 lbs. Arabian Fard Dates.
- Calendar for 1911 with each Hamper.

OUR GROCERY HAMPER

Contain the very choicest of good things. Each consists of a splendid selection which we offer at a reduced price. Each hamper is nicely packed in painted boxes with hinge and lid fasteners. Shipped securely sealed.

HAMPER H78 (Weight 51 lbs.) Price \$12.15.

Hamper H78 consists of the whole of Hamper H77 and in addition includes the following:

- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Port.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Sherry.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Scotch.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Irish.
- 25 Panetela Havana Cigars.

HAMPER H79 (Weight 58 lbs.)

Price \$8.50.

- 2 lbs. H. B. Cambridge Sausage.
- 1 lb. Cape Cod Cranberries.
- 2 glass jars High Class Mince Meat.
- 2 lb. crock English Plum Pudding.
- 1 bottle Gordon & Dilworth's Plum Pudding Sauce.
- 1 tin French Button Mushrooms.
- 2 lb. Fancy Cluster Table Raisins.
- 1 lb. Fancy Table Figs.
- 2 lb. best New Season's Mixed Nuts.
- 1 Xmas Fruit Cake "Huntley & Palmer's."
- 1 Fancy Useful Biscuit Jar filled with choicest quality Huntley and Palmer's biscuits.
- 1 lb. English Stilton Cheese.
- 2 lbs. Pure Strained Honey, high class.
- 12 Fancy Naval Oranges.
- 2 lbs. Malaga Grapes.
- 5 lbs. Fancy Apples.
- 1 box Fancy Quality H. B. Bon Bons.
- 1 box Xmas Crackers.
- 1 lb. Golden Tip Ceylon Tea.
- 1 lb. Special Blend Arabian Coffee.
- 1 qt. tin Mock Turtle Soup.
- 1911 Calendar with each Hamper.

HAMPER H80 (Weight 71 lbs.) Price \$12.35

Hamper H80 consists of the whole of Hamper H79 and in addition the following:

- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Native Port.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Dry Catawba.
- 1 bottle Ginger Wine (best quality) Stones.
- 1 bottle Claret H. B. Co.
- 25 Panetela Havana Cigars.

HAMPER H81 (Weight 45 lbs.) Price \$6.50

- 2 lbs. English Plum Pudding.
- 2 lbs. Cape Cod Cranberries.
- 2 lbs. Cambridge Sausage.
- 3 pkge. Mince Meat.
- 2 lbs. Fancy Cluster Raisins.
- 2 lbs. New Season's Nuts.
- 2 lbs. large Table Figs.
- 1 box Hudson's Bay Fancy Confectionery
- 1 lb. Hudson's Bay Xmas Fruit Cake.
- 1 lb. Prime Dutch Cheese.
- 1 lb. Tetley's Golden Tip Ceylon Tea.
- 2 lbs. Malaga Grapes.
- 1 box Xmas Crackers.
- 1 lb. Pure Fresh Roasted Ground Coffee.
- 1 lb. Hudson's Bay Baking Powder.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Essence of Lemon or Vanilla.
- 1 qt. tin Consomme Soup.
- Robertson's Red Currant Jelly.
- 1911 Calendar given with each hamper.

HAMPER H82 (Weight 55 lbs.) Price \$11.45

Hamper H82 consists of the whole of Hamper H81 and in addition includes the following:

- 1 bottle of Hudson's Bay Scotch.
- 1 bottle of Hudson's Bay Irish.
- 1 bottle of Hudson's Bay Port.
- 25 Havana Cigars, Panetela.

TURKEYS AND GEESE

Purchasers of any of the above Hampers will be supplied at a special price with one real choice Turkey or Goose as ordered. At this printing we cannot quote exact price, but we guarantee to give the lowest wholesale price to Hamper purchasers (limit one bird to one Hamper). A low sufficient money balance will be promptly returned. Special care will be taken to send none but the very choicest, properly tagged and marked to secure proper care from Transportation Companies.

HAMPER H83 (Weight 35 lbs.) Price \$8.50.

Xmas Hamper, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Arabian, Russian, China, British India, England, U. S., and Canada. Represented by the best from each country.

2 bottles French Fruit.

- 1 tin French Flageolets.
- 1 bottle German Preserved Strawberries.
- 1 bottle Italian Luigi Sonaco Olive Oil.
- 1 tin Spanish Sardines, Andre.
- 1 tin China Ginger.
- 1 lb. China Tea.
- 1 bottle British India Chutney.
- 1 lb. English Plum Pudding.
- 1 bottle Guava Jelly, U. S. A.
- 1 tin Canadian Asparagus.
- 1 Cluster Fancy Table Raisins.
- 1 box Best Chocolates.
- 2 lbs. Mixed Nuts.
- 1 lb. Jordan Almonds.
- 1 lb. Salted Almonds.
- The Quaint Old Time Calendar for 1911.

HAMPER H84 (Weight 55 lbs.) Price \$14.95

Hamper H84 consists of the whole of Hamper H83 and in addition includes the following:

- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Brandy (dark or pale)
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Rye.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Port.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Ginger Wine.
- 1 bottle Rhine Wine, Neirsteimer.
- 25 Panetela Havana Cigars.

HAMPER H85 (Weight 43 lbs.) Price \$5.95.

- 1 box Cluster Raisins, fancy quality.
- 1 lb. Fine Smyrna Figs.
- 1 lb. Fard Arabian Dates.
- 2 lbs. Mixed Nuts.
- 12 Naval Oranges.
- 5 lbs. Fancy Table Apples.
- 1 lb. Golden Tip Ceylon Tea, "Tetley's."
- 1 bottle French Pickles, Gaston Monac.
- 1 bottle H. P. Sauce.
- 1 lb. box Best Chocolates.
- 1 jar Cream Cheese H. B.
- 1 tin Lobster, Encore.
- 1 tin French Peas, Gaston Monac.
- 1 lb. Robertson's Red Currant Jelly.
- 1 box Xmas Crackers, "Heaps of Fun."
- 1 tin French Truffled Sardines.
- 2 lbs. H. B. Plum Pudding.
- Fancy Calendar for 1911.

HAMPER H86 (Weight 65 lbs.) Price \$11.95.

Hamper H86 consists of the whole of Hamper H85 and in addition includes the following:

- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Port.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Sherry.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Claret.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Ginger Wine.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Brandy (pale or dark).
- 25 Havana Cigars, El Hubaco, Panetela.

HAMPER H87 (Weight 35 lbs.) Price \$3.75.

Santa Claus Xmas Hamper specially for children.

- 1 box Xmas Crackers.
- 1 lb. Pure Maple Sugar.
- 1 lb. French Cream Candy.
- 5 lbs. Fancy Apples.
- 12 Naval Oranges.
- 1 lb. Dates, Golden.
- 1 lb. Figs, Smyrna.
- 2 lbs. Fancy H. P. Biscuits.
- 1 lb. Mixed Nuts.
- 1 lb. Grapes.
- 2 large Santa Claus Stockings. (or 4 small ones)
- 1 lb. Old Fashioned Pan Toffee.
- 1 Xmas Fruit Cake.
- Fancy Xmas Calendar for 1911.

HAMPER I-95 (Weight 50 lbs.) Price \$12.00.

- 1 quart bottle Champagne.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Special Scotch.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Pale Brandy.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Old Duke Port.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Old Duke Sherry.
- 2 bottles Hudson's Bay Co. Special Rye.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Club Claret.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Booths Tom Gin.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. 3 Star Irish Whiskey.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Cherry Brandy.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Jamaica Rum.

12 bottles.

HAMPER I-96 (Weight 50 lbs.) Price \$15.00.

- 1 Quart Chas. Heidsieck's Champagne 1900 Vintage
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. "Imperial" Port.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Special Scotch.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Extra Brandy.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Madeira Wine.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Special Rye.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Santa Cruz Rum.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Special Irish.
- 1 bottle Gordon's Sloe Gin.
- 1 bottle Fremy Fils Cherry Whiskey.
- 1 bottle French Vermouth.

12 bottles.

XMAS STOCKINGS

The best value ever offered in this line, quality and price. Each stocking is made of Fancy Egyptian Net and filled with good quality amusing toys of all kinds. Manufactured by Pascall's, Limited, London, a leading English House.



H2-1001—Special Size Stocking. 13 inches long. Price.... 10c
H2-1002—Big Value Stocking. 15 inches long. Price.... 20c

H2-1003—"Creation" Stocking. 19 inches long. Price.... 45c

H2-1004—"The Beauty" Stocking. 24 inches long, tied with ribbon. Price..... 75c

H2-1005—"The Empire Leader" Stocking. 26 inches long. Tied with ribbon, filled with best amusing toys. Price.... \$1.00

H2-1006—"The Monster Value" Stocking. 30 inches long, filled with the very best toys. Tied with silk ribbon. Price...\$1.65



AX-1404 — Beauty Pins. Plain Gold. Per pair..... 25c



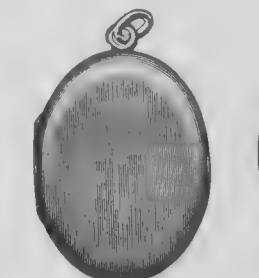
AX-1405—Engraved Gold Beauty Pins. Per Pair.... 25c

KX5577—Ladies' or Girls' Gun Metal Watch. Plain Dial, 12 size. A very neat and smart watch fastened with bow brooch. Good timekeeper. Price.. \$1.75



KX-5574 — Bedroom Clock. Fine china case, handsomely decorated, A 1 timekeeper, 6 1/2 inches high. Price..98c

AX-1402 — Heavily Carved Gold Beauty Pins. Extra long. Per pair..... 15c



KX4249—Ladies' Gold Filled Locket, as cut above (exact size). Price..... \$1.05



KX4250—Men's Gold Filled Locket, as cut above (exact size). Price..... 90c

ENGRAVING

We will engrave Monogram on any Locket. Per initial..... 25c

OUR WINE AND SPIRIT HAMPER

HAMPER I-91 (Weight 30 lbs.) Price \$4.00.

- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. 5 year Old Rye.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Fine Old Scotch.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Pale Brandy.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Old Port Wine.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Claret.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Ginger Wine.
- 6 bottles.

HAMPER I-92 (Weight 50 lbs.) Price \$5.50.

- 2 bottles Hudson's Bay Co. Old Rye Whiskey.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Ginger Wine.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Fine Old Scotch.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Pale Brandy.
- 2 bottles Hudson's Bay Co. Native Port.
- 2 bottles Hudson's Bay Co. Catawba Wine.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Malt Whiskey.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. St. Julien.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Black Cherry Wine.
- 12 bottles.

HAMPER I-93 (Weight 50 lbs.) Price \$7.00.

- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Finest Old Highland.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Pale Brandy.
- 2 bottles Hudson's Bay Co. 5 year Old Rye.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. London Dock Port.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. California Sherry.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. St. Julien Claret.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Tom Gin.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Jamaica Rum.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Malt Whiskey.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Special Native.
- 1 bottle Stone's Elder, Raisin, Orange, Ginger, — or Cowslip Wine.
- 12 bottles.

HAMPER I-94 (Weight 50 lbs.) Price \$9.50.

- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. F. O. B. Scotch.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Ginger Wine.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Ancient & Hon. Port.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Ancient & Hon. Sherry
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Special Brandy.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Jamaica Rum.
- 2 bottles Hudson's Bay Co. 7 year Old Rye.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. St. Julien.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Fine Old Irish.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. California Reisling.
- 1 bottle Hudson's Bay Co. Cherry Whiskey.
- 12 bottles.

Hudson's Bay Company, Winnipeg, Canada

THE PHILOSOPHER.

COUNT TOLSTOI AND THE PEACE PRIZE

It having been signified to Count Leo Tolstoi that he had been awarded the Nobel Prize of \$30,000 as a promoter of world peace, he has replied that he will have none of the late Mr. Nobel's bounty. In the first place, he thinks that Mr. Nobel did the world vastly more harm than good in inventing dynamite; but, in the second place, even if he believed Nobel to have been a man worthy of respect and admiration, he could not accept the prize, because of his conscientious conviction that men should not be rewarded for doing what it is clearly their duty to do. With what must be considered an ironic intention he suggests that the Nobel Prize be awarded to the Doukhobors, who, he says, are the most practical and consistent exponents of peace principles. The last person to whom the Nobel Prize was awarded was Mr. Roosevelt. True, he did not keep the money, but donated it to a worthy public purpose, yet he accepted it, and by so doing acknowledged that the Nobel Committee was right in deciding that he was worthy of it. He wrote an article against Tolstoi a year ago declaring him to be wanting in moral sense. It would be interesting to know what his opinion is of the Russian moralist's refusal of the Nobel Prize.

AS TO SYSTEMS OF GOVERNMENT

It may be argued that the change from a monarchy to a republic in Portugal does not make much difference, and that the Portuguese people may be as happy and prosperous under one form of government as under the other. But our view is apt to be colored by our own experience. We are apt to forget the essential difference between life in continental Europe and life on this continent. Portugal is about half the size of Manitoba or North Dakota. Until the recent revolution it has had its royal family, its court, its army and its navy, its colonies in Africa and Asia. A change of government could only be effected by a resort to arms and bloodshed, while a Canadian Province or a State across the international boundary effects a change of government at the polls. The conditions which existed under the royalist regime in Portugal were, on a small scale, similar to those in Germany and Austria. These countries swarm with royal and aristocratic personages who, lacking useful employment, yearn for military glory, and whose quarrels and selfish ambitions keep all Europe in a state of nervous tension. Were the armies of Russia, France, Germany, Austria and Italy disbanded tomorrow, every peasant and artisan would be as safe from invasion as he is today, while he would be freed from the burden of conscription and military taxation.

WHERE NEITHER TRADE NOR TRAVEL ARE FREE

In some of the countries of continental Europe, freedom of travel is regarded with as much as the hostility most ardent of the high protectionists in Eastern Canada display towards freedom of trade. People unaccustomed to journeying abroad are surprised to learn the restrictions which surround the entrance into many highly civilized countries. Foreigners visiting this country must note with astonishment the ease with which they can travel about unobserved, and the absence of red tape at the port of entry. So much has been written about Russia that the necessity of a passport there is taken as a matter of course by intending visitors. It is not generally known, however, that, for permanent residence in France, a Canadian must furnish the municipal authorities in that country with particulars as to his family, occupation, etc., within a few days after arrival. For residence of more than three weeks in Germany, a passport is absolutely necessary. In Belgium, registration at the police office of the district is required. In practically every country of Europe a passport may come in handy at any moment, as travellers are frequently called upon to "give a satisfactory account of themselves." On this hemisphere, the Argentine Republic alone requires passports and even birth certificates, without which a resident, even for a short time, may find himself in trouble. These evidences of nationality are especially necessary in order to secure exemption from military service. The nervous tension throughout continental Europe, which manifests itself in the show-me-your-passport regulations is a continual menace to the peace of Europe. People who are constantly "thinking war" are the ones who bring it about.

SEEING "RED INDIANS" IN WINNIPEG

Some amused comment in print has been provoked by an article in a recent number of the London Financial News by a special correspondent, written after a visit to Western Canada. In the course of the article the writer says:

"When I was in one of Winnipeg's great stores a month ago it was crowded with magnificent specimens of the Red Indian race, in their full regalia."

It has been pointed out in one of the newspapers that the only time this year when any Indians "in full regalia" have been in Winnipeg was when Buffalo Bill's Wild West show was in the city—and those were not Canadian Indians. It is hard to realize how any person with eyes and ears can have been in Winnipeg

this summer, as the correspondent of the London Financial News was, and then have written that the Red Indian trade in the city—though the whites form the great majority of the total number of Winnipeggers—is so important that there is a terrific struggle being waged between the different stores to capture it. As a matter of fact, there are more people in Winnipeg (using the word "people," for the moment, in the sense in which the word "folks" was used by the cowboy who said that "Injuns ain't folks") than there are Indians and half-breeds in all Canada. If the London Financial News would look up the figures of the last Dominion census, it would find that there were in 1901 in the whole Dominion, scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, south to the boundary and north to the jumping-off place, 129,732 Indians and half-breeds, all told. The assertion has been safely ventured that there are more than ten times as many bald men in Canada, and more than five times as many red-headed men as there are Indians.

NERVOUS STRAIN AND THE WILL

By merely lowering the pitch of the voice in the midst of a heated discussion a person can reduce at any rate his own share of the heat. To smooth the knitted brow, or relax the clenched jaw is a fairly long step towards arresting worry. On the other hand, anyone can work himself up into a state of irritability or anger by raising and straining his voice, or, like the Highlander described by Scott, "snuffing fiercely with his nose." The peculiar clenching of the teeth and vibrating thrill of exultation can be produced at will and give a momentary access of the emotion itself, with something of the satisfaction that follows it. And so with amusement, joy, and other emotions, good and bad. People who have formed the habit of "standing outside and watching themselves" are well aware of the psychological fact that to some extent the physical manifestations of emotion are, in a sense, the emotion itself, and that by stimulating or restraining those manifestations, an emotion can be largely produced, or curbed. A number of notable books have been written lately, devoted to the setting forth of the doctrine that nervous strain and all the forms of nervous upset can be cured by relaxation of the physical strain or muscular tension accompanying it. The first requisite of the self-cure is, of course, that the self-curer must study out the physical manifestation of his trouble. Then he must control it—and the trick is done. But the difficulty with most people is that they cannot perform the trick. The really important thing is to develop the power of watching oneself and detecting the onset of injurious emotion, such, for example, as the preliminary manifestations of irritability. Of course, the habit of watching oneself may be overdone, and become an evil in itself. But the fundamental idea of the books referred to is essentially sound, and well worthy of attention.

AS TO SOCIALISM AND CHRISTIANITY

In a notable address at the Social and Reform Conference held recently in Toronto, Rev. Dr. Chown, Associate General Superintendent of the Methodist Church, discussed the points of difference and agreement between Socialism and Christianity. In answer to the question, "Is Socialism based on Christianity?" Rev. Dr. Chown said, "To a great extent, yes." In answer to the same question, Moses Baritz, who describes himself as an organizer for the Socialist party of Canada, says, "No." But many Socialists have rushed into print in the Eastern papers to say that Moses Baritz speaks only for himself and a few other extremists. The truth is that there are many kinds of Socialists and so-called Socialists. For convenience they may be divided into three main classes: (1) Christian Socialists, as Rev. Charles Kingsley described himself, whose motto is to apply the Golden Rule to every-day life, and thus to alleviate the working out of purely economic principles; (2) Socialists who derive their inspiration from the New Testament, and who, though astray as political economists, are seeking to introduce such a millennium of peace and universal contentment as Christianity contemplates; and (3) Socialists who reject Christianity and whose teachings mean anarchy, godlessness and the horrors of the French Revolution. As for Rev. Dr. Chown's declaration that the competitive system is not in harmony with Christianity, it would appear to stamp him as a Socialist, for all the artillery of argument and invective at the command of the Socialists is directed against the competitive system. But Rev. Dr. Chown, while declaring that "the constitution of the Kingdom of God is built upon Socialist teaching," and that "Socialism is founded upon certain teachings of Jesus," complained that Socialism only embraced some of the principles taught by the founder of Christianity and rejected others equally, if not more, important. As to collective ownership and operation of public services, Rev. Dr. Chown makes it plain where he stands. "There is a strong tendency to social action in many directions," he said. "How far that tendency is to advance, it appears to me, must be left to the common sense of the people. This much is noticed, that when a municipality accepts the responsibility of controlling its public utilities, very seldom do the people desire to place such matters back into the hands of private

companies." But this is not Socialism. If "social action" applied to public services were Socialism, then the people of Western Canada would have to be described as Socialists.

INSTRUCTION BY MOVING PICTURES

At a recent church convention a noted divine ventured the opinion that if St. Paul were on earth today he would use moving pictures in his preaching. Moving pictures are at present used almost wholly for amusement purposes, and the craze has expanded the business to huge proportions; but the utilitarian possibilities of moving pictures are fast obtaining recognition. The authorities of one city in the United States recently made a contract with a moving picture theatre for the displaying of a series of films showing the effects of impure milk. In several cities the public school authorities are considering the use of such films as a regular part of the teaching. It does not seem an extravagant expectation that moving pictures will be found to be most useful in courts. One of the London newspapers has an interesting account of a series of moving pictures displayed in Paris showing the work of the microbe of recurrent fever. In these films, made in the factory of Pathe Freres, the celebrated film makers, the first view was that of a biological laboratory, with two doctors busily engaged in examining bacilli through a microscope. To quote the London Daily News:

"Suddenly, from a corner of the room, a lively chimpanzee bounds upon one of the tables, but the doctors seize him, with the object of using him as a fearful example. They inoculate him with the microbe of recurrent fever. Then a switch of the cinematograph shows a magnified drop of his blood, with the fever microbes chasing each other through it. The next moment shows the pathological effect of the inoculation upon the monkey himself. The poor animal that before was so lively now begins to pine. He can eat nothing, and thirsts for cooling drinks. The fever takes its usual course, now raging in all its fury, and now leaving the patient in his normal state again. At this point the doctor comes along once more and applies to the inoculated one the proper course of treatment. Soon the effects begin to show themselves. The microbes no longer run revel through the magnified drop of blood, but lie down like slain soldiers on a battlefield. The monkey revives, and begins to play his pranks again."

Why should not a moral lesson be driven home no less strikingly than this physical lesson, by the marvellously lifelike phantoms that move and have their being in the pictures thrown from cinematographic films? So can moving pictures be made a greater means than at present of instruction and entertainment, and a powerful agency for the general uplift.

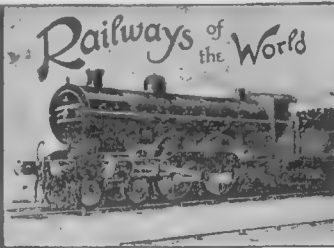
COMING TO CANADA EIGHTY YEARS AGO

An enlightening glimpse into the conditions that awaited immigrants to the Canada of eighty years ago is afforded by the official warnings to immigrants to stay aboard the ship on arrival, until all arrangements had been made for going inland to their destinations, and on no account to put trust in strangers at Quebec and Montreal, "who will seek to interest them in pecuniary ventures, or who will undertake to change their money into Canadian currency." These words are taken from a pamphlet, now yellowed with age, which was issued in England by "His Majesty's Commissioners for Emigration." At that time the Colonial Office in London was anxious to afford "facilities and information to parish authorities and landed proprietors desirous of furthering the emigration of laborers and others from their respective districts, especially with reference to the emigration clause of the Poor Laws Amendment Act." The pamphlet contains instructions for emigrants, explaining that in ships sailing from Scotland and Ireland it was the custom for passengers to provide their own provisions, but the practice had not been so general in the case of ships sailing from English ports, many ship-owners, knowing the dangers of insufficient provisions being carried not caring to book passengers unless they would agree to be victualled by the ship. To quote from the pamphlet: "Those who do resolve to supply their own provisions should at least be careful not to lay in an insufficient stock. Fifty days is the shortest period for which it is safe to provide, and from London the passage is sometimes prolonged to seventy-five days." That meant from seven to eleven weeks on the ocean—as many weeks as it takes days now to cross the Atlantic. The law regulated the amount of water a ship must carry for each passenger—"five gallons to every week of the computed voyage," or a little under six pints a day for each person. The price of passage from ports on the east coast of Great Britain was £6 with provisions, or £3 without. From Liverpool and the principal ports of Ireland, the charges were somewhat lower. "It is probable that in March and April passages may be obtained from Dublin for £1 15s., or £1 10s., but the prices always grow higher as the season advances," says the official pamphlet. Emigrants proceeding to Western Canada—that is to say, to Ontario of to-day—are informed that coaches and boat start from Montreal to Prescott and Bytown—now Ottawa—daily. The total expense for the transport of an adult from Quebec to Toronto and the head of Lake Ontario by coach and boat "will not exceed £1 4s. currency, or £1 1s. sterling." The pamphlet abounds with the warnings already noted against persons seeking to swindle the newcomers. And the Ontario pioneer, instead of going to a prairie farm started in with an axe on a hundred acres of hardwood forest.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY, WINNIPEG, CANADA CHRISTMAS LINES AT SPECIAL PRICES

Our LINEN Books

Unwearable Linen Books 13 x 9 1/2 inches. Made of linen paper with heavy card cover in four titles. These books, exactly the same quality were sold by the thousand by us, last year at 35c. each. This season by an extraordinary purchase we are able to reduce the price to 25c. this season. Very finest of art colored work, and a practical indestructible toy book. 20 pages, price 25c. each. In the following titles. Illustrations show front covers of books.



WO701—A Trip to Catland. As description above..... 25c

WO702—Railways of the World. As description above..... 25c

WO703—In the Poultry Yard. As description above..... 25c

WO704—Country Friends. As description above..... 25c



WG1722—Xmas Parcel Tags size 4 by 2 inches, maple leaf designs, ten for..... 10c



WG1723—Xmas Parcel Tags holly designs in colors as per cut, ten for 10c



WG1724—Xmas Parcel Letter Seal colored, 50 seals price.. 5c



WG1725—Xmas Claus Seal colored, 50 seals 5c



WG1726—Xmas Parcel or Letter Seal holly spray 50 seals 5c



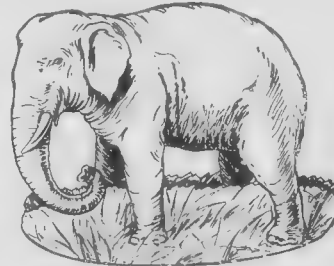
WG1727—Xmas Bells Parcel Seal 50 seals price 10c



WG1728—Maple Leaf Novelty with address tag 24 views of Canada, price 5c or 6 for.. 25c



WO1729—Dainty Dolls. Paper cardboard dolls and dresses, already cut and interchangeable. Consisting of one lithograph doll, four dresses and four hats, all in cardboard and packed in box. Price per box, 13c; or 2 for..... 25c



WO1730—Rocking Animals. Cut shows the elephant on rockers. Box contains nine other animals, the camel, lion, cat, dog, horse, tiger, cow, donkey and sheep, all on rockers with brief history of each animal on the back. Average size 7x8 inches. Price per box complete..... 35c



WG1731—The Old Floral Design Calendar as cut above, very handsomely colored, with greeting. Each.. 25c



WG1732—The Gainsboro Calendar photo on plate sunk card. Each 20c



WG1733—Old Time Calendar 1911 reproduction of winter scene mounted on plate sunk card. Each 20c

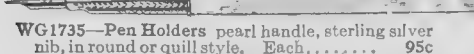
PRINTED AUTOGRAPH XMAS CARDS

WG1737—Private Xmas Cards. Maple leaf, Union Jack and Canadian design, as per cut. An ideal card for home and foreign correspondence. Your name and address will be printed on 25 cards as cut to left with either of the three following greetings (make your choice by letter):

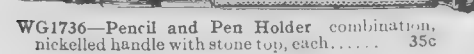
A—With every good wish for a merry Xmas and a happy New Year from (Your name and address)
B—With kind remembrance and best wishes for Christmas and the New Year. From (Your name).
C—With the compliments of the season and all good wishes from (Your name and address)
25 cards supplied with 25 envelopes to match all complete, postpaid..... \$1.75
Allow one week's time for printing, and if you do not state greeting wanted in your order we will supply "A" greeting to not delay order.



WG1734—Novelty Purse Calendar book style with neat photo reproduction nicely tied with cord. Each 10c



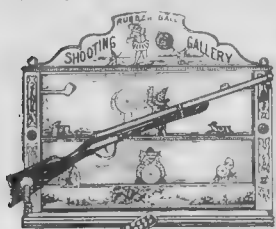
WG1735—Pen Holders pearl handle, sterling silver nib, in round or quill style. Each..... 95c



WG1736—Pencil and Pen Holder combination, nickel handle with stone top, each..... 35c



WO456—Celluloid Swimming Toys Assorted swans, ducks, fish and frogs. Average size 1 1/2 x 2 inches. Price each..... 5c



WO547—A Rubber Ball Shooting Gallery as per cut, with nine drop figures for targets; a spring gun and ammunition, consisting of five rubber balls and five corks. Person shooting stands some distance away shoots to hit the bull's eye. Size 15 by 17 inches. Price..... \$1.50

WO438—Doll's Wool Sweater As per cut, in dainty colors, in fine knitted wool. Price 20c



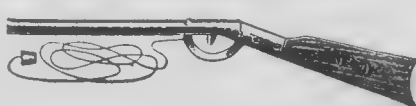
WO439—Doll's Wool Toque In dainty colors, in fine knitted wool, with tassel Price..... 10c

WO440—Doll's Feeding Bottle Crystal bottle red rubber nipple and tubing, bone ring, height 3 inches. Each in box as per cut. Price.. 5c

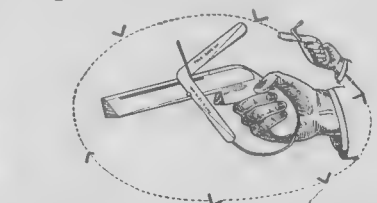


WO508—Six Shot Repeating Revolver As per cut. Shoots six caps without reloading. Length 7 inches. Price..... 25c (6 boxes of caps supplied free)

WO509—"Snap Flash" Revolver As per cut, white nickel finish, 5 1/2 inches long. Price. 10c (6 boxes of caps supplied free)



WO504—Daisy Pop Gun Looks like an air rifle breaks in the middle and loads same way. Wood stock, nickel barrel, explodes with loud report. Length 16 inches. Price..... 35c



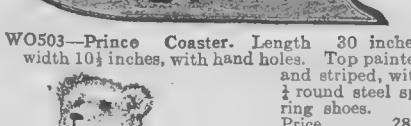
WO510—Pistol Shoots square cardboard papers from 10 to 12 feet distant when without touching anything the piece of cardboard makes a turn and comes back to the shooter in perfect condition This pistol is supplied with six cardboard projectiles and is one of the best novelties shown this season. Large cut shows Boomerang Pistol, small cut above shows another one, and the flight of the cardboard shot. Very special price for Boomerang pistol, complete with six shots. Each..... 15c



WO501—Daisy Sleigh or Cutter As per cut length 30 inches, width 11 inches. Has two straight knees. Neat-board painted red, gear finished on the natural wood. Flat shoes Price..... 28c



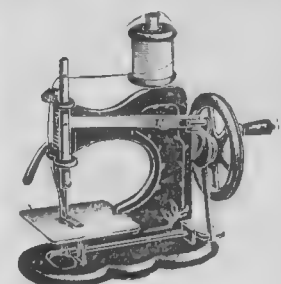
WO502—Boys' Sled Length 38 inches, width 10 inches. Made of hardwood, striped and varnished, with painted top. Flat shoes. Price each..... 19c



WO503—Prince Coaster. Length 30 inches, width 10 1/2 inches, with hand holes. Top painted and striped, with 1/2 round steel spring shoes. Price..... 28c.



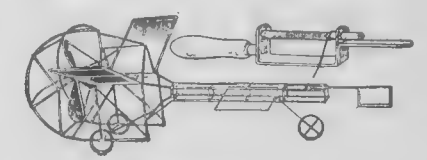
WO464—Mechanical Teddy Bear. Mechanical-Golden silk plus teddy bear performing a variety of acrobatic stunts. Height 8 1/2 inches. Special price.... 48c



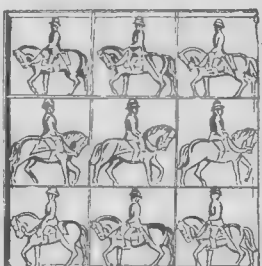
WO451—Ellipse Sewing Machine. Black enamelled frame work with floral decorations, working parts nickel plated, lever foot lift, complete with spool of thread and two extra needles, also clamp for attaching to table, with full instructions for working with each machine. Each in box. Price.. 50c



WO577—Noah's Ark. Nicely painted, naturally shaped animals. 35 animals 13 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches. Price..... 25c
50 animals, 16x6 1/2 inches. Price..... 50c
70 animals, 18x7 inches. Price..... 75c



WO477—Wright and Bleriot Model Flying Machines. Perfect working models as per cuts. Price..... \$1.75



WO 545—Gilt Metal Soldiers on horseback. Box consists of 9 pieces each 3 inches high. A most attractive line. Per box.. 25c



WO402—Western Beauty Doll undressed as per cut. Our Western Beauty Doll is certainly a wonder, the limbs are jointed, the face beautifully moulded with closing eyes, the curly hair is parted and tied with a pretty ribbon, which keeps the hair from becoming matted. Real shoes and stockings, robed in a very prettily trimmed night robe. The best value ever offered in Canada. 20 inches high. Price..... \$1.00
WO403—Queen Louisa measures 24 inches long similar to Western Beauty in appearance. Price..... \$1.50

SPECIAL

What the World is Saying.

THE WORLD'S FINEST FISHERIES

Canada and Newfoundland now have control of the finest fisheries in the world.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

AND NO BETTER

This is a free country, and every community is entitled to just the kind of government it votes for.—Toronto Telegram.

PROSPERITY AND PROGRESS

With foreign trade increasing at the rate of over one hundred millions a year, it is evident the twentieth century is Canada's.—Toronto Star.

FREE TRADE SENTIMENT IN THE WEST

Hon. James Duff did not find much free trade sentiment in the West, which goes to show that Hon. James does not rank high as a finder.—Toronto Globe.

THE TARIFF AND THE CONSUMER

Mr. Drury says that the tariff costs every farmer \$200 a year. It certainly costs every consumer much more than it turns into the revenue.—London Advertiser.

NOT SCARCE, BUT EXPENSIVE

Meat is said to be scarce in Germany. It is not scarce in Calgary but it is certainly most expensive, which is just about as bad.—Calgary News.

OTTAWA SPOUTERS

The Pacific Whaling Company has caught 850 whales this season, each valued at \$5,000. Some of the spouters at Ottawa are worth even less.—Toronto News.

HOW HIGH PROTECTION WORKS OUT

It has been calculated that in the United States not more than one person in 28 receives a penny from the tariff, and the other 27 have to give what he does get.—Manchester Guardian.

THE NAMES OF WESTERN TOWNS

The naming of its towns is the worst thing the West does. To read them over in the columns of a postal guide as they appear from month to month is enough to make one's ears burn with shame.—Calgary Herald.

DEVELOP THE BAY

Now that it has been decided that Hudson's Bay is really an inland sea and belongs to Canada, it would be as well if we get busy and started making some use of it, other than making it a home for whales.—Calgary Albertan.

DEEP SNOW IN ALASKA

Probably you wouldn't believe it, but snow fell during the past winter in Valdez, Alaska, to the depth of 58 feet by actual measurements, taken during the year. Little of the city protruded above the snow during the past winter.—Valdez Correspondence in Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

BUT THEY MAY BE RIGHT

Certain men, not mentioning names, are so persistently on the losing side that they will soon serve as weather-cocks. People will wait until they have declared their view of it and will then promptly vote the other way.—Guelph Herald.

THE AGE OF PETROLEUM

John D. must be chuckling to himself these days. Petroleum is becoming the world's motor power as well as the source of the poor man's light. The automobile and the aeroplane pay tribute to Rockefeller, and now comes the motor-driven battleship.—Chicago Tribune.

NEW MONTREAL LIKE OLD ATHENS

The Greek residents of Montreal have subscribed \$10,000 for the building of a battleship for their native country. Anything classical or antique appeals to Montreal, many of the city sidewalks being replicas of the streets of Athens.—Vancouver Province.

ROOM IN VAST ABUNDANCE

A contemporary states that "if all the farmers in Canada should move to Alberta and establish farms there as large as those they now cultivate, there would be room for them and to spare." There is something in that to set people thinking.—Monetary Times.

BANFF FEELS PROUD OF ITSELF

It is very gratifying to know that while the number of births in Banff during the last twelve months has been very large, Dr. G. M. Atkin states that there has

not been one infantile death during that period. And Charlie Leroy at the age of 97 still rings the morning school bell. These facts are eloquent testimony that Banff is in absolute reality a health resort.—Banff Crag and Canyon.

WIRELESS FOR ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND

The romance of today is to be taken with that of a couple of centuries back. Juan Fernandez, dear to the heart of every boy as the island home of immortal Robinson Crusoe, is to have a wireless station, and will thus, in an up-to-date manner, likely furnish further fascinating detail concerning those who go down to the sea in ships.—New York Times.

WHERE FINNS ARE FREE

Already there are several thousand Finnish people at the head of Lake Superior, both in Canada and the United States. They abandoned their native country for political reasons, and they will be followed by thousands of their fellows who will not submit to the tyranny of Russian government.—Port Arthur Chronicle.

DUTY OF CANADIANS

While Canada is now in the making, Canadians should awaken to the scope and importance of their mission. There must be a national purpose. National things do not merely happen—they come to pass. Destiny is not a thing to be waited for—it is something to be achieved. A nation's purpose determines its destiny.—Brantford Expositor.

OLD-TIME ORATORS

The older people remind the present generation of the good old days when men were orators, and tell of how they got their training in the literary societies in the little red schoolhouses. Whether the days of old were better than the present matters not, the fact remains that today there is a lack in this matter that there should not be.—Lethbridge Herald.

THE TRUCE IN BRITISH POLITICS

The British politicians appear to be waiting and longing for the time they will be able to get at each other again with their might. The leaders are holding conferences which, it would seem, neither side expects will result in anything effective or satisfactory, and meantime the war dogs are muzzled. They should be fine and savage when they can bark once more.—Montreal Gazette.

THE GREAT CANADIAN SHOW

One of the delegation of British merchants, who recently visited Canada, remarked that visitors to the Dominion who had only seen Montreal, Toronto and Niagara Falls had merely heard the introductory overture by the orchestra. To see the big three-ringed show with its continuous performance and moving picture finale it was necessary to come West.—Edmonton Journal.

MATRIMONIAL BROKERS FIND DUPES

A Chicago matrimonial broker has been sentenced to fourteen months' imprisonment for swindling eager bachelors out of \$12,000 in commissions for negotiating marriages with alleged heiresses. The fool killer will never outlive his usefulness as long as the dupe output maintains its present standard of productiveness.—Minneapolis Journal.

REVOLVERS AND DAGGERS TOO NUMEROUS

In Montreal one Italian was murdered and two seriously hurt by dagger stabs. The dagger and the revolver should both be on the prohibited list. Decent people do not need daggers, and the other kind should not be permitted to have them. As the man who would use a dagger would not likely start one unless he were armed, rows would be few if revolvers and daggers could not be bought in the stores.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

A GEOLOGICAL CERTAINTY

Some people have come forward with a story that they have discovered coal among the granitic rocks of Northern Ontario. Every now and again this sort of story is sent out to be derided by geologists and to die. Coal is a mineral formed in the later ages of the earth. Granite dates from the time the earth was beginning to cease to be void and covered with darkness. Coal does not get under the granite.—Montreal Herald.

A GUESS AT THE FUTURE

The street car run by stored electricity seems destined to go further than any one can predict at this moment. Imagine this: that in a short time every main road carries a pair of rails; that every business, every big farm, has an extension into it from these rails; then every business and farm can have its own car and run it over the general tracks.—Vancouver Saturday Sunset.

HUDSON BAY, WORLD HIGHWAY

The wealth of Hudson Bay in fisheries of various kinds is prodigious, and is only beginning to be realized. The Bay also must become a great highway of commerce—from one part of Canada to another, apart from the possibilities of transatlantic trade. It is well that at the beginning of the twentieth century the right of one flag, and one only, to float with authority on the Mediterranean of the North should be indubitably settled.—Hamilton Spectator.

PLENTY OF MATERIAL FOR PORRIDGE

The Department of Agriculture at Washington estimates that in the United States this year there will, compared with 1909, be a shortage in the wheat crop of 45,500,000 bushels and a surplus in the oat yield of 96,000,000 bushels. The man who likes porridge for his breakfast, and he is quite numerous now, will read such a record without much dread.—St. Paul Pioneer

A YEAR'S GAIN OF WEALTH

In short, the total addition this year to the wealth of the Provinces of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan can be little short of \$400,000,000, barring what value may have been consumed by the people for sustenance. This would be but a small proportion; and anyway, the produce of the mines, timber and other natural resources has not been taken into account. Is it any wonder that the Dominion is moving along fairly well?—Edmonton Bulletin.

SHOULD BE AN OPEN HIGHWAY TO THE BAY

The announcement in a dispatch from Ottawa that a branch from the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific will be built from Saskatoon, through, to connect with the Hudson Bay railway at the Pas Mission, furnishes additional argument in support of the view that the Hudson Bay line should be controlled by the Government. Whatever may be the form of control decided upon, it should mean that the line to Hudson Bay will be an open highway.—Morden Chronicle.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Spain is said to be about to abolish the death penalty following in this the example of Italy and France, although the latter country, after trying the experiment, has to acknowledge its failure as a deterrent of murder. It is also said that the abolition of the death penalty is favored by many of the reform leaders in China. Meanwhile the horrible tortures hitherto inflicted upon Chinese criminals before they were put to death have been entirely put an end to by the Chinese Government.—London Times.

BIRTH RATES OF THE PROVINCES

The birth-rate in Quebec, according to a bulletin of vital statistics just issued by the Government of that Province, is 35.81 per thousand, and the death-rate 20.05. This makes the present natural rate of increase of population in Quebec 15.76 per thousand per year. It is interesting to note that for 1901, the year in which the last census was taken, the figure was 17.74. The rate for the whole of Canada in that year was 12.70. In the census returns of 1901 Manitoba led all the other Provinces, Quebec included, with a rate of natural increase of 18.86 per thousand. It will be interesting to see what the census figures next year will show. The birth-rate in Great Britain and Ireland in 1908, the last year for which the statistics are available, was, it may be noted, 26.4 per thousand, and the death-rate 15.2, leaving the rate of natural increase 11.2.—Ottawa Free Press.

THE ROAD TO THE BAY, WITHOUT DELAY

In addition to the variegated arguments against the opening of the Hudson Bay route which they are piling up in constantly increasing number, Eastern papers are manifesting their feelings by pointing out other projects on a large scale, such as the Georgian Bay Canal scheme, and the proposal to extend the Intercolonial to Lake Huron, which they regard as being of great importance as to call for their being undertaken and completed before the Hudson Bay railway. But the road to the Bay has the right of way over all those other proposals, and the people of the West look for its construction without delay.—Regina Leader.

CHANGES IN EUROPE'S PEOPLE

The changes in Europe since 1801 show some remarkable reversals in States and politics. The Europe of 1801 counted 175 million inhabitants; its population today exceeds 438 millions. The population of France, which ran to over thirty-three millions, exceeded then in number, cohesion, and living strength that of any nation except Russia, which, however, counted only thirty-six millions. The population of the British Isles was only sixteen millions, not quite half that of France. The German Empire, counting its three hundred States, often at war with one another, had in all only twenty-five million of people. Italy was only a "geographical expression" at that time, but the whole peninsula in ten duchies comprised only seventeen million people. Austria and Hungary together numbered only twenty-five millions. Outside of Europe at that time the world was either a desert or unknown.—London Spectator.

When Parliament is Opened by the King.

Not even in the "Gorgeous East" is it possible for the eyes to feast on a scene of such rich and dazzling splendor as is presented by the House of Lords when the King opens his Parliament in person—a scene to which neither pen nor brush can hope to do adequate justice.

For this august occasion the heavy benches which rise in five rows on each side from the floor of the Guilded Chamber are removed and give place to seven rows of low crimson-covered forms. The clerks' table, the woosack, and cross-benches also disappear, and the whole floor of the House is covered with closely ranged rows of forms covered in red morocco to give the utmost accommodation to the brilliant crowds that are to occupy them.

In the Gilded Chamber.

Long before the crowning moment of His Majesty's arrival every seat is occupied and the crowded chamber is converted into a spectacle of unexampled splendor—a kaliedoscope of varied and vivid colors, lit up by the gleam of gold and the flashing of countless gems, all bathe and blended in the many-colored lights which stream on it through the windows of stained glass aglow with bright-hued figures of centuries of kings and queens.

Dominating the scene are the richly carved and gilded State chairs, with their setting of flashing crystal, raised on a canopied dais, glowing in gold and colors; and the picture has for its frame walls panelled in carved oak, bearing the shields, in rich heraldic coloring, of countless Lord Chancellors.

On the crimson benches which run along each side of the chamber sit the dukes and marquesses, earls, viscounts, and barons, in order of precedence (the dukes nearest the Throne), and arrayed in all their State glory of scarlet robes, with their bars and hoods of ermine—serried rows of red and white, broken by the colors of their knightly ribbons, the glimmer of gold, and the flash of jewelled stars.

Peers Spiritual and Temporal.

To the right of the Throne is an impressive group of spiritual peers, their black gowns and lawn sleeves concealed under robes of crimson and ermine hoods; and behind the bishops is a dazzling parterre of Ambassadors, gay in all the colors of the rainbow, from Chinese Minister, in his robe of blue silk with its dragons of gold, to his Persian brother in red fez, uniform ablaze with

rich jewels, and broad sash of emerald green.

There, in the centre of the floor, facing the Throne, are our judges, in robes of black and gold, scarlet and ermine, and their full-bottomed wigs. Behind the peers, row after row, and in the galleries over their heads, are the peeresses, each in her most ravishing toilette, many-hued as Joseph's coat, a myriad of jewels on head, neck, and arms flashing back the light in a splendid riot of rainbow rays, while on each side of the Throne are the Royal Princesses in two radiantly beautiful groups.

But hark! the distant boom of cannon comes faintly to the ears, and with it the swelling murmur of cheering crowds outside. The King and Queen are coming. The supreme moment is near, and a wave of excitement spreads over the crowded chamber, as the breeze rustles over a field of poppies.

The doors to the right of the Throne are flung open; from the ceiling flashes out a flood of electric light, waking into vivid, almost blinding splendor the scene below, and making a sea of jewels leap into flame. The vast assemblage rises to its feet, a kaliedoscope awakened to life, as the head of the Royal procession appears in the doorway and begins to stream into the chamber.

Our Sovereign Lord the King.

Pursuivants and heralds, in their tabards of gold and crimson rich in heraldic devices; equerries, ushers and grooms-in-waiting in gorgeous Court costumes; the great officials of the Royal Household; sargeants-at-arms, bearing maces aloft; and great officers of State, all in their most splendid trappings, follow each other in stately procession. Then follow the Marquess of Londonderry, bearing the sword of State in its crimson scabbard; the noble bearer of the Imperial crown, glittering on its crimson velvet cushion; and the premier marquess, holding aloft the cap of maintenance on his white staff—all the Royal procession arranging itself in a cluster around the expectant Throne.

And now the climax of this brilliance is reached. The King and Queen enter hand in hand, in flowing robes of crimson silk velvet and ermine, the long trains held up by pages of honor in scarlet doublets and white knee breeches. The King is bareheaded, but Her Majesty wears a dazzling crown of diamonds.

The King seats himself on the Throne to the right of Her Majesty, and with a

wave of his hand commands the assemblage to resume their seats. It is an impressive moment—the crown of a life's experience and emotions—as the eye ranges over the gorgeous scene to its brilliant centre, the two gracious and supremely Royal figures who, with such dignity, impersonate the might of the world's greatest Empire.

Mr. Speaker and the Commons.

The rest of the story must be told in a few words. Through the Lord Chamberlain the King's command is conveyed to Black Rod to summon the Commons "to attend His Majesty immediately in the House of Lords." A few moments later the sounds of hundreds of hurrying footsteps is heard; the volume of sound increases, and the Speaker with his retinue makes his appearance, followed by a surging, jostling, scrambling crowd, pouring tumultuously into the small place behind the Bar allotted to His Majesty's faithful Commons.

The Lord Chancellor, bending low, presents a document to the King. It is the Speech from the Throne. His Majesty rises, puts on his white-plumed Field Marshal's hat, and in a clear, resonant voice reads the Speech. At the conclusion the Speaker and the Ministers bow profoundly to His Majesty, and the Commons disappear.

Their Majesties, standing on the dais, graciously acknowledge the homage of the still-standing assemblage. The Royal procession is reformed and files out of the chamber, and a few minutes later the whole gorgeous scene—the most brilliant and impressive human eye can look upon—has dissolved into a memory—a memory which, however, will remain vivid and epoch-making to the last day of those who have been privileged to treasure it.

Frivolous Definitions.

Reputation—What the world thinks about us; character is what our wives know about us.

Gossip—The counterfeit coin of conversation.

A Secret—Confidential information that one woman gets another woman to keep for her.

Inspiration—A word used by poets in mistake for perspiration.

A Theatrical Angel—Known by the company he keeps.

The Leisure Class—Tramps and the very rich.

The Dreamer—To-morrow I made a fortune.

Optimism—A habit that women have of looking upon the bright side of things; mirrors, for instance.

The Engagement Ring—Matrimony's promissory note.

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The handsomest and best Steel Range ever produced. A new design with elaborate nicked trimmings. The nickeling is done by special process, and is of a white silvery effect. The Ideal Household Steel Range is equipped with all the latest improvements and thoroughly up-to-date in every respect. Pay \$35.00 to the local dealer and you will not get a range to equal the Ideal Household. Absolutely the handsomest, most elaborate and highest grade steel range made in the world. A long step ahead of others in high art stove making.



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Just as Illustrated

JUST LOOK what we are doing. We are furnishing you this magnificent new six-hole full nickeled range, in all sizes, complete with reservoir and warming closet, just as illustrated, beyond question of doubt the highest grade range made in the world. Burns wood or any kind of coal. Takes wood 24 inches long. No. 9-20 has oven 20x20x13 inches; six 9 in. lids, copper reservoir encased, shipping weight 550 lbs. Complete with high closet and oven thermometer, \$46.75.

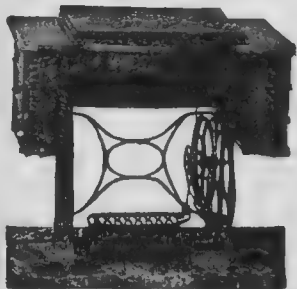
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Showing the most complete line of up-to-date stoves and ranges. Sold direct to consumer at wholesale prices.

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Winnipeg Ball Bearing Sewing Machine



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\$25.25
For this
Seven
Drawer
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Guaranteed
for 10
Years

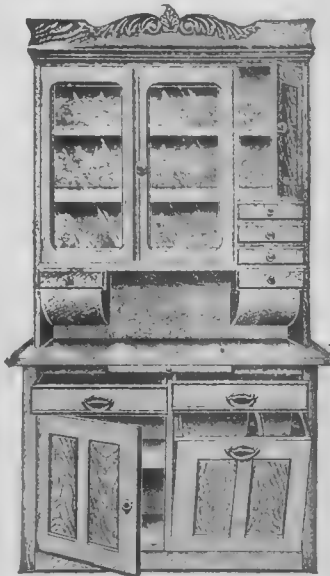
It does all kinds of plain and fancy sewing in a most thorough manner. It is handsome in appearance, simple and easy to operate, responds to the slightest adjustment. Equipped with full set of best steel attachments. There are none better, and very few to equal the Winnipeg full Serpentine front, Quarter Cut Oak, Seven-drawer Drop head, Automatic Lever Lift Cabinet. The Head is the most perfect vibrating shuttle type, all wearing parts adjustable and case hardened. Guaranteed for a life time, with Three Months' Preliminary Test before you decide to keep it or not.

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The Wingold Stove Co. Ltd., 186 Bannatyne Ave.

Winnipeg

The Young Man and His Problem.

BY REV. JAMES L. GORDON.

ENVY

Never permit envy to break into a friendship. Glory in the achievements of your friends. It may seem hard at first but it will bring you an ample reward in the end. A great heart is better than a brilliant brain. A great soul is more to be desired than the gifts and talents of a commanding genius. Speak well of your friend in the hour of his prosperity, even if the high walls of his palace over-shadows your humble cottage. An English writer remarks:

"I remember Rev. F. B. Meyer saying to a company of us in my student days, 'It was one thing to pray for John McNeill when he was miles away, but it was quite another matter when he was close against me in London, and gathering the crowd to his ministry.'"

FAILURE AND SUCCESS

I saw a stranger on our Main Avenue, yesterday afternoon, slip on the skin of an orange, and measure the side walk by the length of his body. When, by our assistance, he had regained his feet, he turned deliberately around, to examine the spot, marked by the moisture of the orange, where he had gone down. In other words he was studying the place where he had failed. If you can only succeed where you have failed, nobody in the broad world can finally resist you. An American writer says concerning the famous divine, Dr. MacArthur:

"Doctor MacArthur's forty-year record in New York would never have been heard of if he had received from Calvary Church the kind of treatment meted out today to some men who, in their early years, give quite as glowing promise of reaching Class A as Doctor MacArthur. Somewhere I have heard a story that when he went from Rochester Seminary to New York to solve the problem of Calvary Church, he spent a year or two trying to find himself, and trying to find the proper method for solving the problem. Then the officers told him he had 'not made good,' and it was 'time for a change.' His reply, it is said, was something like this: 'Brethren, I will admit that I have not yet solved this problem. But I have now learned enough about it to promise you that if you will give me one more year, I will bring you through to victory!' He got the year, and it is now forty years!"

THE BROKEN HEARTED

Broken-heartedness is a kind of weeping insanity—the human mind possessed by one idea—the thought of its own sorrow. Be kind to the broken-hearted. Be attentive to those who are in trouble. Let them tell their story. You may not be able to help, but listen, and advise if possible. Even a few words of sympathy, spoken in sincerity of soul, may help a poor pilgrim in an important crisis of life. There is a power of suggestion in the following incident:

"A man sat in a telephone booth. Weary, discouraged, and sore at heart, he rang for the familiar number of his home, and soon, over the wire, he recognized a well-known voice, that of his wife. Having failed in his business, he had left her a few months before to take a position as bookkeeper in a hotel. While he was there his little daughter fell sick with scarlet fever. Worrying over her, he was not able to concentrate his mind on his work, with the result that he lost his position. This was his telephone message to his wife. Her answer was: 'Don't come home, look for something else.'"

What follows is so sad that I hardly know how to tell it. Goaded into despair, not knowing where to turn, he obeyed the mandate. He did not go home; he shot himself."

GET READY!

Florence Nightingale had been studying and working for ten years in the hospitals of Great Britain and Europe when the Crimean War broke out. When the great opportunity of her life presented itself she was ready for it. The "lucky" man is the individual who is ready when the lightening express train of Opportunity passes by. Destiny always travels on an express train. Zion's Herald, Boston, Mass., hands out the following paragraph concerning Reader Harris:

"Reader Harris, leader of the Pentecostal League, and an eminent lawyer, got his first lift in life significantly. Employed in the drawing office of the Great Western Railway Company's engineering shops, he found young men were occasionally sent down the line on responsible commissions. Receiving directions in the morning, they spent the day preparing to start. Shocked at the waste of time, he filled a bag with traveling conveniences, and took it to the office, to be ready to start at short notice. His companions ridiculed the idea. But one day the chief engineer came in and asked about the bag. The owner said: 'I determined, if I had a chance to go, to be ready.' 'You did? You see that train?' 'Yes.' 'Jump in, I'll telegraph instructions.' From that time Mr. Harris made rapid progress."

SHUT IN

"Shut in! I am shut in, my health is so poor. I am shut in, my education is so deficient. I am shut in, my field is so narrow. I am shut in, my circumstances are so limited. I am shut in, my influence is so small. I am shut in, my years are increasing." My friend, I have a message for you. The God who shut you in can lead you out. The writer who penned the following lines was surely inspired.

"When God wants to make a man or a nation great, He puts them in prison. He shuts Homer in by blindness; He shuts Dante in by exile; He shuts Bunyan in by prison walls; He shuts Socrates in a jail for thirty days, that he may make a statement about immortality; He shuts Greece up between the sea and the mountains; He shuts Romulus in upon a little tongue of land named Rome; He shuts the Swiss people in between the Bernese Oberland and the Jura-Simplon; He shuts England in upon a little isle; He shuts the Dutchman between the hungry waves of the North Sea and the Spanish forts; He shuts the Pilgrim Fathers in between the Atlantic and the great forest and the savage beasts and still more savage men."

A KEEN EYE

An open eye is a great source of education. Portage Avenue is better than the main aisle of a European art gallery—if you only know how to use your eyes. Even a thunder storm has its charm for the man who is looking for nature's secrets. Ask Benjamin Franklin. And an earthquake is not without its attraction to the true scientist. The following lines from a biography of Charles Darwin illustrate how a convulsion in the heart of the earth failed to disturb the mental balance of his holy enthusiasm for scientific investigation.

"The naturalist's last experience with the earthquake was in Copiapo, a town of eight thousand inhabitants. He was invited, with Captain Fitz-Roy, to dine with a Mr. Edwards, an English resident, and the dinner was partly over when a shock came, quick, sharp, and decisive. Darwin heard the rumble in advance, and remained quiet, watching the effect. He naively says: 'But from the screams of the ladies, the running of the servants, and the rush of several gentlemen to the doorway, I could not distinguish the motion.'"

A MEAN AVERAGE

It may be a good thing to "strike an average," but the world pays little attention to "average people"—Heaven save you from the appellation of "average,"—"an average preacher,"—"an average singer,"—"an average writer,"—"an average artist," or even "a good average man." Strike your average and kill it. If your class is average get out of it. You cannot lift yourself up without helping humanity to rise. Remember Gladstone's criticism of Miss Jane Austen's lack of passion and vehemence: "She neither dived nor soared."

A CONGENIAL CALLING

I have found out the secret of happiness. It consists in being permitted to do the thing you prefer to do. The Librarian among his beloved books, the artist surrounded by a sea of color, the musician shut in to the world of harmony, the preacher breaking his heart over a sin-tired congregation, an architect moulding thought into a lasting reality, the statesman crystalizing a growing sentiment in a legislative enactment—to be permitted to do the thing you love to do—this is the great secret of a lasting happiness. A Brooklyn divine in an eloquent paragraph exclaims:

"After Von Humboldt's death, his gold medals were found lying about in corners and neglected nooks, while pressed leaves, specimens of ore and fossils had been preserved with jealous care. Of how little moment are badges and decorations to the man of whom it may be said as of Buddha, 'His eyes are opened!' The price of wisdom is above rubies. Its laurels will be given when emeralds are dust."

THE EVERLASTING NOW

Time is the point at which we touch Eternity. Every moment must be woven out of the fabric of the everlasting. No man knows enough, to know, the full meaning of the present hour. When Gladstone was fifty-two, he wrote in his diary the words: "I hate to think of growing old," and yet the best work of his life had not begun. The editor of the British remarks in this connection:

"The original edition of Lord Morley's Life of Gladstone gives one volume to Gladstone's first fifty years, and two to the rest. The second volume takes the period from 1859 to 1880, and the third from 1880 to 1898. Gladstone said: 'The best and happiest period of my life dates from my sixtieth birthday,' and he also said: 'Had I died at threescore years and ten, fully half my life work would have remained undone.' He was seventy-seven when in 1886 he introduced the Irish Home Rule Bill. He was eighty-five when in 1894 he resigned office."

PERSONALITY

Men must be weighed as well as counted. Quality is much more than quantity. Every man is the incarnation of a distinct character. Every name is the revelation of a distinct personality. "What's in a name?" Every thing! Even, of God, it has been said: "Because he could swear by no greater, he swears by himself." Even a human affirmation is not worth more than the human personality behind it. Make your name mean something in the district where you reside. Listen to the words of Parks Cadman:

"The great want in America is not so much a strong man at the White House, as a stronger man in every house."

STOP

He is a wise man who knows when to stop. When cigarettes begin to yellow your fingers—Stop! When that piece of yellow literature begins to color your imagination with the stains of sin—Stop! When an occasional glass of liquor begins to demand an occasion—Stop! When the personality of your friend seems to overmaster your own, and you find yourself walking in ways of which you are ashamed—Stop!

"The place to cut a mad dog's head off," runs a homely adage, "is behind the ears."

THIN ICE

Sometimes destiny permits a man to skate on thin ice, just to let him see what dangers he has escaped. For an hour or a day danger threatens, clouds hover, rumblings are heard and Conscience, with a thousand voices, speaks to the soul, then the door opens and the soul escapes. A writer in the Evangelist says:

"The story is told of a young man employed in a bank who had become, through no fault of his, involved in financial troubles of a character that made him almost desperate. Then one day an opportunity came when he could take several thousand dollars with apparently no risk of discovery whatever. It seemed so easy; he needed the money so badly, and he knew that it would help him so much that he could not resist the temptation. He kept the money for two days, but he did not use it as he had intended, and when he came to work on the third day he brought the money with him and returned it to its former place as though it had never been taken. Never again did he have the slightest temptation to take what did not belong to him. He is now president of the bank. Why did he return the money, when he needed it, and had it safely in his possession and knew that no one would ever guess that he had stolen it? It was the touch of an angel's hand."

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

Sin has a great way of shadowing a man. Sin has a strange way of hiding itself for a while and then suddenly leaping up in a man's tracks. Sin, like a disease in a man's blood, will slumber for a year and then without notice or warning come to the surface. Get in the way of sin and sin will never be out of your way. Dr. MacIntosh has this thought in view when he says:

"Robert Southey's poem of 'The Inchcape Rock' is an illustration of our subject. A bell had been placed upon the Inchcape Rock by the good old Abbot to warn the mariners of the dangerous rock. Sir Ralph the Rover cut the bell from the Inchcape float out of sheer devilry, expecting that some crew would be wrecked upon the rock and he be enriched thereby. Then he sailed away and scoured the seas for many a day until at last grown rich with his plunder he steered for Scotland's shore, and struck upon the Inchcape rock and was drowned. He cut down the bell that others might not hear it, and he perished because it was silent."

WAKE UP!

Wake up! Fill your life with experiments! Try something new! Arrange things the other way! Take up a new line of reading. Walk in an untrodden path. Where failure has blocked your way indulge in an experiment. Make over the bed of your circumstances. Shake up the pillow of your surroundings. Stand up where others fall down and know the reason of your lack of success. "Of no use to the world," said Emerson, "are those men who study to do exactly as was done before, who never understand that to-day is a new day."

GRIP AND GRIT

Hold on! Go on! Keep on! On and forever on! Let nothing discourage you. It makes little difference whether you are going upward or downward so long as you are going forward. Forward then! And for every set-back—up and at it again. "Charlotte Bronte had 'Jane Eyre' sent back by publisher after publisher until she was almost bankrupt by paying the return postage. But she held on. Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair' was treated in almost the same manner. The Hoosier poet, just quoted, said: 'I struggled for years, through almost sleepless nights and hopeless days. For twenty years I tried to get into one magazine. Back repeatedly came my manuscripts. I kept on. In the twentieth year that magazine accepted one of my articles.'"

Western Verse.

LOVE AND WHEAT.

By S. Jean Walker, Neepawa.

'Twas out in the city they met, you see,
in a very commonplace way,
For he was a hand at a threshing and
she was a guest that day;
Just out from an eastern city, with
every conventional rule,
Well trained in all social niceties—a
graduate from its school.

Well, she talked to him that evening,
when the work of the day was o'er.
He smiled and he answered "yes" and
"no" and very little more;
She spoke of travels, of books, and art,
yet felt naught but defeat,
And then a pitying angel breathed and
told her to talk of wheat.

Then his honest eyes, like a Viking's blue,
met her dark ones calmly straight,
And he talked plain sense, in his quiet
way, as he told of his acreage great,
Of the ripe, full heads, the length of
straw, the average yield and all,
Till the night closed in and the stars came
out, and they heard the coyote call.

Then he rose with a laugh and his blue
eyes shone, like one with the world
content.
And she heard him whistle a merry tune
as off to his shack he went;
And she, too, smiled, and murmured low,
with whimpering, fond conceit,
"In the city the god is wealth and power,
in this prairie land 'tis wheat."

That night in a dream she seemed to
walk in a stubbled wheat field rough,
Till she came at length to the shady
side of a thick grown poplar bluff;
And right in her way stood a golden
sheaf, which she curiously round
did peep,

Where, underneath, to her great sur-
prise, lay the god of love asleep.

His headless arrows were scattered round,
but his bow she could not see;
There was just one thought that possess-
ed her mind, and that was to set
love free;
So she tugged and tugged, but the freight-
ed sheaf like a mighty wheat did
seem;
Yet her one thought was that love lay
there, at least, so ran her dream.

Then her hand and heart united wrought,
when lightly it toppled down,
And underneath lay a bow and spear,
and love, the roughish clown,
From his feigned sleep waking, drew
them both and pierced her throbbing
heart:
It seemed so real, from her sleep she
woke, as she felt the thrilling dart.

And she seemed to see blue, honest eyes,
and a sunburned, kindly face,
While she felt the sweet impelling power
of his manly, rugged grace;
Then she murmured low, "That dream
so real with meaning seemed replete,
But I never thought that I should find
Love under a sheaf of wheat."

The man, too, dreamed, and his little
shack seemed changed to a large
house fine.
But how it was, or when, or why, he
could not well divine;
Suffice it that a dark-eyed queen held
sway o'er his heart and home,
And from this palace built by Love he'd
no desire to ro m.

The vision seemed so wondrous real,
Hope rose o'er Reason's sway
To herald Love's all blissful reign in
some glad, future day.
His heart breathed low a fond refrain,
so joyous to repeat,
"What greater gifts can man desire than
such a wife and wheat?"

And, well, to shorten my story some, the
dream in a way came true,
For a man in love defies all rules when
he sets himself to woo.
Now, in wedded bliss, in their prairie
home, they find no time so sweet
As when they sit in the gloaming hour
and talk of love and wheat.

MY CANADA.

By S. Jean Walker, Neepawa.

Fair Canada, my Canada,
My country young and free,
I boast no clime, I boast no race,
Save only thine and thee.
I hail thee with a love-born pride,
Thy child I am in all;
No other land, nor prestige grand
Can lure me from thy call,
My Canada.

Fair Canada, my Canada,
In love's peace ever dwell,
And may the wisdom of thy sons
All selfish wrong dispel.
Be thine to guard the weak, oppressed,
Be thine to ever hold
To duty's voice, in this rejoice,
Strong in thy vigor bold,
My Canada.

Fair Canada, my Canada,
Loved land of high emprise,
I glory in thy vast domain,
And wealth that in thee lies.
I watch with hope thy future weal.
Keep faith, press on nor wait,
That none may claim a worthier name,
Loyal to King and State,
My Canada.

Fair Canada, my Canada,
Young country strong and free,
I boast no clime, I boast no race,
Save only thine and thee.
To love and serve thee is my joy,
Blest heritage is mine;
No other land nor nation grand
Can ere compare with thine,
My Canada.

THE DROUGHT.

By A. B. H., Portage la Prairie.

It once to me was life sublime
To live and loaf in sunny clime;
But now, this sunny summer time,
We cry for rain.

The tillers of the fertile soil
Bewail their weeks of wasted toil;
Bewail their crops that slowly spoil,
For want of rain.

An idler I on barren ground
A barrenness of thought have found,
In idling where the fields around
Show thirst for rain.

If more of fruits and flowers I'd see
If more of joy and tragedy,
'Twould stir the mind's fertility
Like showers of rain.

THE LURE OF THE CITY.

By A. B. H., Portage la Prairie.

I live in a prairie village,
I live where they talk of land;
Of land, its sale and tillage,
Of land, its loam and its sand.

Beholding ploughs and binders,
And hearing of horses worth,
And learning by stern reminders
That farmers are lords of earth.

'Tis often I dream of the city,
There lonely and poor was I;
'Tis often I deem it a pity
Its poor to the plains don't fly.

The plains, with their endless flatness,
Their endless hope and wealth;
The plains, where in peaceful fatness,
The farmers amass their wealth.

The rugged mountains yonder,
A gloomy grandeur don,
Like the city whence I wander,
But the mountains lure me on.

The Egotist—A man so satisfied with
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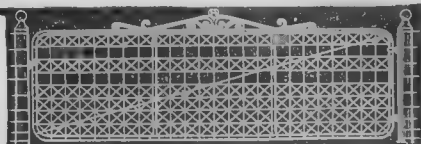
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STYLE 18M145.

18M145. **Women's Coat Sweater**, made in the popular College style, of fine Australian Botany Yarn, in fancy zig-zag stitch; the closing is on the left side, which, with stand-up collar, cuffs and lower edge, is of plain knitted weave; length 29 inches. Colors are grey with garnet, white with cardinal, or brown with tan, also plain navy. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust. Price

3.50

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18M149. **Women's Two-piece Outing Costume**, with Toque to match. Suitable for skating, snow-shoeing, tobogganing and other winter sports. It is made of fine Australian Botany Yarn, in fancy zig-zag stitch. The coat is fastened with pearl buttons on left side, which, with stand-up collar, cuffs and lower edge, is of plain weave in a contrasting shade; length 26 inches. Skirt is gored and finished around the bottom to match coat. Colors are grey with garnet, fawn with champagne, or brown with tan. Sizes 34, 36 and 38 bust, with 39-inch skirt only. Price

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Note carefully the sizes and colors stated in the descriptions, as only regular stock sizes and colors as stated can be supplied.

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All transportation charges on goods returned within 10 days for exchange or refund are paid by us. This allows you to examine the quality and fit before deciding to keep the garment.

Women's Coat Sweater

2⁰⁰

18M142. **Women's Coat Sweater**, of fine knitted worsted, in French Jacquard stitch. Is made in single-breasted style and fastens with pearl buttons; has stand-up, turn-down collar which fastens and fits close to the neck; patch pocket either side.

Fine Worsted Yarn

2⁰⁰

Length 28 inches. Colors are plain white, navy, cardinal, grey or brown. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust. Price

2.00

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18M141. **Women's Coat Sweater**, made of fine knitted worsted in fancy stitch. Has V-neck, and fastens in single-breasted style, with pearl buttons; a wide knitted border extends around neck and down fronts; has two patch pockets, and is finished with belt; length 26 inches. Colors are plain white, navy or cardinal, also grey with cardinal. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust. Price

1.75

If by mail, postage extra 25c

18M140.

1⁵⁰



18M140. **Women's Coat Sweater**, made of knitted worsted, in fancy stitch. The V-neck and fronts have wide, plain knitted border; is single-breasted style and fastens with pearl buttons; has two patch pockets; finished with belt all round; length 26 inches. Colors are plain navy, white, cardinal or grey. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust. Price

1.50

If by mail, postage extra 25c



18M141.

1⁷⁵

The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

SOCIAL GRACE.

Intelligence that is sympathetic, courtesy that is constant, radiance that is genuine, and manners that are gracious, will make any young woman popular because they are the prime factors of beauty.

Every kind deed done softens a line, every smile acts as a massage of the muscles and tissue about the face. These things radiate happiness. They can be developed into habit and you know someone says habit is like a cable; we spin a thread of it every day till at last we cannot break it.

Nothing sweet or beautiful grows or ripens in darkness. A face that lives in the gloom of dark thoughts can never be beautiful.

It is worth while to think every time we give assent to an act. Any judgment or opinion we give will work for good or evil—every assent we make swells the sum of good or evil in the world.

Our thoughts reverberate through our bodies and invigorate us or fatigue us.

Every young woman wants to be popular and it is possible for her to be. In a certain sense we select our lives. Of course, some of us do not seem to have the natural need to work hard to be popular, but it is not beyond any girl's reach. After all it is not really so much what we have as it is—what we do with what we have. It is the character that makes social grace.

If a girl's character does not count, what does? Her beauty may be ruined in a day by an automobile accident, her money may take flight by a business failure, her youth will fade, but her charm may grow more magnetic with every year of her life.

Sympathetic Intelligence.

Some of the queens of Europe have this grace most beautifully developed. They use their intellectual training to help their subjects. The Queen of Roumania appreciated the value of the embroidery done by the poor peasant women and she turned it into commercial advantage by creating a market for it. Now there is great demand for

the work and the peasants in this way are made comfortable and happy because they have paid for their little homes. The Queen of Roumania is popular with her people because she has sympathetic intelligence.

A BUSINESS GIRL'S DRESS.

If some of the young ladies who pose as business girls would take part of the time and money they use in dressing the outside of the head to put something inside of the head, they would add very materially to the dignity of their class. Why, when a frail body supports a huge head dress, one actually appears to be top heavy. The prevailing stack of hair not unlike a straw pile in size, color, quantity and quality is attached to the head according to certain inventive schemes until the wearer not only appears ridiculous but she suffers from headache and heartache as well. When a girl covers her head with the hair of a dead china-man, she is running risks.

The business girl's toilette should be dainty and neat, a work a-day one. Fluffy blouses and ball-room finery are not proper for the office and store.

Miss Rosa L. Fritz, the world's champion stenographer and one of the highest paid women in the business world says this: "I think that more girls cheapen themselves by wearing daudy finery, jewelry and extravagant fashions during office hours than in any other way."

That sort of thing has always gone with a careless class of women, and it gives the men with whom one comes in constant contact wrong impressions. The proper kind of a costume for working needs is a blouse that will launder, and a skirt which may often be cleaned without great expense. A girl in a fresh, stylish costume of this sort will look much more attractive than when dressed in a gown whose only virtue lies in the fact that it is the 'latest style.'

Miss Fritz is in a position to know as she is thoroughly familiar with the business girl's life. She has been the

winner in twenty-nine typewriting contests and has demonstrated her work from a small office to a business show in London where she demonstrated before our king and queen.

A FERTILE FIELD OF OPPORTUNITY.

This is an age of opportunity for the girl who lives in the country. New professions are being opened to women and unusual occupations are successfully carried on by the female sex. The environment of the country girl offers rare instruction to the appreciative. A girl some years ago began to study the woods about her and she is now regarded as a genius in botanical work. She has a wonderful collection of woods from almost every kind of tree that grows in our country; and she was only a little girl when she began collecting these woods. Recently this young woman—Miss Eloise Gerry—has been appointed as an expert in a new Forest Products Laboratory at a large University. She had to enter into competition with a number of men applicants for the position but she came out victorious and is now commanding a high salary. Women are showing tremendous ability in invading masculine realms of thought and activity.

Girls often think they have no opportunity in the country, but they have more natural advantages than the girl in the city and if they develop the power of observation they may begin studies that will command fame and fortune in after years.

A GIRL'S BROTHER.

I am going to tell you a little story—a true story. "Once upon a time" while visiting a friend she showed me through their new home—a comfortable home and cozy. She had one brother, a boy about eighteen years of age. When she opened the door of his room the very first thing I noticed was a low seat near the window covered with the kind of sofa pillows

that boys can use without fear of soiling them. On each side were books—boys' books and magazines. One book lay open on the floor. The pictures, cornet and collection of curios in the room suggested a touch of boyish personality that bespoke order, keen observation and a taste for things manly and intellectual. A vase of flowers, a bit of needlework and dainty bedroom linen indicated a sister's attention.

Then we passed on until we reached the door of her room. Imagine my surprise when I saw a little back room with one window and a low ceiling. It was neat though and nicely arranged with furnishings such as girls like.

"Why!" I exclaimed in my surprise. "I do not understand why your brother has that large front room with three windows and you have this little back room."

"It was just this way," she sweetly answered: "I was away from home when this house was built, but I fortunately returned before it was furnished; this little room was planned for him and the bright one for me. You know they say any kind of a room is good enough for the boys; they do not care. Well, I felt that my brother did care, so I insisted on the change."

"Did it pay?" you ask, "Yes, a hundred times over. He is so proud of his room that instead of spending his evenings down town as was his custom he stays home, he enjoys taking his boy friends to his room, and he is developing a taste for research and study—it is paving the way for his future."

Some years later I visited this friend. The brother had honored the family in many ways—he was fast gaining prominence in the business world.

As we sat chatting in the room of his boyhood I referred to my previous visit.

"Yes" she remarked, "This room made a man of my brother."

Is not a sister's influence responsible to a certain extent for her brother's failure or success?

HOW TO MANAGE YOUR MANAGER.

A business girl startled me one day last week by this request: "I wish you would tell us girls how to manage a manager!"

I did not answer her just then but decided to consider her problem. So I hunted up her manager and put the question to him.

"How may a girl manage her manager?" he repeated thoughtfully, "Why that is not so difficult as she may think," he continued "She can manage him if she has four qualities that every business girl should have. She must be prompt, accurate, responsible, and considerate."

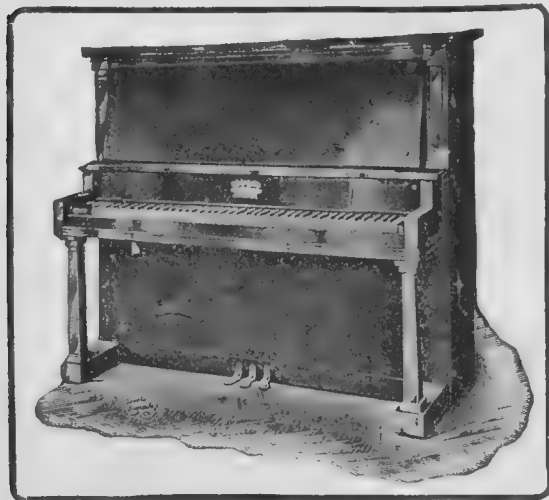
If a girl wants to know how to manage her manager, let her be at her place of business promptly on time, she must do her work accurately and carefully for by so doing she not only pleases her employer but she is paving the way for a promotion and a better salary. Then she must be responsible in the way of keeping the affairs of the business to herself and she must be considerate to those about her."

This, then, according to a business man's solution is the way to manage a manager. A young woman can not take out of her position what she has not put into it any more than she can draw out of a bank what she has not deposited.

A NEW PROBLEM.

An entirely new problem came to me the other day in the person of a young woman who, from the standpoint of intelligence and good breeding, was worthy of my highest admiration. The problem, however, was one of color. This particular young woman was a finished stenographer, well trained in the ways of business and in so far as office qualifications are concerned was perfectly capable of handling them.

This young woman, however, on ac-



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count of her difference in color had sought an office position earnestly, but in vain and the real problem in so far as she was concerned, was not in not being able to do the work but in not being able to find it to do.

The color problem is as yet a new one in Western Canada, but it is one that the Canadian West will sooner or later have to deal with.

The black race is no different from the white when it comes to seeking out new lands that are heralded as far and wide as is Western Canada, and we must expect that ere long we shall not only have the nurse-girl and the servant with us, but the ambitious negro as well, and the question is what are we going to do with her?

Let us take a concrete case. We will assume that there is an office that already employs five or six stenographers and there is a vacancy to be filled by another. Let the girl with the dark skin apply for the position, and what is the result? Immediately there is a clamor of dissatisfaction that threatens to disrupt the whole office with the result that the girl in question must be turned down regardless of what her qualifications and ability might be.

Now let us take ten concrete cases and the ten final results will be the same. She is a stranger in our midst and her ways are not our ways. The black has, ever since the days when Noah cursed Ham, travelled a different path from the white and the softening influence of a civilization that has progressed for centuries has succeeded in doing very little towards changing the attitude of the white towards the black. This spirit of indifference aged as it is, does not, however, solve the problem. There will come into our midst young women with hearts of the purest, despite the fact that they are encased in a black skin and we as a race who have the control of things in our own hands are not living up to the true idea of sisterhood if we do

not give these young women a chance. She is not asking too much—all she desires is something to do and an opportunity to live a clean, honest, and upright life and pay her own way.

MOTHER.

Life is over, Death is sweet.
Lay the lillies at her feet.
May they rest upon her bier,
She who walked among them here.

Gently fold her wasted hands,
Smooth the hair in silver bands
O'er the brow where lines of care
Time hath wrought so gently fair.

Calm and still, no wild alarm
Stirs the heart whose sweetest charm
Lies beneath the churchyard sod.
She hath known the widow's God.

Weary grew her eyes and dim,
Mourning day by day for him,
While she watched and waited long
For the angel's greeting song.

Of when worn with grief and pain
Could we feel her touch again;
It would calm the aching brow;
But no sigh she heedeth now.

When we sink in death's last sleep,
Other eyes the watch must keep:
O'er her children's dreamless bed,
Other eyes the tears must shed.

But we would not call her back
More to tread life's dusty track.
She hath done her life work well.
Let the lily petals tell.

If you do not want the cream to rise when scalding milk pour the milk into a jug as soon as it is scalded and let the jug stand in a basin of cold water.

Montreal's Fire Chief.

Chief Tremblay of Montreal is without doubt a wonderful fire fighter, his principal methods of fighting fires being to prevent them. The way he does this is by having inspectors, consisting of the captains of each brigade, visit each and every large building in Montreal, and make suggestions to the proprietors. This undoubtedly has been the means of decreasing the number of fires in Montreal. It is to be hoped that every Fire Chief in every town and city in Canada will follow the example of big Chief Tremblay of Montreal.

"Let us get to the fire quicker," says Chief Tremblay, "the sooner we get there, the less chance of the fire spreading." With this end in view, he has proposed to the City Council that they have automobile hose wagons, and as Montreal now has a Board of Control, composed of active business men who will certainly understand the advantage of "getting to the fire quicker," the chances are Chief Tremblay will once more have his way. The City Council started the ball rolling by purchasing an automobile for the use of the Fire Chief. He is, now right on the job, on the minute, ready to give orders to his men.

"First, however," says Chief Tremblay, "look to the safety of people in buildings." So the captains first call on manufacturers, and suggest removal of clippings, putting in fire pails, having new fire escapes, and more of them, and many other sound suggestions.

Possibly the most complete or at least one of the most complete buildings in this respect is that of the immense shirt factory of the Hudson Bay Knitting Co. whose structure is equipped throughout with extinguishers, sprinkler system, water buckets, fire escapes, and all the best appliances, for the safety of its hundreds of employees. Thanks to Chief Tremblay, the majority of factories are following suit. We

need a "Chief Tremblay" in every town and city in Canada to fight fires—by preventing them!

To Save His Appearances.

William, the farmer's son, had had his photograph taken, and, together with his father, he called at the photographer's a few days later to examine the rough prints.

The photographer exhibited them before the couple, and, after gazing at them uneasily for some time, the farmer said, with nervous hesitation:

"You say in the winder, maister, as 'ow you kin touch up the picters so as to give an effect agreeable to yer customers."

"That is so," assented the photographer readily, hastening to add, with his best professional smile: "But in your son's case any retouching is absolutely unnecessary."

"Ow ay," replied the father. "That be main like Willyum. But to tell ee the truth, he's got to send un with his testimonials for a job, and I'd like ee to alter his photo so as to make him look honest-like!"—E. Cockers, 3 Garfield Terrace, Chorley, Lancs.

The Right Kind of Bait.

A Methodist bishop was recently a guest at the home of a friend who had two lovely daughters. One morning the bishop, accompanied by the beautiful ladies, went out in the hope of catching some trout.

An old fisherman, out for the same purpose, wishing to appear friendly, called out:

"Ketching many, parson?"

The bishop, turning round, drew him self to his full height and replied:

"Brother, I am a fisher of men."

"You've got the right kind o' bait with you," was the fisherman's rejoinder. C. E. Arnold, 3, Wharton Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

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When the great Domestic makes this wonderful step in advance, meeting the popular demand for easy-payment selling—

When you can buy the machine that has always been the best as easily as a machine that will never be anything but the worst—What excuse can any thinking woman offer to herself for buying a machine as inferior in quality and durability as it is cheap in price?

When you buy a Domestic you buy a faithful servant for a life-time. You know that half-a-century of experience has produced the machine you are taking into your home.

You know that unlimited capital insures the stability of the Company—that you can secure parts and supplies for your machine fifty years from now. You know that the price of the machine has gone into the machine itself—and not into high salaries to middlemen and demonstrators, and extravagant selling schemes. You know that you have been able to buy your Domestic direct from the factory, because the makers have found this plan the most economical. You know that when a million dollar corporation backs its product—as we back the Domestic—with a Twenty-five Year Indemnifying Bond, it must be absolutely fearless. The machine must be right! You know that if the Domestic had been offered to you on these easy-payment terms twenty years ago, you would have bought it—so would everybody else—and there would be practically nothing but Domestics on the market to-day. Have we not done a revolutionary thing?

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Grain Market Report.

By Donald Morrison & Co., Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.

25th October, 1910.

Wheat has not done well during the past week, except for the Bears. There has been a somewhat steady decline, and prices to-day are almost at the lowest so far on this crop. Wednesday last One Northern Fort William or Port Arthur closed at 95½, Thursday, 95¾, Friday, 95¼, Saturday, 94¾, Monday, 94½, and to-day 94¼c.

This decline is undoubtedly caused by the steady accumulation of grain at terminal points in this country; the general increase in the World's visible supply: the continued large amount of food stuffs in passage as compared with this time last year, and the continued large shipments from Russia and countries bordering on the River Danube. No doubt this decline will be overdone some day, and we will then get a much needed advance, but there is nothing at the moment in sight, so far as we are able to see, to give us any permanent advance. Damage to the Argentine crop or to the growing Winter wheat in the United States would be the most likely accidents to give us an upturn, also an able leader on the Bull side: but at the present time the Argentine and United States crops are very promising, and there is no sign of a Bull leader. Armour is credited with a desire to see markets have an upturn, but everybody admits it is because he desires to get a chance to put out more wheat at better than present values. Statistics continue bearish.

The following figures are interesting, and are the causes for the fears we have of still lower values.

Inspection of wheat here since the 1st of September shows 27,103 cars compared with 30,498 for the corresponding period last year, practically 3,750,000 less gone forward, yet the Canadian Visible Supply is to-day practically as large as last year, to be exact the Canadian Visible Supply now is 10,414,000 bushels against 10,546,000 bushels last year. Then again the United States visible is over 12,000,000 bushels greater than last year being 37,978 bushels against 26,650,000 bushels. The World's visible is practically 60,000,000 bushels greater or 198,887,000 bushels against 139,042,000. The World's shipments for the week while not as large as last year are still very large, and countries outside of North America contribute very largely to it. The shipments this week, and the corresponding week last year being as follows:—

	1910	1909
America	3,568,000	4,696,000
Russia	5,792,000	6,152,000
Danube	1,856,000	2,464,000
India	1,032,000	256,000
Argentina	840,000	88,000
Australia	624,000	440,000
Chile North Africa ..	144,000	208,000
	13,856,000	14,304,000

The total amount of wheat in passage is 37,448,000 bushels compared with 32,248,000 bushels for same week last year. As we said before these are the principal reasons why we fear still lower values. The demand for our cash wheat here the past few days has been good owing largely to a number of vessels that are being loaded at Port Arthur and Fort William. When the demand to fill them is satisfied it looks as if the premium for spot wheat over December would lessen.

Oats.

Oats continue very heavy, and the large stocks of them in the United States as well as in our own country are responsible for this condition. While our crop in the West this year was poor in some districts, it was fairly good in others, but the principal trouble comes from the fact that we carried large stocks from last year. We have now in sight, East of Winnipeg, 8,247,000 bushels compared with only 2,175,000 bushels last year, and until this heavy load has been lessened we fear it will be difficult to get much permanent advance.

Barley.

Barley is dull, demand only fair. We

have in store at the lake front 688,000 bushels compared with 789,000 bushels last year.

Flax.

Flax holds up remarkably well, those who raised much of it this year have great reason to be thankful, \$2.40 or better is a price that has not always been available. The crop of this seed, both in our own country and the United States is not any too large for actual requirements, and we are not inclined to look for any material decline in the price of this seed.

Canada's Boundless Resources.

A party of Agricultural Editors who recently made a trip through Western Canada, were so impressed with what they saw that they are writing columns of favorable articles in connection with the resources of that part of the country.

The "American Agriculturist" of New York under date Sept. 3rd, 1910, has the following to say:—

Great is Canada West; great are the actualities of that vast stretch of prairie provinces in grain production, and great the possibilities in animal husbandry. Well may the United States look with wholesome respect upon the rapid development of that new country which is only in the beginning of its realization of strength and innate forcefulness, in production, in manufacturing, in commerce.

Well may the farmers of our own country note the taking form of a competition in grain growing, right now, that is of no mean proportions. Yet there is nothing new in all this, if one goes back in history but a scant half dozen years. Then, no cereal production worth considering; now a hundred million bushels of wheat a year, and the capability of untold expansion—for scarcely 5 per cent. of Western Canada is yet under the plow. These are the impelling thoughts occasioned by an editorial journey in August, covering some 3000 miles over the three great railway systems of Canada. These are stretching their long fingers of steel throughout Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The high lights are many. Space forbids at the moment, touching but a few, and these the merest mention the crops are not as large as last year, owing to some unexpected drouth, yet generous, in wheat; oats, barley and flax. Railway extension is rapid, and of the best possible character, looking toward a further vigorous campaign of developing the land. Homesteads, the free gift of the dominion government, are not very largely exhausted, unless one goes back in the country many miles from a railroad. Canadians want lower tariff on farm machinery. Incoming settlers include thousands of our own best men from Wisconsin and Iowa westward. The recent report of large numbers of dissatisfied American farmers leaving Canada and returning to 'the states' is a canard, according to United States Consul Jones, stationed at Winnipeg. On the contrary, the many erstwhile Americans met by American Agriculturist's editorial representative were enthusiastic boosters for their new home.

These are absolute facts. It is just as well for our people to know them. Western Canada is rapidly developing along the very best of lines. The pity is, that these two grand countries should be forever politically divided by the 49th parallel of latitude. One lesson for our own farmers is to practice better agriculture and get more bushels of wheat from an acre; and in some of the states in our own northwest to further develop the live stock end of farming. Great is Canada; great, also, is Uncle Sam.

Learn to attend to your business—a very important point.

The Unhappy Rich.

By A. PERCY CHEW, Winnipeg.

The traveller who steps off the ocean-going liner at the Private Landing stage, Liverpool, is immediately surrounded by scores of miserable creatures, all clamoring to be allowed to carry his grip to the hotel, or to perform some other small service—for a slight consideration. These unhappy beings have no other means of livelihood, they belong to the great army of the Unemployed. Among them are all sorts and conditions of men. It is said there are even broken-down college professors there, although there is no one to vouch for this. But however much they may differ in appearance, in character, and with regard to the heights from which they have fallen, on one point they are agreed. They all think it must be delightful to be rich. Their occupation brings them into contact with great personages from all parts of the world. In their eyes the American plutocrat is a familiar figure. It is thus perfectly natural for them to believe that to be rich is to be happy. The misery of their own lives being plainly referable to chronic lack of this world's goods, it seems to them that a superabundance would correct the evil and make their pathway rosy.

But would it? Let us examine the question. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, for example, is very rich. According to the argument of our Liverpool grip-carrier, to be rich is to be happy. To be very rich, then, is to be still happier. To be enormously rich, is to touch the very topmost heights of human felicity. Mr. Andrew Carnegie is enormously rich. Has he, therefore, nothing left to wish for? You see it is only necessary to state the proposition to reduce it to absurdity. Mr. Carnegie, for from finding in great wealth a corresponding

time comes when he can eat no more. He has arrived at the point of vanishing utility. At that precise moment, no increase in his stock of roast beef can possibly be of use to him. The power of roast beef to give him pleasure has gone. If he is wise, he will stop at this point, for to continue will give him, not pleasure, but pain.

"Oh," you object. "That is very well. For the present, he has had enough. But tomorrow, he will be hungry again. Then he will find in that roast of beef a further utility." True! But here we are only considering a single roast of beef. Let us multiply that roast of beef; let us increase the stock indefinitely. He has now an infinite number that he can never consume. Be he ever so ravenous; let him eat ever so long, sooner or later he must arrive at the point of vanishing utility; after which, roast beef can please him not.

This law is absolute, and applies to utilities of all kinds. To the traveller perishing of thirst in the desert, a glass of water is a priceless possession. Two glasses, three, four, will not come amiss. But he cannot swallow a lake. The law holds good with regard to money also, and the things that money will buy. A man may find pleasure in spending a thousand dollars, a hundred thousand, possibly a million; but he must inevitably reach the point of vanishing utility as far as money is concerned, if he continue the process long enough.

Viewed in the light of this law of diminishing utility, many seemingly anomalous phenomena are explainable. The Rockefellers and the Carnegies have long since reached their point of vanishing utility in respect of the satisfaction of material desires. As a matter of scientific truth they have more money than they know what to do with. No man cares to wear two suits of clothes at the same time, and only a greedy man will eat two dinners in one day. No matter how many houses a man may possess, he can only live in one at once. A time arrives when money can do no more for him.

But now here is a strange thing. Your modern capitalist who has discovered that money is of no more value to him, cannot say, "Money! Begone. I will no more of you!" Nothing of the kind! By virtue of his former "industry" and "abstinence" he has become loaded with an incubus from which he cannot escape. This god servant has grown into a bad master. From the four corners of the earth his revenues rush in upon him. Rent, interest, and profits invade his very dreams, clamoring to be spent, distributed, or reinvested. Because he has no more desires to satisfy, he can spend none of his wealth. Distribute it he will not, being opposed to indiscriminate charity on principle. To reinvest it he tries, which task keeps him busier than his busiest employee. It's a dog's life to be a millionaire. Verily Shakespeare knew what he was talking about when he said:

"If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For like as an ass whose back with
Ingots bows, then bear'st thy
Heavy riches but a journey;
And death unloads thee."

Our unfortunate capitalist, then, is not controlled by his former slave. Till "death unloads him" he must find homes for the millions he cannot use. Libraries he may build, hospitals he may endow, charity he may disburse on every hand. Of no avail. "Still they come," (the millions) demanding attention. He gives liberally, but not from love of his fellowman; for he gives what for him has not the slightest value. He deserves not our praise, but rather needs our pity, for he is sadly harassed.

He and the grip-carrier are two very striking illustrations of the high intelligence of civilized man. The one perishes from a lack, and the other from a superfluity, of wealth. We should engineer a more equitable distribution, so that our grip-carriers might have enough and our Carnegies not so very much more. That is the sensible plan.



Hunter's Shanty

amount of happiness, is daily demonstrating to the world the insufficiency of riches to ensure happiness; for he is giving his wealth away as fast as he can. He does not wish, he has said, to die rich. Another American millionaire has stated that the burden of his existence is to find outlet for the wealth that comes rolling in on him.

This is a strange state of affairs, no doubt, but the reason is not far to seek. It is due to the operation of a well-known law of economics: the Law of Diminishing Utility. This law is stated by Professor Ely in these terms: "At any given time the marginal utility of any commodity to its owner decreases with every increase of the stock of it." An illustration will make this clear. Let us suppose a large roast of beef to be set before a hungry man. He at once proceeds to satisfy his hunger. The first morsel of beef has for him the maximum degree of utility. The second morsel likewise has utility but not so great as the first. The third has utility in a still less degree; and so on, until a

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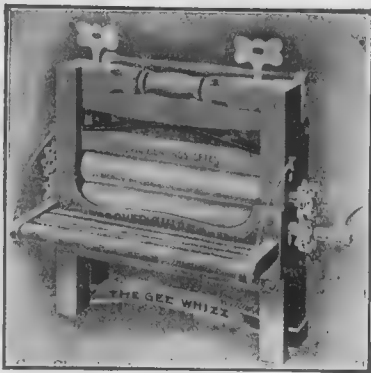
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Women's Quiet Hour.

Meetings for Women

I have some very good news for readers of my column this month. Principal Black of the Manitoba Agricultural college has decided on some extension work in connection with the Household Science branch. During the past few weeks he has been in communication with the secretaries of the various agricultural colleges and arrangements are now practically complete for a series of meetings for women to be held during the months of November and December. These meetings will be addressed by Miss A. B. Juniper, professor of Household Science and Miss Kennedy who had charge of the dressmaking and needlework classes during the short course for girls at the Agricultural College last summer. The subjects taken up will be specially related to the home among them being "Farm Home Sanitation," "The mechanical contrivances for lessening labor in housework," "The care of very young children," "Suitable Diets for different ages and occupations" and kindred topics. I am sure these meetings will be of great interest to the women in the districts in which they are held. The list of points so far decided upon is as follows:

Morris—Thursday, November 3.
Emerson—Friday, November 4.
Russell—Tuesday, November 8.
Birtle—Wednesday, November 9.
Strathclair—Thursday, November 10.
Minnedosa—Friday, November 11.
Morden—Friday, November 18.
Manitou—Thursday, November 17.
Cartwright—Wednesday, November 16.
Deloraine—Tuesday, November 15.
Roland—Monday, November 21.
Miami—Tuesday, November 22.
Carman—Wednesday, November 23.
Virdee—Friday, November 25.
Dauphin—Tuesday, November 29.

So much for the readers in Manitoba. For the readers in Saskatchewan let me say that Hedley Auld, Superintendent of Institutes and Fairs, for that province is very busy arranging a series of meetings to be held somewhat later in the year. These meetings will be for women and addressed by women and in connection with them some organization work will be undertaken in the matter of women's clubs. Though I am not at liberty to mention their names, as yet, I know one or two of the women who are being asked to deliver addresses and I can assure my readers they are women whom it will be well worth going to hear.

It is surely a hopeful sign that in Saskatchewan they are not waiting even for their Agricultural College to be fully organized before they are seeking to do extension work among the women. I hope in the December issue to be able to say something about the success of the meetings held in Manitoba in November and to give further particulars of those to be held in Saskatchewan.

On the 18th of February at the Manitoba Agricultural college there will be a special woman's meeting in connection with the annual gathering of the Horticultural Society. This is a pet scheme of the president, Dr. Speechly, of Pilot Mound. In his extensive practice as a doctor in a country district he has become deeply imbued with the need of women on the farms and in the cities and town having some hobby that will take them out of doors and away from the routine drudgery of daily life. An ardent lover of flowers, he has found them a source of rest and recreation and has also had the best possible results among his women patients by inducing them to take up some simple line of gardening. He thinks that interest could be greatly stimulated by having a horticultural meeting specially for them to be presided over and addressed by women and in which only women will take part in the discussions. He has succeeded in enthusing the other members of the executive of the Manitoba Horticultural and Forestry Association

on the subject and an attempt will be made this year.

As your editor woman is to have something to do with arranging the meeting I shall be very glad of suggestions along the line of subjects to be taken up and I shall be more than grateful to have sent to me the names and addresses of any women who taken grateful to have sent to me the names and addresses of any women who are making a specialty of any form of gardening or the raising of house plants. This is something in which every woman who loves a flower, and surely there is no woman who does not, can lend a hand.

As plans are gradually worked out I will be able to give further particulars of the meeting and how women may become delegates to it, etc. I hope my readers will give me all the help possible as I have pledged Dr. Speechly to do my best to assist.

I think there are some really good times ahead for the women of Manitoba and Saskatchewan this winter and I am also quite sure there is no class of the community that so richly desires a good time.

Tonight as I write, I look back over a day that has tired me to the very core, when from start to finish everything has gone awry, I have worked slavishly

hard and am to-night very much like the old woman who worked all day to make a nightcap out of a sheet and when night came she had no cap and the sheet was spoiled. Tiresome people with no work of their own have wasted my time. The printer men have spoiled work that has cost days to prepare and the maker of cuts made the cuts all wrong. I was so mad and tired that at last I sat down and laughed and felt better. But it came to me suddenly how many women there must be all over this great west of ours that put in such days, not once in a while but every week. Days when they work hard from morning until night and experience a thousand pet frets and disappointments and at night seem to have nothing to show for all they have done and suffered, and my heart goes out to them and I feel as if I would like to shake hands with every mother and daughter of them over the west. It does not seem to matter how hard you work, if at the end of the day, there is a proportionate result but the days that are all work with no apparent result seem to enter as iron into the soul. And yet I fancy if we could only trace back we would find that it is often on these seemingly unprofitable days that we have done our best work. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has expressed this very finely in one of her short poems:—

"And when on the pathway I faltered
And when I rebelled at my fate,
The voice with assurance unaltered,
Again spoke one syllable, 'Wait!'"

The road to the beautiful regions
Lies ever through Duty's hard way,
Oh ye who go searching in legions,
Know this and be patient to-day."

The month has been rather prolific of visits from women of more than passing interest. Among the first was Miss Agnes Murphy, the advance agent and biographer of the great Melba. The Winnipeg branch of the Canadian Woman's Press Club entertained her at tea one afternoon, together with her travelling companion, Miss Moore. They were both delightful women but Miss Murphy was perhaps the more striking personality of the two. She is an Irishwoman as her name indicates and has all the brightness, vivacity and keenness of wit of her nation. She has been a great traveller and knows the life of women and what they are doing in many lands. She has lived in and voted in Australia and on coming to England some years ago looked into the struggle being made there by women for something like equal

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rights and become a very ardent suf-
fragist. Her account of how absolutely
that famous struggle has been misrep-
resented by the press of Great Britain was
startling. I am sure that any woman
who heard her would never again be
guilty of condemning those brave souls
who are fighting the battle for freedom.
She described to us minutely what hap-
pened at a number of the meetings and
demonstrations which she had personally
attended and then gave us the report of
the same gatherings that had appeared
in the British press. The injustice was
enough, almost to make one lose faith
in human nature. Both she and her
friend had taken part in the now famous
suffragette parade.

Another evening when the same press
club was having the pleasure of a visit
from Nellie L. McClung, they had as a
chance visitor Miss Wiltshire, a native
born Australian, a journalist and at
present a member of the Vancouver
branch of the club, she having been en-
gaged in newspaper work in Vancouver
for sometime, though at present she is
travelling as secretary and publicity
writer for Madame Labadie the dramatic
reader.

Miss Wiltshire had a charming person-
ality and as we sat round the room tell-
ing stories and relating experiences, she
told us that she had voted in Australia
and had never realized the privilege un-
til she came to Canada and found how
women here were handicapped, and went
on to say that she thought Australian
women took their right to vote very

This letter has reached me,
without date or post mark
or even a signature but I
am warmly grateful to the
woman who sent it and pass
it on as an encouragement
to others:—"Seeing your request for let-
ters and being a reader of two years'
standing and as I am miles from neigh-
bors and alone today I am going to write
you. My experience is something like
the maker of "Pin-money pickles" and I
feel sure that no one need want in Can-
ada if they will use their eyes and
hands, barring, of course, sickness. The
trouble is there is too little economy and
too much extravagance in dress. Our
breadwinner died and left me with six
children, one a baby five months old and
my health was broken. But when the
neighbors came and offered homes to the
children who were able to work it roused
the mother in me and I made a vow that
my children should never suffer the
neglect I myself had experienced left
motherless at three years of age. They
should have a home if only a poor one.
I rented a forty acre farm and schemed
and worked to make a living and send
my children to school and when they
had to work out they were well treated
for they always had their own home to
come to. We raised, for the children al-
ways helped me, pigs and poultry and
garden stuff. I learned pastel and cray-
on work and taught that until the
children were larger. Then I ran the
race in the Cherokee strip in the United
States and got a homestead. I had pre-



Autumn, Kildonan Park, Winnipeg

much as a matter of course and would
possibly have valued it more if they had
had to fight for it as the English women
were doing. She paid a glowing tribute
to those women, as she had been in
London and seen something personally of
the struggle. She also told us that the
struggle in England was having its af-
fect in my mind as I think of her
and I trust that her brother's effort to
induce her to visit the West will result,
as he hopes, in furnishing her with some
books that will touch on western life.

Another visitor to Winnipeg was Miss
Marshall Saunders, author of "Beautiful
Jo." I had the delight of having after
noon tea and a long chat with her as she
passed through Winnipeg on her way to
visit her brother, a banker at Moosejaw.
"Sweet and wholesome" seem the words
that rise in my mind as I think of her
and I trust that her brother's effort to
induce her to visit the West will result,
as he hopes, in furnishing her with some
books that will touch on western life.

Her love for animals should find scope
out here and a book with a western set-
ting would make it all the more interest-
ing to western readers.

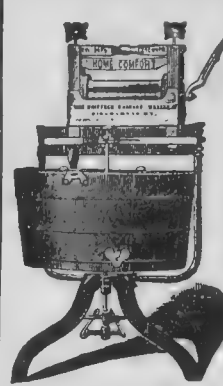
She is much interested in the work of
humane societies, more especially along
the lines of teaching children the care
of, and preservation of birds and the
smaller animals which do much to pre-
serve the crops. Her theory being that
if you can interest the children first in
caring for the birds because they are of
benefit to them they will soon become in-
terested in and love the bird for their
own sake, thus advancing from the lower
to the higher reason for doing good.

viously homesteaded with my husband in
Kansas. Later my son came to Canada,
and wrote me to come as I could get a
homestead here. This is my third ex-
perience of homesteading. My children
now have all homes of their own ex-
cept the baby girl. She worked her way
through high school. She helped to raise
pigs and poultry and since coming to
Canada she has driven horse and mule
teams and helped her brother and my-
self to improve this homestead. Just
now she is teaching and getting \$55 a
month and later will go to Normal and
advance herself in her profession.
I think if men would not use so much to-
bacco and strong drink they might all
have plenty when a woman with six
children and poor health can make out
as well as I have done. I advise women
to try stock, ever such a small start and
if they are cared for they increase so
rapidly. Another thing I always worked
at what ever came to hand as long as it
was honest and I didn't wait for parlia-
ment to settle the wages either. Now I
have plenty. Best wishes for the editor
and all readers of the page."

Duke of Portland: I have now been
connected with the Turf and racing for
nearly thirty years, and I can candidly
tell you that during that time I have
known no one who consistently went on
betting or staking money on horses but
in the long run found himself very much
worse for having done so.

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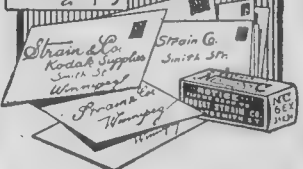
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Woman and the Home.

"If."

If trouble were a feather
A breath might blow away,
And only sunny weather
Came to us, day by day,
We'd laugh away the wrinkles
That tell of life's decay,
If trouble were a feather
A breath might blow away.

If maids would set the fashion
Never to answer "nay,"
When love, the tender passion,
Spoke in its pleading way;
Then through life's leafy byways
In lovers' mood we'd stray,
If maids would set the fashion
Never to answer "nay."

If fame were worth the striving
And all were in the race,
And each of us were driving
A horse well backed for place;
Then round life's race course speeding
We'd set a merry pace,
If fame were worth the striving,
And all were in the race.

—James King Duffy.

The Blessing of Contentment.

Whenever I see a discontented person I cannot help feeling that the mother is largely to blame. Given proper parental conditions our children come to us unworldly and ready to make the best of life; if they grow up into fretful, envious men and women, surely the fault is somewhat ours. I do not mean by discontent that divine unrest which stimulates us to do our very best, but its base namesake which is really that covetousness which brings wrinkles about our eyes and sharp notes to our voices, and which causes days and years of untold and unnecessary anguish.

Our point of view determines our happiness or unhappiness in this world. If we count our mercies and are grateful, we are happy; if we gaze eagerly about to see what others have and we have not, we are wretched. There is no more insatiable monster than a greedy spirit, for the more one has the more one wants. For example, a woman who does alone the work of her household thinks she would be quite satisfied if she could only have a maid. She becomes able to do so, and in less than a year you hear her declare that she is tormented to death to get servants, and that she ought to have two to do her work properly.

Given the two, she would realize that what she needed was a larger house and a butler. So it goes. When the demon of discontent once has us in his clutches no amount of things can satisfy us and yet, alas, it is for these things we grasp continually. According to my experience the family living on ten thousand a year has quite as many unsatisfied longings and is quite as anxious to increase its income as is the family on a salary of one thousand.

But, you say, my desires are not selfish, my aspirations are for my children. I want them to go to college, to travel, to have a fair start in the world. Certainly, all these things are good and worth having, but if your children cannot realize your ambitions for them, train them to be happy as they are.

I once heard a woman remark proudly, "My little daughter has such good taste. She is only ten years old and already she refuses to wear any hat that costs less than twelve dollars." To my mind, that way of bringing up a child was worse than foolish, it was wicked. And with all her elaborate clothes, her expensive toys and her children's parties, elegant enough for a debutante, was the child happy? Indeed she was not. She was the most discontented and unpopular child I have ever known. My washerwoman's little girl, with half a dozen cookies or a few

bright new pennies, could have shown her the meaning of enjoyment.

We may be quite sure that our children will not be contented unless we are; and in this day of sudden fortunes it is often difficult to let a spirit, "I wish I could have this," or "why can't we do that?" creep into the household. It is an evil which we must guard against if we are conscientious mothers, for one thing we all know in the deepest depths of our hearts is that there is no greater blessing than a contented mind.—L. H. W., Connecticut.

The World Moves.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

As we pass along through life, we must learn to adapt ourselves to the changes which are always occurring in the world. The world will not adapt itself to us, no matter how important we may feel ourselves to be, and if we remain stationary in our ideas, we will become useless fossils.

Religious forms, social conventions, political and domestic matters are always undergoing changes. Principles are enduring, but habits and manners are as variable as the fashions in dress; and the people who insist on one unvarying form of worship or one unalterable method of recreation, and decry all others as wicked or indecent, are making themselves as ridiculous as those who keep to the cut of skirt or trousers worn by our grandparents.

There are always a surprising number of inhabitants in every village or town who set themselves against the march of progress. The railroad, the telegraph, the cable—all were met by a protest from the people. In spite of the fact that they were invariably overruled, the same protest arose, and yet arises, against the trolley, the cable car and the bicycle.

Had the fossil mind ruled the world, we would still travel by the stage coach and the sailing vessel. Originality of thought would be smothered at birth, and the vehicle of reform would be wrecked in the ruts of prejudice, could these people dominate circumstances.

But fortunately the world moves with resistless force. The march of progress is onward. Nothing and no one can stay it. Science and seership unite to broaden religion and free it from the narrow borders of orthodoxy. The human mind dares think for itself, dares discover new truths, and to make them known. Invention lifts the burdens of labor and broadens the avenues of pleasure.

The man who will not adapt himself to all these changes must expect to be left like a stranded boat, high and dry on the shores of time, while the great ships come and go and the tides rise and fall. He will be even of less use in the world than the shrunken boat, for he cannot serve as driftwood nor as a picturesque wreck. About the most unattractive being on earth is the aging man or woman, battling against the resistless tide of change which is forever shaping new conditions, as the waters of the sea forever shape new shores.

Parents should bear this in mind, that children lose respect very soon upon hearing them disagree, using bitter, cutting words to each other. This is inflicting the first actual pain these baby hearts have been called upon to bear. The child experiences conflicting emotions, which end in pity for one parent and contempt for the other. O parent, pause; consider before you lose this hold on the little being who has heretofore considered you perfect! Let there be unanimity of purpose in act, word, and deed, before these little creatures, who are susceptible to every new impression, if you would preserve their love and respect.

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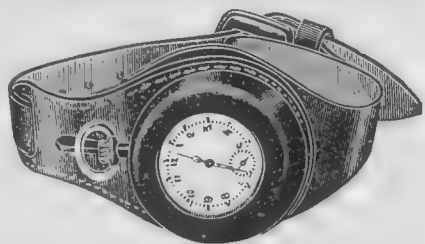
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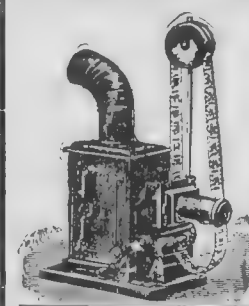
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Baby Blue-Eyes' Lullaby.

New stars, blue stars, set in a field of white,
Twin little flowers of Heaven blowing,
Twin little love-lights, twinkling,
glowing,
Shining, shining, brightening all of our day and night.

Dream-stars, gleam-stars, lighting my heart to you;
Now that the dawn of dusk is shading,
Twin little stars are faint and fading,
Waning, waning, into a shimmer of dimmer blue.

White clouds, light clouds, touched with a fringe of jet,
Over the twin-stars softly stealing,
Fluttering now and now concealing,
White clouds, light clouds, two little, blue little stars are set.

Edmund Vance Cook.

Her Health Should be Considered.

Even without the special need of reducing the expenses, the housekeeper too often saves in all other ways at the expense of her own mental and physical well-being. When she entertains she looks upon the employment of an outside caterer or a trained cook as the wildest extravagance, and comes, as the result of her preparations, to entertain her friends so feverishly alert in mind and so tired in body that she would feel like giving up the good time entirely if it were anywhere but in her own home. Every housekeeper should look upon her

inspiring Mothers, whose divinely-human disinterestedness and love have given us our Glorious Nation.

Henry Wallenstein.

I think it must be somewhere written that the virtues of the mothers shall occasionally be visited on the children, as well as the sins of the fathers.

Charles Dickens.

The positive method of training builds up cheering, optimistic character, which is so much needed. Who are the man and woman that are lifting the world upward and onward? Are they not those who encourage more than they criticize? Who do more than they undo? The strongest, most beautiful characters are those who see the good that is in each person, who think the best that is possible of every one, who as soon as they form a new acquaintance see his finest characteristics.

Elizabeth Harrison.

An Odd Test.

One clever housekeeper has learned to outwit a milkman, whom she suspected of diluting his stock of milk. She kept in her kitchen a fine steel knitting needle, which was always in a high degree of polish.

As soon as the milk came into the house she stuck the needle lightly into the can and drew it out in an upright position. If no drop adhered to the needle that milkman heard a line of talk on watered milk that caused him to be



Soto Indians, Kenora.

health and strength as the most precious elements of her capital, as indeed they are, since upon these depends not only the success of her profession, but the comfort of all who dwell under her roof. Nothing is extravagance which is necessary to conserve strength, and no waste of money can be half as sinful as the waste of nerve force and mental composure, which is at the root of so much invalidism in American women, and the burden of which so many husbands and families carry with patient, unselfish fortitude, and with no thought of blame.

Mothers Rule the World.

Man's beneficent possession of the awe-inspiring and humanizing civilization of this most marvelous century; his ennobling and beautifully idealistic conception of God, his broadening and refining influence for good through his loftier, nobler, and more altruistic belief in the Brotherhood of Man, his love for home and country with all his mighty and magic devotion for patriotism and liberty are but the illimitable and happy result of the affectionate yet forceful lessons of right-acting and right-living taught him by his fondly loving, kindly sympathetic and devoted mother; she whose unselfish efforts, whose unending and tireless struggles; that Mother whose one and only heart's desire is to elevate her child to that pinnacle of unselfishness, that station of superior manhood whereby he might become of service to God and his fellow-man.

God bless our dear, sweet, and soul-

careful how he dallied with the pump on his next visit.

It is said if there be even a little water in milk not a drop of it will adhere to a needle so used.

If You Want to Be Beloved

Don't contradict people, even you're sure they are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't overdress or underdress.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Learn to hide your ache and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Don't try to be anything else but a gentlewoman, and that means one who has consideration for the whole world, and whose life is governed by the golden rule: "Do unto others as you would be done by."—The Christian World.

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Answers to Correspondents.

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Problem in Behavior.

The problem in behavior for this month is as follows:

A young lady scholarly, accomplished and beautiful, whose parents move in the most cultured society, falls in love with a young man who is honest but of very ordinary ability and lacking in culture. He has no particular talent, no great money-making ability. His connections are all very ordinary people. What attitude should the young lady's parents take in the early stages of the young man's attentions, and what course should they adopt if he sues for the daughter's hand?

Last Month's Problem.

This was the case of parents with two young children whom they were to send to a very poor district school, or to a good town school some miles away. The prize answer is to Mrs. Culross, who wishes her address to be concealed. Her answer is as follows:

It all depends upon circumstances not mentioned in the problem. If the parents are cultured people they can supplement the poor teaching in the district school, and the children will have the benefit of the culture of home, which is after all more important than anything else. If on the other hand the parents are unable because of lack of time or ability to give the children any attention, then they should select the best foster home in the village and be content to meet their children on week-ends.

Question and Answer.

1. Name a good elementary astronomy.—Try Todd's popular astronomy.

2. A square field is enclosed by a fence five rails high, the rails being five yards long. The number of rails in the fence is equal to the number of acres in the field. Find the size of the field.—77440 acres. (The Monthly will give a prize of a book to the first solution of this that is given by any person under twenty years of age.)

3. Who wrote the poem beginning "O little town of Bethlehem?"—Bishop Phillips Brooks.

4. What is meant by the Referendum?—Before any radical legislation can become effective it must be referred to the people and decided by actual vote, if a considerable percentage of the votes demand the reference.

5. Has a pedestrian in a city the right to the road at all times?—On crossings he has, but on other portions of the streets the driver has first claim.

6. I am in a state of intense nervousness and have heard that there is a medicine which would aid me.—Dr. Chase gives the following recipe: "Alcoholic extract of the Ignatia Amara, 30 grs.; powdered gum arabic, 10 grs. Make into 40 pills." Dose 1 pill an hour after breakfast and one an hour before retiring at night. For very delicate or young people a half dose.

7. On what charge was Galileo imprisoned? What other great men have been persecuted for holding views not in accord with public sentiment?—Galileo dared to believe that the earth moved round the sun. In order to get free he abjured his heresy, but as the door closed he said "But it does move all the same." Other persecuted men were Bacon—the Friar—because of his diabolical knowledge and his chemical research; Gerbert, who because of his knowledge was accused of dealing in the black arts; Dr. Faust, who was accused of diabolism because he was wiser than his age; Protagoras, on account of his book on the Gods; Socrates, because his

theological views did not harmonize with those of his time; Virgilius, because he held that there are other worlds than our own. This is to say nothing of modern scientists who have all had to fight their way.

A Summer Citizen.

By Frank L. Stanton.

Talkin' 'bout de winter—
Don't like it, day or night,
W'en de hills pull up de kiver
Er freezin' sheets er white,
En de birds done quit dey singin'
En de treetops, high en low,
En you weary er de ringin'
Er de bells acrost de snow!

But gimme all de summer,
W'en de sun is on de shine,
En de crow is in de co'nfield,
En de white man got me gwine;
En I knows de melon waitin'
W'en de furrow's way is done,
En clost de cool fence co'ner shows
His striped sides ter de sun!

Den it is you finds me happy—
Des ez happy ez kin be;
It's Glory Halleluia
Fer de roun' worl' en fer me,
W'en de mules goes home fer noontime
In de twinklin', crinklin' heat,
En you lif de drippen bucket,
En de water's cool en sweet!

You des take all yo' winter,
Des all de mistin' hills,
En give ter me de summer—
Green trees en whip-poor-wills,
De hot san' in de furrow—
En all de blindin' light,
En sweet res' w'en de work's done,
En you tell de worl' "Good-night!"

Just one More Kiss.

A dear old citizen went to the cars the other day to see his daughter off on a journey. Securing her a seat he passed out of the car and went around to the car window to say a last parting word. While he was leaving the car the daughter crossed the aisle to speak to a friend, and at the same time a grim old man took the seat and moved up to the window.

Unaware of the change the old gentleman hurriedly put his head up to the window and said: "One more kiss, pet."

In another instant the point of a cotton umbrella was thrust from the window, followed by the wrathful injunction: "Scat, you gray-headed wretch!"

Fairly Busy.

"Your young wife appears to be rather blue of late," ventured the country doctor to Farmer Giles.

"Yes," drawled the old farmer with the bunch of rabbit skins under his arm: "she is one of those city gals, and I'm afraid she hasn't enough to occupy her mind."

"Think not?"

"Well, no. After she has milked ten cows before breakfast, and cooked breakfast for the ploughmen, and fed the pigs and chickens, and started washing, and put dinner on ar put up preserves, and shelled a bushel of peas, and done some ironing, and put supper on, and done some darning and patching for the household, and peeled a couple of pounds of apples for to-morrow's dinner, why, she hasn't anything more to do until bedtime. I think I'll larn her now to make our own oilcake for the cows, so her mind will be more occupied. Yes, sir, the only way to keep a wife smiling and happy is to keep her mind occupied.



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Order by number stating size wanted
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FASHIONABLE GOWNS OF SILK.

Silk of a great many different kinds is being much worn this season, with the result that afternoon costumes show much beauty as well as variety. Illustrated are two extremely smart and typical costumes. The gown to the left is made of messaline with trimming of applique. The over blouse is a very new one, with short sleeves that make part of it, and the skirt is trimmed with the two plaited flounces that are both pretty and fashionable. It is nine-gored, but the front gore is very wide, while those at the back are narrow and stitched to form tiny tucks. In this instance there is a guimpe of lace and a high girdle, but any guimpe that may be liked can be worn with

exceedingly becoming. The skirt is circular, fitted with a dart over each hip, and of the new straight narrow sort. It can be made either with a train or in walking length. The blouse is closed at the front and includes short kimono sleeves. It is finished with a wide girdle. If liked the under sleeves can be made long, and in place of the neck frill or tucker, can be used a yoke with high collar.

For the medium size will be required for the waist $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of material 36 or 1 yard 44 inches wide, with lace collar and cuffs, or $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 18 inches wide for the making thereof, 4 yards of lace for frills and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of chiffon, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of silk for girdle; for the skirt $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide. The waist pattern, 6798, is cut in sizes for



6813 Tucked Over Blouse.
6787 Nine-gored Skirt.

6798 Fancy Waist.
6809 Circular Skirt.

the over blouse and the girdle of any preferred width.

For the medium size will be required for the over blouse $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 24 or 27, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 18 inches wide for the trimming portions; for the skirt 9 yards 24 or 27, $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide; for the guimpe $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 18 inches wide will be required. The over blouse pattern, 6813, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern, 6787, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure; the guimpe pattern, 6702, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure.

The second gown is made of satin, with lace trimming. The collar and cuffs are of heavy lace, while the frills are of a thinner and lighter sort, and the little neck frill, or tucker, and the puffs of the sleeves are made with chiffon. Such combinations of material are exceedingly fashionable and also

a 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern, 6809, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

Any of the above patterns will be mailed to any address by the fashion department of this paper on receipt of ten cents for each. (If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.)

Blouse 6813. Sizes 34-42.
Skirt 6787. Sizes 22-30.
Waist 6798. Sizes 34-40.
Skirt 6809. Sizes 22-32.

A FASHIONABLE SUIT OF VELVETEEN.

Velvet and velveteen are exceedingly fashionable materials this season, and many of the suits are trimmed with braid, just after the manner of this one. The model is one of the best and latest,

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For Heaven's Sake Listen If Interested in Health

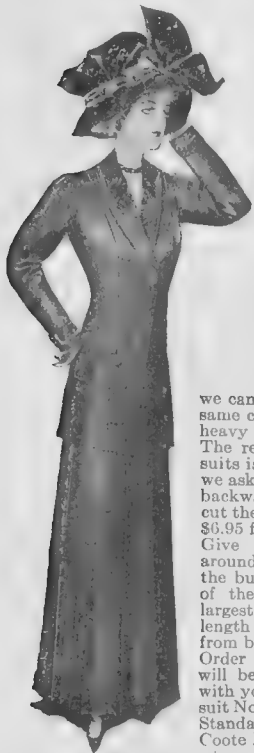
In using the above phrase, that is so common with many people, the writer does not wish to be misunderstood, or looked upon as one who trifles with sacred things. But rather believing the words of the great Teacher, he does hold that the Kingdom of Heaven is within the human breast; and for this reason means in the fullest sense of the word "For Heaven's sake listen if interested in health." A man, woman, or child whose body is not in a perfect condition, reflects discredit on his Maker, is a handicap to himself, and a burden to all with whom he comes in contact.

To all who read this, I have a cure for disease and pain that is no less astounding, than it is natural and simple, indeed so simple that a child of seven years old can give the Treatment, while an infant of three months and under can take it with no less certainty of good results than a man of eighty. Unlike drug medication, this treatment does not poison the system, for it is positively harmless. It is based first on the Great principle of the harmony of Universal Laws, and second of collecting the same and linking them with the various organs of the body. In the same way that man has harnessed Great Natural forces, such as electricity, wind, etc., so has it been made possible by this treatment to bring together nature's unseen curative power with man's material body.

This new method of restoring health does not confine itself to any one special disease, but will cause the system to throw off all poisons of whatever kind. It is endorsed by thousands of the most influential people who are at the present time rejoicing in the relief gained over some intense pain, or the cure of a stubborn or long standing case of Rheumatism, Indigestion, Constipation, Catarrh, Nervousness, Sciatica or one of the other many common diseases that man has made himself heir to.

Should you be interested after having read this through and would like further particulars, all that is necessary is to write, and you will immediately be mailed a seventy-two page book that deals explicitly with the treatment and gives a great deal of other interesting matter relative to health. No cost whatever is made for this piece of literature, and you are under no obligation to the writer. Send a post card, or letter asking for particulars of treatment as advertised in The Western Home Monthly. It is YOUR LOSS if you don't take advantage of this offer, and so learn of the greatest truth that for centuries remained a secret and lay untouched in the world of unconquerable space. All communications treated strictly confidential. Write

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Receive this beautiful fall and winter style Tailored suit. The skirt is cut 9 gore and made in the new side pleated style just as pictured. The coat is cut semititting with a shawl collar covered with watered silk, and braid trimmed. The whole suit is elaborately trimmed with silk buttons just as pictured. The material is heavy all wool French Panama in black, navy, dark green, dark brown and dark red. If preferred we can supply same suit in same colors in a wide ridge heavy serge \$2.50 extra. The regular price of these suits is about double what we ask. On account of the backward season we have cut them to the low price of \$6.95 for the Panama suits. Give number of inches around the largest part of the bust and smallest part of the waist also around largest part of hips, sleeve length and length of skirt from belt to desired length. Order a suit to-day you will be more than pleased with your bargain. Order suit No. 57. Standard Garment Co., 10 Coote Block, London, Canada.

and will be found appropriate for wool suitings as well as for velvet and velveteen. The coat can be made with the collar illustrated or with the regulation lapels and notched collar as liked. It can be made in the length illustrated, or a little longer. The pockets are new, smart and simple. They are arranged over the side-fronts in patch style, and the ends are included in the seams. The skirt is eight gored, and forms a box plait at the front, at the back, and one on each side.

For the medium size the coat will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27 inches wide, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 44, or $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 52 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of velvet for the collar. For the skirt will be needed $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 27, 4 yards 44 or 52 inches wide for velveteen or other material without up and down; but if

stamped design. The blouse is a very pretty and generally becoming one that gives the guimpe effect, while it is made in one and closed at the back. The circular flounce and front gore of the skirt are cut in one piece and the model is a good one for combinations of material as well as for one throughout.

For the medium size the blouse will



6780 Fancy Blouse.
6708 Three-piece Skirt.

require 2 yards of material 24 or 27 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of all-over lace. For the skirt will be needed 5 yards 24 or 27 inches wide, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide. A May Manton pattern of the blouse, No. 6780, sizes 34 to 42 inches bust, or of the skirt, No. 6708, sizes 22 to 30 inches waist, of the braiding design for the blouse, No. 547, of the design for the skirt, No. 460, will be mailed to any address by the fashion department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents for each.

Blouse 6780. Sizes 34-42.
Skirt 6708. Sizes 22-30.

SMART FROCKS FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

All sorts of pretty materials are being used for the little girls this winter. The challis and plaid fabrics are especially pretty. In this case both materials are trimmed with silk.

The dress to the left includes spaulettes that are always becoming to the childish figures. The body of the dress is made over a lining, and the skirt is straight and plaited. For a girl of six years of age will be required $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 24 or 27 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of silk for the trimming. The May Manton pattern, 6807, is cut in sizes for children of 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

The dress to the right is designed for slightly older girls, and the waist portion is made in sections that are over-



6324 Semi-fitted Coat.
6773 Eight gored Skirt.

there is figure or nap $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide will be required. A May Manton pattern of the coat, 6824, sizes 34 to 42 inches bust, or of the skirt, 6773, sizes 22 to 30 inches waist, will be mailed to any address by the fashion department of this magazine on the receipt of 10c for each.

6824 Coat. Sizes 34-42.
6773 Skirt. Sizes 22-30.

A FASHIONABLE AFTERNOON GOWN.

Afternoon gowns are made with skirts that clear the ground, and of a great many materials. This one is adapted to almost everything seasonable, but in the illustration it is shown made of silk and wool crepe with the guimpe portions of all-over lace. The trimming is soutache applied over a

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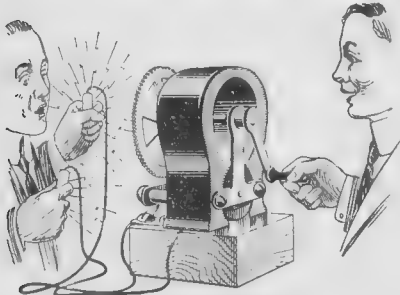
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Send us \$5.50

Receive post paid this all wool serge dress. The waist is made just as pictured with sailor collar trimmed with braid and designs silk tie in front. The skirt is made in the new pleated style trimmed with 6 satin buttons. The material is all wool serge in black, navy, dark green, dark brown, and dark red, a heavy all wool material suitable for winter wear. This suit is beautifully made and is bound to fit and please you. We can supply same suit in all wool Panama in same shades as serge at \$5.50, and in rich heavy velveteen in same shades at \$9.50.

Give inches around largest part of bust, length of sleeve inside seam and neck measure also inches around smallest part of waist and largest part of hips also length of skirt in front. Order this beautiful

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6807 Child's Dress.
6800 Girl's Dress.

lapped and allow effective use of piping or other trimming. Its skirt is straight and plaited. For a girl of 10 years of age, will be required $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 24 or 27 inches wide, $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of silk for the trimming. The May Manton pattern, 6800, is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

Either of the above patterns will be mailed to any address by the fashion department of this magazine on receipt of 10c for each.

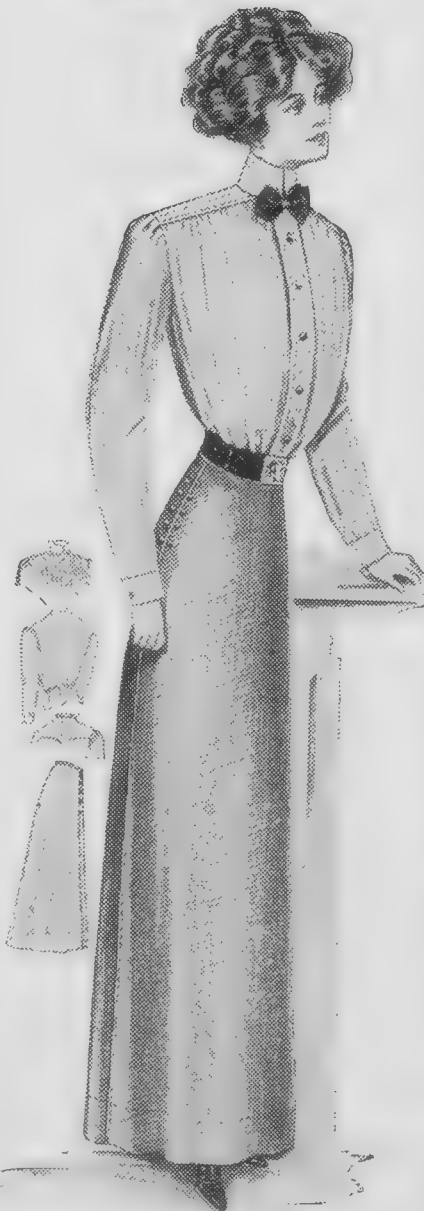
WITH THE NEW TWO PIECE SKIRT

6774—Blouse or Shirtwaist.
6796—Two Piece Skirt.

The plain skirt worn with a shirt waist makes one of the useful combinations that is always in demand. This skirt is one of the very new ones, made in two pieces with seams over the hips only. It is closed invisibly at the left side. The shirtwaist can be made with gathered or with tucked fronts, and the tucked fronts can be made with or without the shoulder pieces, the back can be left plain or made with applied yoke. All waisting materials are appropriate. This skirt is made of diagonal serge, but all the materials that are used for separate skirts and for suits will be found available.

For the medium size the waist will require $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of material 24 or 27, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36, or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide. For the skirt will be needed $2\frac{5}{8}$ either 44 or 52 inches wide. A May Manton pattern of the waist, 6774, sizes 34 to 42 inches bust, or of the skirt, 6796, 22 to 30 inches waist, will be mailed to any address by the fashion department of this magazine on receipt of 10c for each.

Pictures from magazine covers make a good puzzle if they are first mounted on pasteboard and then cut into irregular pieces. Putting the pieces together is a good occupation for children on a rainy day.



6774 Blouse. Sizes 34-42.
6796 Skirt. Sizes 22-30.

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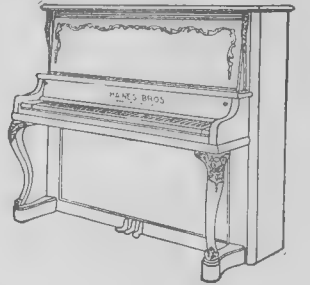
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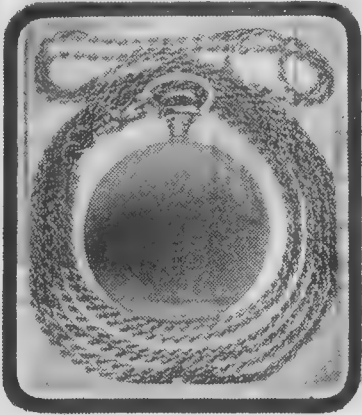
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Sunday Reading.

A Hymn.

Dear Lamb of God,
Thy hands, and feet, and side were pierced for me.
For me the rod
Of Thy loved Father's wrath was laid on Thee,

Thou had'st no sin
For which to lie in anguish on the tree.
It was to win
Life from the dead, eternal life for me.

And didst Thou die,
O patient Saviour, on the cruel cross,
In agony.
Me to redeem from endless woe and loss?

I come to Thee,
For Thou didst come to me, O dying Lamb.
O pity me!
Accept and save me, sinful though I am.

I trust in Thee.
Thou takest all my grief, and givest me rest.
So shall I be
For evermore safe sheltered on Thy breast.

Two Sorts of Blind People.

There is hardly any situation in life where good humor will not be an antidote to depression. Blind men and women from all parts of this city gathered last week to celebrate the wooden wedding of a blind couple. Invitations were printed in raised letters; many went to the blind asylums. The couple are musicians and popular entertainers in these institutions. The husband, Mr. Baker, is about forty years of age; his wife is much younger. They became acquainted in an institution for the blind, where they were students. He became blind at the age of two years, and she at the age of ten. Besides blind people, including a blind quartet and a blind trio, there were delegates sent from the Holy Cross Lyceum and from Xavier Lyceum. Many social organizations were there, and so were the politicians, for blindness does not disqualify otherwise qualified males from voting. Every guest brought a wooden utensil. Mrs. Baker said she could make use of all the gifts, for she keeps house for herself and husband without outside help. A person who was present said that none of the guests seemed to be bothered by the lack of sight, and they even joked about it. One said to another:

"I've a notion to get angry with you, for you passed me by without saying good evening to me when I came in."

"Yes," added another, "it's a wonder you wouldn't speak to a fellow when you see him."

After all, those of them that were born blind must be very sad, much sadder than those who once could see and have lost their sight, for these have the pleasures of memory and imagination, while the others must be often peculiarly lonely when they hear no sound.

If all the blind people knew what the eye of genuine Christian faith can see, they could endure this deprivation with a greater joy than many ever know who see the sun, moon, and stars, and all that nature and art have spread before them, but behold not the things which eye hath not seen, which God hath prepared for them that love Him.—The Christian Advocate.

The True Hero.

In Charing Cross Hospital, London, is a memorial to a young Englishman, named Llewelyn, who was surgeon on

the "Alabama" when it was sunk during the Civil War. When his vessel was sinking he removed all the wounded men into the only available boat. One of the wounded is reported to have called out: "There is room for you, doctor!" He simply answered: "You are as many as the boat can safely hold; push off." They pushed off and saved the wounded, whilst he went down with the ship.

Partner.

A sturdy little figure it was, trudging bravely by with a pail of water. So many times it had passed our gate that morning that curiosity prompted us to further acquaintance.

"You are a busy little girl to-day."

"Yes, 'm."

The round face under the broad hat was turned toward us. It was freckled, flushed, and perspiring, but cheery withal.

"Yes, 'm; it takes a heap of water to do a washing."

"And do you bring it all from the brook down there?"

"Oh, we have it in the cistern mostly; only it's been such a dry time lately."

"And is there nobody else to carry the water?"

"Nobody but mother, an' she is washin'."

"Well, you are a good girl to help her."

It was not a well-considered compliment, and the little water-carrier did not consider it one at all, for there was a look of surprise in her gray eyes, and almost indignant tone in her voice, as she answered "Why of course I help her. I always help her to do things all the time; she hasn't anybody else. Mother'n me's partners."

Little girl, are you and mother partners? Do you help her all you can?

The Beauty of the World.

It beams in every eye, it moves in every form, it is on the wing of the insect and on the rich plumage of all the fowls of heaven. No creature that crawls in the dust or that browses on the meadow does not bear it in some form or other. It dances in every bubble of the brook, sparkles in every snowflake. It is in all the shells on the shore, in all the pebbles on the beach. It sits as a queen on every heaving billow. It decorates with a million pearls and forms of life the whole bed over which mighty oceans roll. It coruscates in all the minerals of the mountain. Every ore thrown up by the miner flashes it forth as it comes into the light. As the Creator is everywhere, beauty is ubiquitous, it is the resplendent costume of the Infinite.—Selected.

God Sees the Best.

God does not set the less against the greater, as we do; He sets the greater against the less; that is His way. Who will not say, blessed is His love. Man being very small, being petty at the kindest, finds a flaw. Thus the wise fool talks: He is honest, he is wise he is gifted; he is, on the whole, a man of notable intellectual stature and influence; but—man thinks he is clever when he discovers a but. He gathers himself up into Pharisaic perpendicularity and says: I discovered that, I pointed out that frailty, I saw it. There can be no pit deep enough for a wretch like that. How doth God speak? Thus hear the music of infinite love: He has gone astray, he has been turned aside from me a thousand times, he has done the things he ought not to have done; yet—that is the difference between human judgment and divine

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judgment in relation to that greatest of all mysteries, human character. It is better to fall into the hands of God than into the hands of men. Your brethren like to speak against you, to have discovered a peccadillo, one little sin, and to have fingers dainty enough to pick out that little hair and to be able to say, "I've got it!" The Lord saith; "You have wounded Me and disappointed Me and gone away from Me, yet—how can I give thee up? Return!" That is the difference between your human theories and the great divine idea of redemption—God always seeing the best, fixing His eyes upon the salvable points, looking to those elements that are still left out of which He can rear manhood. He will not break the bruised reed.—Joseph Parker.

Liberal Minded.

Another observant farmer has given a striking lesson suggested by a certain dog. This is the conversation recorded in Forward:

"This dog is of no use at all; he's just worthless," said the student, coming back from his chase across the fields, and looking with contempt at his canine companion. "I was trying to trail that fox that's been carrying off the chickens, but this fellow wouldn't follow it at all he'd strike off at every rabbit track or cow path he came across."

"Yes," agreed the farmer, placidly,



Papoose Grave in the Wilderness

"he ain't useful, but he's a real liberal minded dog."

"Liberal-minded?"

"Yes"—there was a little twinkle in the farmer's eye—"yes, he ain't ready to say no path ain't the right one till he's investigated it. He don't want to take one track and stick to it just 'cause it's been pointed out to him as the one he's to follow; he wants to examine and find out where other critters have gone to that took other paths."

"He 'pears to think there may be good in all of 'em, and 'twouldn't be fair to judge 'em without nosin' along 'em a spell to find out. Far as he can tell, cow paths and rabbit tracks may be as near right as fox trails. I'll own it's exasperatin' when you expect him to show the way, for he never settles anything nor gets anywhere, but he's real liberal-minded."

A Queer Quarrel.

In our garden there is a long row of peach-trees, filled in the fall with beautiful rosy-cheeked fruit.

The wasps have long known about the peaches, which are of a very sweet delicious kind, and spoil a great many by piercing them, and sinking in their long tongues to suck the honeyed juice.

I have lately learned that butterflies are fond of the peaches too; and one day when out in the garden I saw a big black and yellow striped wasp quarrel-

ling with a little butterfly, over a large red peach which had fallen to the ground. The little butterfly had such pretty wings, with yellow, black and blue spots!

The wasp was standing on the peach enjoying himself very much indeed, when the little butterfly came fluttering down to the ground near him, and began moving slowly toward him. The wasp evidently did not like it, for he turned around and looked sternly at the butterfly, and said something to her.

As I could not understand the language they spoke I cannot tell you what they said; but I was astonished when the wasp made a dart at the little butterfly, who flew off a short distance, then gently floated down to the ground.

This action the little butterfly kept up, running at the wasp over and over again, plainly trying to frighten him off the peach; and at last away flew the wasp, buzzing angrily to himself. Then the little butterfly calmly settled down on the peach and had a very delicious supper, as I know; for I had one of those peaches myself!

E. B. Green.

A Vision and A Prayer.

Rev. S. A. Dyke.

I stand upon the cliffs at night,
And look afar upon the sea,
Beyond the beacon's guiding light,
Toward the haven yet to be.

I see the silent ships pass on,
With bending sail and pennon fair,
With bounding hope as guerdon,
With precious freight, with favoring air.

The darkling waters roll beneath,
The twinkling stars gleam high above,
And whispering winds with gentle breath
Speak to my soul of life and love.

This changeful life the rolling deep,
Thy shining truth the beacon light,
My yearning heart the freighted ship,
Thy star-lit throne the haven bright.

My lonely soul to Thee goes forth
To Thee unseen, yet ever near,
Thou only God of love and truth,
Who canst the faintest whisper hear.

O God, who ever dost reveal
To child-like heart through mortal sight,
The things not seen but yet most real,
Hear thou my prayer to Thee this night.

Wilt Thou not hear a cry to Thee,
A humble cry in filial fear,
A creature's cry that asks to see
Thy grace and glory now and here?

O Lord, do Thou direct my course,
In me reveal Thy only Son,
Give peace within midst billows strife,
By me, oh, may Thy will be done.

Through daylight clear, through mid-
night dark,
By breezes fair, by tempest wild,
O guide Thee straight the trembling bark.
That bears to Thee Thy wandering child.

—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

Cottage City, Mass., Aug. 14, 1902.

The Greatest Gift.

It has often been remarked that in works of charity, personal attention, sympathy, and service are worth far more than gifts of money. Mr. Jacob A. Riis has recently given the world a bit of his own personal observation illustrative of that fact. Speaking of a crowded tenement in Batavia Street, New York, he says: "In this slough was an English family, honest, decent people, whose presence here, when I came to know them, redeemed the whole foul spot. The wife was like a dozen charitable societies rolled into one, and the tenement, besotted and foul, held her in reverence as a ministering angel."

SAVED FROM THE KNIFE

Appendicitis Cured By "Fruit-a-tives"

NEWBURGH, ONT., Feb. 12th, 1910.

'Just about a year ago, our daughter Ella (fourteen years), was taken with terrible pains in the right side. The pain was so severe that we had to carry her to bed. We at once put her under the care of a first-class doctor, who pronounced it a case of Appendicitis and advised an operation.

We took her to a hospital in Kingston where she was again examined by an eminent specialist. He said she had Appendicitis and *must be operated on at once if we wanted to save her life*. As we had taken her to Kingston to have this done we were ready but our daughter was afraid and cried and begged so

pitifully, that we postponed it for that day. Luckily for us and for her an uncle came in with some 'Fruit-a-tives' and insisted on Ella taking them. Good results were apparent almost from the first dose, and the continuous treatment cured her.

'Fruit-a-tives' saved our daughter from the surgeon's knife and to-day she is enjoying the best of health."

J. W. FOX, (Father).

LILLIAN FOX, (Mother).

Words cannot express the gratitude of Mr. and Mrs. Fox. And Miss Ella will always remember "Fruit-a-tives"—the discovery of an eminent physician, and the only medicine in the world made of fruit. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial box, 25c. At dealers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



CHILDREN'S COLDS

Now is the time when your children are very apt to catch cold. The sudden changes in the weather, the difference between school and house and open air, getting uncovered at night, all often lead to sore throats, coughs and grippe.

MATHIEU'S SYRUP

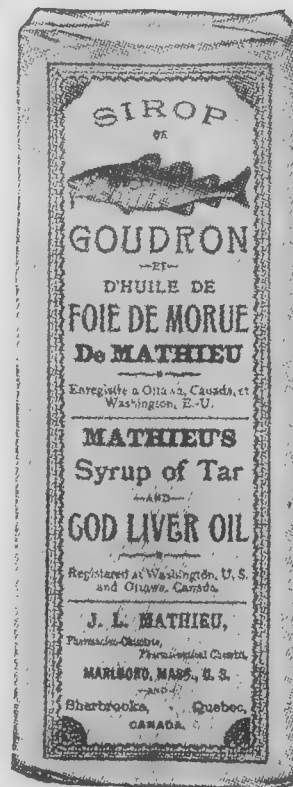
of Tar and Cod Liver Oil

should be taken at the first symptoms. Children find its taste pleasant, and it keeps them well and strong.

No better combined cure and tonic has ever been compounded. Ask for Mathieu's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil.

Where there is fever with the cold take Mathieu's Nervine Powders to reduce the fever and relieve the pain. They are sold in boxes of 18 powders for 25c.

J. L. MATHIEU CO., Prop's. SHERBROOKE, QUE.



Large bottle 35 cents.

AGENTS 134% Profit

Patented

Safety Hold-Back

New Agents' Proposition. Everyowner of a vehicle buys. Saves time in hitching and unhitching. Insures safety in accidents—runaways—collisions. Just out. Thousands being sold. We absolutely control the sale of this wonderful seller. \$3.50 to \$7 a day profit. L. THOMAS MFG. CO., 4197 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

STEM WIND

WATCH, RING & CHAIN

GIVEN FOR AN HOUR'S WORK

We positively give both a Famous Alton Watch, Stem Wind, handsomely designed case, American movement, factory tested, guaranteed five years, also a nice Ring set with a Congo Gem, sparkling and free, for selling 20 high grade jewelry novelties at 10c each. Order jewelry today—when sold send \$2 and we will send you the watch, ring and chain. Satisfaction guaranteed. ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 614, CHICAGO.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINE



AND
MAGIC
LANTERN
GIVEN
FOR
SELLING
XMAS
POST-
CARDS,
3 FOR 5c

OUR BIGGEST BARGAIN.

Uses both films and slides. With it we send a Good Lamp, 3 Colored Moving Picture Films, 6 Colored Magic Lantern Slides, and Instructions. Any boy or girl can give a great show with this outfit. Complete for selling \$3.00 worth of the Loveliest Xmas Postcards ever seen. 72 kinds; all new designs; every one a gem; delicately colored and richly embossed. Such pretty cards would easily sell at 5c each. At our price, 3 for 5c, they go like wildfire. Hand them out and take the money; that's about all you have to do. Order to-day, sell them, return our money and we send the outfit. Sell \$1.50 worth extra, \$4.50 in all, and we pay the express charges. THE GOLD MEDAL PREMIUM CO., DEPT. 11 M TORONTO.

POSTCARD ALBUM WITH 100 CARDS



GIVEN FOR SELLING

XMAS POSTCARDS, 3 FOR 5c

Holds 400 cards. Lovely padded green cover, handsomely ornamented with a dainty design in colored flowers and leaves, and the word "Postcards" in fancy letters. With 100 Lovely, Brand New, High-grade, Colored Picture Postcards, for selling \$3.00 worth of the Loveliest Xmas Postcards ever seen. 72 kinds; all new designs; every one a gem; delicately colored and richly embossed. Such pretty cards would easily sell at 5c each. At our price, 3 for 5c, they go like wildfire. Hand them out and take the money—that's about all you have to do. Order to-day, sell them, return our money and we send the album and cards. Sell \$1.50 worth extra—\$4.50 in all—and we pay the express charges. THE GOLD MEDAL PREMIUM CO., DEPT. M 17 TORONTO.

Souvenir Post Cards

10 Thanksgiving, embossed and colored 10c,
10 Hallo'we'en " " 10c.
10 Christmas " " 10c.
10 New Year " " 10c.

All post free. Remit in unused stamps.

The Western Specialty Co.
Dept. A2 Winnipeg, Canada

She was that truly. With her husband out at work, earning just enough at that time to enable them to scratch along, and two little children to look after, she was everlastingly doing something for someone who needed it in the house—nursing the sick, sitting up nights with delirious men, planning and interfering to keep the boys out of mischief. I sometimes hear people say, "Oh, what can I do? There is so much." She did what came to her hand, and her hands were always full. I believe she had more influence over those poor tenants than an army of mere preachers would have had. That is what one person can do by giving himself and not his money."—Detroit Christian World.

The Old Man Talks

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

I know it's right an' proper,
An' I know it's young folks' way,
An' I ain't the man to stop her
Cos she named her weddin' day.
An' I'll be there gay and cheery,
In my go-to-meetin' coat;
But jes' now my eyes are teary,
An' a lump is in my throat.

You ain't undergone that feelin'
I should jedge from what you said,
You ain't felt your brain go reelin'
An' yer cheeks get white an' red;
An' seen everything go swimmin'
As your eyes with tears get dim,
When you hear it from your women,
That she's going to marry him.

You don't know the way it strikes you,
How it knocks you galley-west,
When that little gal who likes you,
An' the one you love the best,
Comes an' whispers, "Daddy, dearie,
I am going to marry Joe";
Then you try to answer cheery,
But you wish it wasn't so.

Oh, there ain't no use in talkin',
Me an' mother did the same,
An' I mind her father walkin'
Up an' down, the day I came.
Then I didn't know what ailed him.
When he shook me by the hand,
But I mind that his voice failed him,
An' to-day I understand.

Jes' a week ago I had her,
An' I called her mine, an' O,
There was no man any gladder—
Now, she's going to marry Joe.
An' she's his, an' that is proper,
An' I've shook him by the hand;
Though I'm weeping, I'd not stop her—
Later on they'll understand.

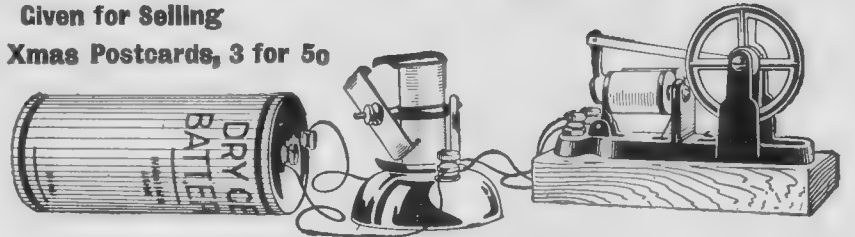
Comradeship of Husbands and Wives

This phase of married life is rarely regarded with a just estimation of its importance. One looks with deep regret at the lives which are thus robbed of great delight, and prophesies very prosaic, if not more unhappy, endings of the long partnership, when the first flush of young love's enthusiasm is superseded by a mere division of the necessary household cares and family responsibilities. . . . The glow and fervour of a husband's all-else-forgetting devotion in early married life cannot remain; the man must labor, and added responsibility takes stern thought; but the tenderness which grows deeper, and dependence which increases as the year roll on, are better things, reserved for those wives only who have stood shoulder to shoulder all the way, not dragging him back, or pulling this way and that, but bravely planting their feet in the path

ELECTRIC ENGINE, BATTERY AND MOTOR

Given for Selling

Xmas Postcards, 3 for 5c



Every up-to-date boy and girl should know a lot about electricity. Here is your chance to have a lot of fun and to learn a great deal at the same time. We give you an Electric Engine, an Electric Motor and a Power Dry Cell Battery to run them, just as shown in the picture, all for selling only \$3.50 worth of the Loveliest Xmas Postcards ever seen. 72 kinds; all new designs; every one a gem; delicately colored and richly embossed. Such pretty cards would easily sell at 5c each. At our price, 3 for 5c, they go like wildfire. You have only to hand them out and take the money. Order to-day, sell them, return our money and we send the outfit. Sell \$1.50 worth extra, and we pay express charges. THE GOLD MEDAL PREMIUM CO., DEPT 18 M TORONTO.

he has chosen, and in hard places whispering, "Forget me, I will follow."

It is to women like these that the sunset aftermath comes; to wives like these that old men turn as the path inclines downward, with a beautiful dependence. It is to couples so united that God gives those calm years which are as "clear shining after rain." At the door of many a cottage, at the firesides of many wealthy homes, sit old couples, hand in hand, comrades to the last. The gentle "don't you remember" brings back memories dear to both, which no one else can share; and at this last there are no longer separate tastes and desires to which they must mutually concede, but they talk softly of the swift coming time, when they shall

"Sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo."

Temperance Alphabet.

A is the Ale that will soften the brain,
B is the Bottle—be warned and abstain;
C is the Culprit, to jail he may go,
D is the Drink that has brought him so low,
E is the Earnings—how spent you may guess,
F is the Family, deep in distress;
G is the Gout that will tease him some day,
H is the House that has gone to decay;
I is the Injury done to each friend,
J is the Jail where the drunkard may end;
K is the kick that he gave to his wife,
L is the Love that he promised for life;
M is the Money she wanted for bread,
N is the Nose which is awfully red;
O is the Outcast, where others have homes,
P is the Pauper who penniless roams;
Q is the Quarrel engendered by drink,
R is the Rum in which he must sink,
S is the Shame that must follow the sin,
T is the Tppler—the way to begin;
U is the Uproar, so dreadful to hear,
V is the Vice that we all have to fear;
W is the Wealth that soon flies away,
X is the Xpensive if drunk every day;
Y is the Youth—ere he drink let him pause;
Z is the Zeal in the temperance cause.

—The Irish Templar.

When making pies, if the pans are greased with a little butter it will make the bottom crust brown and flaky and prevent the crust from becoming soft, which is so often the case with custard or pumpkin pies. It also makes the pies easier to remove from the pans.

THE Keeley Treatment

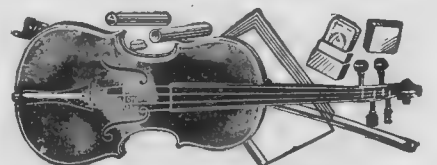
Established 1880

The original and best cure for liquor using and nervousness. No patients accepted for less than 28 days because 30 years' experience has proven that no shorter time will suffice to eliminate the poison and restore the nervous system to normal conditions. Advice and consultation free and confidential. Address

Keeley Institute

676 Jessie Ave., Fort Rouge, Winnipeg, Man.

SWEET VIOLIN



GIVEN FOR SELLING

XMAS POSTCARDS, 3 FOR 5c

Full-sized, beautifully-finished, sweet-toned real Violin, with good bow, tuning pipe, rosin and Self-instructor, for selling \$5.00 worth of the Loveliest Xmas Postcards ever seen. 72 kinds; all new designs; every one a gem; delicately colored and richly embossed. Such pretty cards would easily sell at 5c each. At our price, 3 for 5c, they go like wildfire. Hand them out and take the money—that's about all you have to do. Order to-day, sell them, return our money and we send the violin. Sell \$1.50 worth extra, \$6.50 in all, and we pay the express charges. THE GOLD MEDAL PREMIUM CO., DEPT. M 16 TORONTO.

LADIES

Bestever Whirling Spray Syringe for comfort and cleanliness, cannot be excelled.

The bulb is made of a quality of red rubber which will outlast any other. It is an absolute necessity to every married woman.

Don't be without one. Sent postpaid on receipt of \$3.00. Don't hesitate to buy; our guarantee is behind each one.

The Gordon Mitchell Drug Co., Ltd.
Winnipeg, Manitoba



A section of Industrial Winnipeg.

[Photo by Ernest Emsall.]

The Home Doctor.

Avoiding Infection.

Although the germ theory of disease is now pretty well understood by everybody, and all know the necessity of avoiding the microbes of typhoid fever, diphtheria and the like—indeed, some timid souls are so fearful of germs as almost to be monomaniacs on the subject—yet there is still much popular ignorance of how diseases are spread.

Not all germ-diseases are spread in the same way. In some the poison is given off by the skin, in others by the breath, in others again by the excretions, and in still others perhaps by two or more of these ways.

All possible pains should be taken to destroy the germs that are given off by the sick, so that they will not find their way into the bodies of the well and reproduce in them the disease. In order to do this one must know how the poison is given off in each special disease, and so be able to prevent its escape into the outside world. In some cases this is known, but in others it is not.

In typhoid fever the germs escape from the body in the discharges from the bowels and the bladder; and in a case of this disease, therefore, these discharges should always be treated by some powerful disinfectant before they are thrown away. In scarlet fever the poison is given off with the dead skin that peels away towards the end of the disease and during convalescence; the body of the sick child should be kept anointed, therefore, that the dry skin may not fly off, and what is removed at each anointing should be burned at once. In consumption the bacillus is contained in the mucus coughed up from the lungs and bronchial tubes. The spitting of this material on the ground or floor, where it will dry and be blown about with the dust, is, then, nothing less than criminal; it should be passed into a special pocket receptacle, which can be bought at almost any drug-store, or into a paper napkin, and burned as soon as possible.

In diphtheria the poison is passed off in the moisture of the breath, and possibly by other channels as well. Everything, therefore, that has been in the patient's room—and the walls, floor, and ceiling of the room itself—should be thoroughly disinfected before a well child is allowed to come in contact with it. The toys and books should be burned; and so long as the diphtheria germs can be found in the child's throat—they persist there sometimes for several weeks—he should not be sent to school or allowed to play with well children.

Immunity to Disease.

A person attacked by a disease of microbial origin becomes immune to that disease for a longer or shorter period, and often for life. In some cases the immunity is transmitted to offspring. An infant whose mother has been vaccinated shortly before its birth is born immune and will not, for several months at least, react to vaccination. The Latin author Lucian describes an African tribe which enjoyed an inherited immunity to snake venom and tested this immunity by allowing the newly-born infants to be bitten by snakes. Doctor Calmette's experiments of immunizing animals to snake bite by means of snake venom show that if the bite thus inflicted did not prove fatal it would increase and make permanent the immunity already possessed by the child.

Certain diseases which were very fatal when they first appeared in Europe have become comparatively mild. This result is doubtless due in part to a relative immunity acquired by the race in consequence of repeated infection. The harmlessness of certain microbes may be explained in the same way. Even in health we harbor various microbes which are certainly pathogenic, but whose virulence has become weakened. The mouths of many persons contain pneumococci which can kill, in twenty-four hours, mice into which they are injected.

The mechanism of the acquirement of immunity has been revealed by very ingenious experiments. Organic substances introduced into the tissues are there destroyed by a sort of digestive process, and if the patient survives the disturbances thus caused he becomes immune to those particular substances. Sheep's blood injected into the peritoneum of a rabbit acquires the power to dissolve and destroy sheep's blood, even outside of the body. Similarly every kind of bacillus develops its specific anti-body. Cholera vibrios injected into a guinea-pig flourish and multiply as they do in the best bouillon. If the bacilli are not very virulent or the dose is very small, the animal survives and becomes immune to cholera, as the result of the inoculation or a series of inoculations of gradually increasing strength.

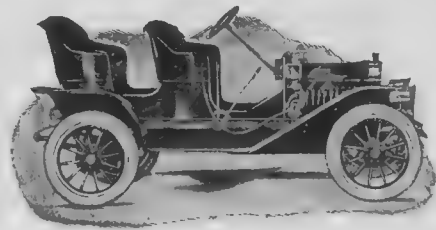
This phenomenon is general, although more or less clearly defined with different species of germs.

The Healthy Hill-Heights.

Life on the mountain-top is described as naturally of a rough and boisterous character, calculated, seemingly, to prey upon the constitution; yet government signal-officers, while at work on mountain-tops, are said to be seldom or never ill; on the other hand, however, as soon as they return to the lower air, they are beset by various kinds of ailments, and, in particular, by a noxious form of catarrh resembling influenza. This is attributed to the fact that the air on the mountain-top is remarkably free from microbes, which thrive at the lower level, and that these microbes seize upon the unsuspecting organs, which have become temporarily unused to the struggle for existence.

Sickness Is Costly.

Nearly eight million persons in Germany insure against sickness, and in one year a third of this number reported ailment of some kind or other, its average duration being seventeen days. Reckoning wages at fifty cents a day, this means a loss in wages alone in one year of more than \$22,500,000. Then, of course, there always is extra expense connected with sickness, such as doctor's bills, medicines, special food, and sometimes special care and maintenance. These records do not relate to infants or to the old and infirm, but



This Automobile FREE

To the first person guessing the nearest to the number of Kernels in 12 lbs. No. 2 Northern Wheat.

Commencing November 1st, 1910, and ending June 30th, 1911, The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer will carry on a Wheat Guessing Contest open to everyone in Canada except residents of Winnipeg, and are giving away to the first person guessing nearest to the number of kernels in 12 lbs. of No. 2 Northern Wheat, this \$1,200.00 McLaughlin-Buick Automobile, all complete with oil tail lamp, oil side lamps, two gas head lights, generator, horn, repair outfit, jack and pump. This is the 1911 Model No. 9 Four Passenger "Tourabout" McLaughlin-Buick automobile with detachable rear seat. Automobile will be delivered to winner F. O. B. Winnipeg, and whoever is the lucky winner of this auto will be the possessor of an exceptionally powerful, speedy, and comfortable machine.

Your estimate may win this automobile.

This is the third year we have put on a wheat guessing contest, and the same general rules that have governed our former contests, apply to our Contest this year. The wheat is a fair clean sample of No. 2 Northern and was procured from the Dominion Government Grain Inspector's Office, Winnipeg. An ordinary gallon bottle was secured and the wheat and bottle taken to the Dominion Weights' and Measures' Office, and exactly twelve pounds of the wheat weighed out and poured into the bottle, which was immediately sealed up in the presence of two witnesses. The bottle was then photographed and deposited with the National Trust Co., to remain in their vaults until the Contest closes June 30th, 1911, when it will be taken out and counted by a board of three judges, none of whom are in any way connected with The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer. Our Contests are conducted in such a way that it would be absolutely impossible for us or anyone else to tell how many kernels there were in the sealed bottle of wheat, until the Contest closes; and you stand the same chance as anyone else of winning the automobile.

To obtain estimates all you have to do is to send in either new or renewal subscriptions for The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer. Subscription price in Canada and Great Britain is \$1.00 a year, in United States and Foreign Countries \$1.50 a year. The estimates may be credited in whatever way desired, and you may send in as many estimates as you wish. See following table.

YOU MAY GET ESTIMATES THUS:

1 year's sub. and \$1 gives you 3 estimates.	6 years' sub. and \$6 gives you 23 estimates.
2 years' sub. and 2 gives you 7 estimates.	7 years' sub. and 7 gives you 27 estimates.
3 years' sub. and 3 gives you 11 estimates.	8 years' sub. and 8 gives you 31 estimates.
4 years' sub. and 4 gives you 15 estimates.	9 years' sub. and 9 gives you 35 estimates.
5 years' sub. and 5 gives you 19 estimates.	10 years' sub. and 10 gives you 40 estimates.

OR BETTER STILL, GET YOUR NEIGHBORS

to club with you, the subscriptions to cover one year. These subscriptions and estimates must be received in one envelope, so that we may credit them properly.

5 persons sending \$ 5.00 get 25 estimates and each have 1 year's subscription.
6 persons sending \$ 6.00 get 30 estimates and each have 1 year's subscription.
7 persons sending \$ 7.00 get 35 estimates and each have 1 year's subscription.
8 persons sending \$ 8.00 get 40 estimates and each have 1 year's subscription.
9 persons sending \$ 9.00 get 45 estimates and each have 1 year's subscription.
10 persons sending \$10.00 get 50 estimates and each have 1 year's subscription.
15 persons sending \$15.00 get 100 estimates and each have 1 year's subscription.
20 persons sending \$20.00 get 150 estimates and each have 1 year's subscription.

Each subscription also includes in addition to the estimates the choice of a premium as follows:

With one-year subscription your choice of self pulling cork screw; briar pipe; awl-u-want; shaving brush; lace leather cutter; children's paint box, or school pencil box. With one-two year subscription, your choice of awl and tools; heavy single bladed jack knife; ash tray; cook book; 36 in. best pocket metal tape; phoenix muffler.

If you do not see anything in this list of premiums that you desire send in your subscription and estimates and ask us to send you our special Reward Booklet, and you can select your premium later. This booklet will be ready for distribution about November 15th, and will be sent free on request. Remember one dollar will pay for twelve months' subscription for The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer, three estimates on the Wheat Guessing Contest, and a premium.

THE CANADIAN THRESHERMAN AND FARMER, Winnipeg, Canada

Please find enclosed \$.....for.....years' subscription for The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer and Premium to be sent to

Name.....

Address.....

My estimates as to the number of kernels in 12 lbs. No. 2 Northern Wheat are:

Address

The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer

Winnipeg - Man

150 Songs or 111 Recitations Free



BOYS AND GIRLS. NOTHING TO PAY. NOTHING TO SELL.

All you have to do is to hand a few circulars to your young friends. For this slight service we send you postpaid your choice of 150 old-time favorite songs, gems from every land, the best songs ever written, words and music complete, or 111 famous comic recitations, the best in the English language. These books contain 64 pages 6x8 inches, in neat paper covers. Only one book sent to any neighborhood. Say which book you want, and



give us your word that you will distribute the circulars faithfully. This offer is good only till Nov. 15th. THE GOLD MEDAL PREMIUM CO., DEPT D M TORONTO.



A view of a section of Residential Winnipeg

THE DEADLY RUSH!

What a raging, tearing, hustling age we live in—motor cars, locomotives, flying machines! Almost from the cradle to the grave, we rush through life at express speed, flying here and there, working like steam engines, and bolting our meals! Of course, we have to pay for this deadly rush, and we pay for it with all kinds of troubles, of which the greatest is indigestion! Your stomach, through the undue tax you put upon it, loses its ability to do its work thoroughly. Then, instead of your food being digested, and turned into blood to repair the waste of your body, it sours in the stomach and creates gases which poison your blood, lower your vitality and create disease. Indigestion is at the root of all such troubles as pains after eating, loss of appetite, furred tongue, headaches, biliousness, sleeplessness, constipation and "nerves."

If you want to cure and prevent such troubles as these, take Mother Seigel's Syrup daily, after meals, and all will be well. The Syrup enables your stomach to do its work properly, and it also gently stimulates the action of the liver and bowels. Thus it aids digestion, makes food nourish you, cleanses your blood, and gives you health and vigour. Mother Seigel's Syrup, the herbal remedy, is made of an unique combination of curative extracts of roots, barks and leaves which have a more beneficial action on the organs of digestion than any other medicine known.

Mr. Robert King, of Maple, Ont., writing on February 18th, 1910, said:—

"A few years back, I suffered very much with chronic indigestion, so much so that I had to live chiefly on milk and eggs for quite a while. The

doctor said my stomach was very bad indeed, although I knew that, long before he told me. I gained absolutely nothing from taking ordinary medicines, and should probably have been ill now, had I not had the curative properties of your Syrup brought to my notice. Mother Seigel's Syrup produced an excellent effect almost immediately, and has completely removed the cause of my ill-health."

If you have any form of stomach or liver disorder, Mother Seigel's Syrup will just as surely and permanently cure you. Put it to the proof—to-day!

Mr. David Hickie, of Lorne, Restigouche Co., N.B., writes under date of January 16, 1910:—"For about five years I suffered continually from Liver complaint. I used only one bottle of Seigel's Syrup and was entirely cured. It is now over a year since I took the medicine and I have not felt any return of the sickness."

"I feel I should like to add our testimony as to the benefit we have received from the use of Mother Seigel's Syrup. We have never been without the Syrup or the Pills for twenty years, in the Old Country as well as in Canada. We have several neighbors here who have tried it and found it splendid."

Mrs. M. Ironside,
Beckenham, Sask.

April 22, 1910.

Mrs. Barnstaple, of Seatarie Island, Cape Breton, Co., N.S., writing on Feb. 20, 1910, says:—"I have taken Mother Seigel's Syrup for indigestion and disordered stomach, and have found it to be a certain cure and I look upon it as the finest stomach medicine procurable. I have also used the Pills, and results convince me that the claims put forward for them, are in no way exaggerated."

only to working persons during the working period.

Aids to Sanitary Housekeeping.

By Alice Marvey Watt.

"Cleanliness is next to godliness." On it depend the happiness and welfare of nations; and as the home—the cradle of the world—is the foundation of nations, it is, therefore, of paramount importance that the keenest forethought should be given to the furnishing of the home, as well as scrupulous care in maintaining that cleanliness which is of such vital importance to life and health.

One does not have to possess the wealth of Solomon in order to furnish one's home in a healthful and sanitary manner; on the contrary, such a method should be commended from an economic standpoint as well.

We cannot all build and equip our homes absolutely along sanitary lines, but we all can do much to remedy the widespread evils that exist to-day through lack of knowledge of the ordinary principles of hygiene. Science has made such wonderful strides in the last half-century relative to the germ theory of disease, the development of which is encouraged by our immediate environment; that this theory has become an established fact.

It has been proved by scientists that the earth teems with bacteria, or invisible animal life, and as dust is not-

I am not far wrong in stating that half the ills of woman can be traced to this domestic bugbear.

In the heavy draperies, which have for so long held sway as part of the fall and winter decorations, lurk the same subtle menace to good health, as not even where the most assiduous attention to household details is given do they receive that sanative care necessary to make them innocuous. We are frank to admit that they give a coziness and look of warmth and comfort to rooms otherwise seemingly lacking in these qualities, but it is time the question of healthfulness should be our first consideration, rather than that of beauty. If one's sense of the artistic in this respect must be gratified, then they should be given the same attention as floor coverings—i.e., taken into the open air, and thoroughly beaten and aired, every time the room is cleaned.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the unsanitary use of the dust-brush, feather duster, and articles of a kindred nature, so essentially accompaniments of the domestic menage, yet one of the omnipresent evils that should receive remedial attention. Instead of performing their intended operation, they scatter germ-laden dust about the premises to resettle in new quarters, at the same time to be breathed into the lungs, thereby inviting the incipience of disease or augmenting tendencies thereto. A soft cloth wrung out of warm water can be readily substituted, which at once serves its purpose as a dust-obli-erator and as a germ-eradicator.



Bear Hunter and Shanty



Mother Seigel's Syrup is the friend of all who suffer after meals, because it aids digestion. It is the friend of all who have headaches, biliousness, constipation or dizziness, because it banishes such ailments, root and branch! It is the friend of all who feel "seedy," because it clears away the poisonous products of indigestion, which clog the system and make you feel run down, brain-fagged, out-of-sorts. Better still, it tones and strengthens your stomach and liver, regulates your bowels, makes food nourish you, and thus prevents, as well as cures, all stomach and liver disorders. Mother Seigel's Syrup is the standard household remedy, "the friend in the cupboard," in hundreds of thousands of British homes, and is unequalled as a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Mr Chas. St. Stearns, 362, Richmond St. W. Toronto, writes:—"My digestion became deranged about a year ago and very soon my general health was affected. I had no relish for food, and when I ate I always suffered from sharp pains. I lost in weight, which was not unnatural, I suppose, as I ate much less than I was used to. I also had frequent headaches, and a general feeling of heaviness from which nothing seemed to relieve me. Then I turned to Mother Seigel's Syrup and now, thanks to that remedy, I am fully recovered and in my normal good health."—15/2/1910. Take Mother Seigel's Syrup daily, after meals, and it will cure You!



CURES

BILIOUSNESS HEADACHES

CONSTIPATION

INDIGESTION

The dollar bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 50 cents size.

A. J. WHITE & Co., Ltd., Montreal.

ing more or less than the surface of the earth in a powdered form, it can readily be seen how important an item is the elimination from our households furnishings that tend to collect and retain dust.

Therefore, carpets—expensive items in themselves—should be abolished, to be shunned and feared as a plague a veritable refuge for micro-organisms of all sorts and descriptions; in short, they are a dumping-ground for dust and dirt brought in on wearing apparel. They have of necessity to be swept indoors, thereby distributing their disease-laden germs about the rooms, to be breathed into the nose, mouth, throat and lungs of unfortunate occupants. It may not be malapropos to state right here that in a microscopical examination of the street dirt gathered upon the edge of one skirt millions of germs of tuberculosis alone were found.

Very much more artistic—and unquestionably reducing the point of unhealthfulness to a minimum—is the hard-wood floor; failing this, a plain wood floor, stained or varnished, wherein one's choice in the selection of rugs is unlimited, and where one's taste may run riot. Rugs may be taken into the open air daily if necessary, to be beaten, and exposed to the sun and air, which are death to the insidious germ. Floors furnished in this manner are not easily kept clean, but to the woman with one maid, or perhaps none at all, are a boon when compared with the back-breaking task of carpet sweeping, and I think

All brass and iron bedsteads have grown into such universal favor in the last few years that it is hardly necessary to comment on their sanitary recommendations nor upon the simple beauty of their furnishing.

The kitchen should be the focal-point of our aggression, for herein lie many of the unseen possibilities to make or mar the health and contentment of a household. In these days of slipshod housemaids, many of whom, unfortunately, we are compelled to choose from the rank and file of the uneducated and untrained, who have only the crudest notions relative to personal hygiene, the only alternative is to take things in our own hands and make training-schools of our own kitchens, not only in justice to the health of our immediate families, but for the well-being of future generations. Rules looking to the preservation of health should be unremittently impressed on the mind of the one in charge of the kitchen, and in order to facilitate this matter—at the same time simplifying it—a slate should be kept hanging in some convenient place in the kitchen, containing rules regarding the sanitary care of food and of everything appertaining thereto. It should be remembered that boiling water is a valuable disinfectant within the reach of every household, and should be lavishly used. All cooking utensils should not only be thoroughly washed, but rinsed in boiling water and thoroughly dried before being put away. Soap or washing soda, added to

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY HOME PATTERN CUTTING CHARTS

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The All-in-One Pattern-Chart is the greatest invention of its kind for women who do their own sewing. It's really so wonderful that you will scarcely believe all our claims, but the moment you get one of these charts and read the simple directions, you'll find every one of our claims as true as gospel.

The All-in-One Pattern Chart is the invention of Mr. Berkowitz—a designer of repute, who for the past 35 years has fashioned Ladies' and Children's Waists, Cloaks and Dresses for the leading pattern houses. These Pattern-Charts are the outcome of years of study. They are made with mathematical precision and are so perfect that a child could not even go wrong if directions are followed.

There are 5 Sets of Charts, viz.: Ladies' Dress and Cloak, Ladies' Shirt-Waist, Girls' Dresses and Boys' Suits. The great feature of the Charts is that on each Chart you find a pattern for any possible size in any possible style. To be more explicit, we will take the Shirt-Waist Chart as an example. Let us suppose that you have three daughters, five nieces, a mother and a grandmother, each of whom want a Shirt-waist. No two of them can wear the same sized waist. No two of them want to wear the same style of waist. Under ordinary circumstances, you

would have to buy a different pattern for each one of them. With the One-in-All Chart, however, you can make a perfect waist for yourself, your mother, grandmother and nieces. Wonderful, isn't it! Now then, how much more wonderful is it when we tell you that this same Chart will furnish you with patterns for every lady from 17 to 70 in any conceivable style? It's hard to believe, but that's just what the One-in-All Chart will do, and the same idea applies to the Cloak, Girls' Dress and Boys' Suit Charts.

With these One-in-All you can cut clothes all your life, for your whole family and all your neighbors' families in any number of styles. The charts are so constructed that changes in styles do not effect them in the least. The directions furnished are so plainly printed on each Chart that it is impossible for you to make a wrong pattern.

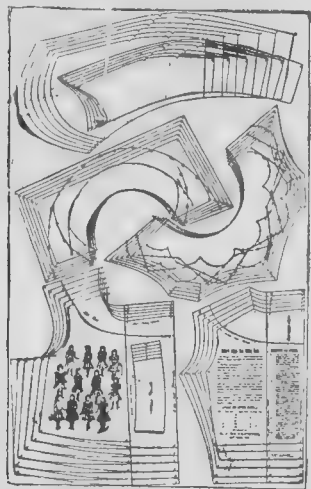
Think of it! If you are a dress-maker these patterns will save you hundreds of dollars.

If you are a housewife and sew only for your family, the saving is proportionately great.

The woman who desires to economize in money and labor cannot possibly allow this opportunity to pass by.

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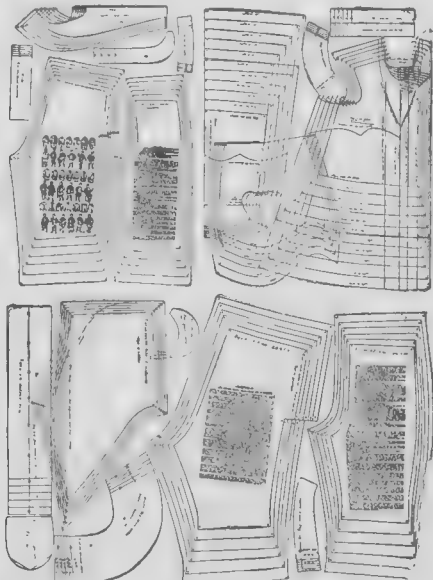
The only correct system ever invented for making children's dresses. The instructions on the chart are so simple that a child can do cutting. Any style can be cut. A tape measure and a tracer is all you need, and the chart will do the rest.



SPECIAL OFFER:—We will send the above chart containing seventy-two patterns to anybody sending us 75 cents in payment for one year's subscription to the Western Home Monthly.

THE LILLIPUTIAN PATTERN CHART FOR BOYS.

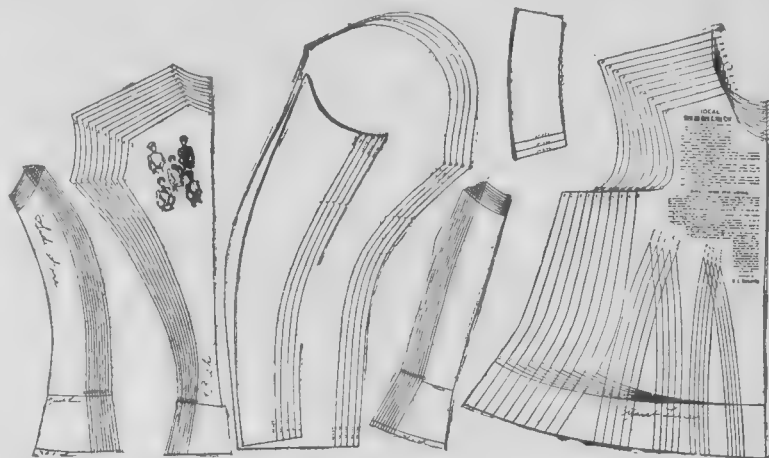
218 different patterns. Every mother is enabled to be her son's merchant tailor, as the system is so simple no woman can make a mistake. Sure to give a perfect fitting suit and be the pride and work of your own hands, and save dollars on every suit.



SPECIAL OFFER:—We will send the above chart containing 218 patterns to anybody sending us \$1.50 in payment for two years' subscription to the Western Home Monthly for two different people. Your own renewal counts as one subscription. Address all orders;—WESTERN HOME

THE UNEEDA WAIST PATTERN CHART.

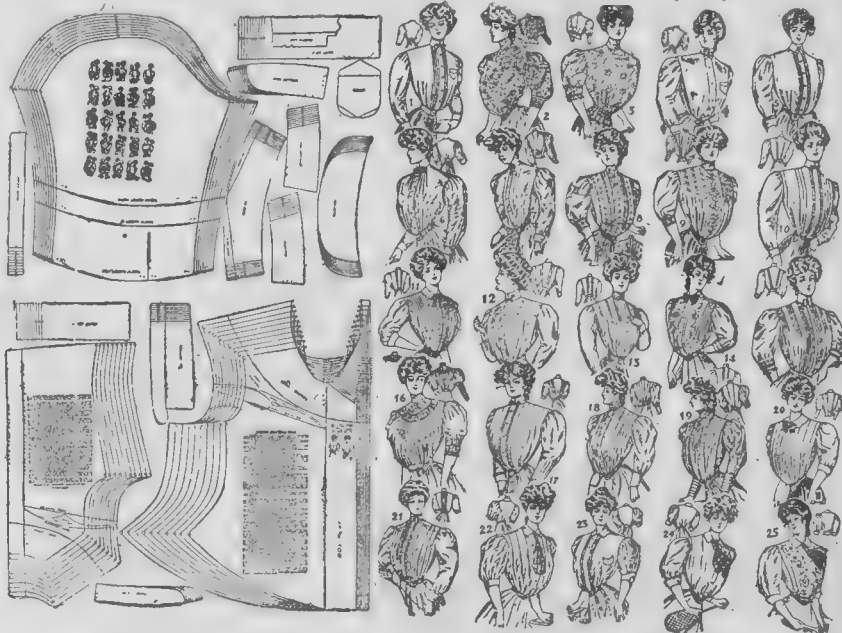
Ten different sizes of tight-fitting waists in different lengths to button in the front or back. The chart is so simple that no mistake can be made in cutting.



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IMPERIAL SHIRT WAIST PATTERN.

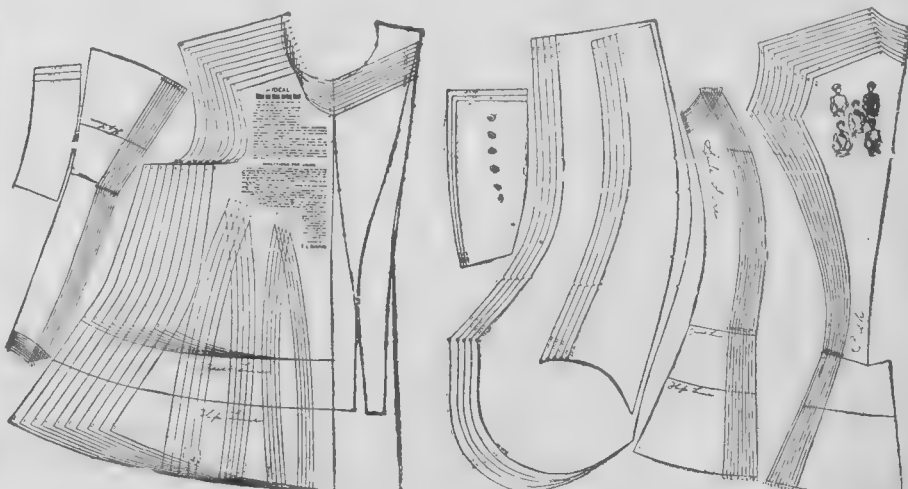
Hundreds of styles and sizes can be cut from it. This chart will be found invaluable to every lady in the land. It will teach her to take measures, cut her own patterns and make her own waists. Two hundred and fifty different patterns. An endless variety that will suit the taste of everybody.



SPECIAL OFFER:—We will send the above chart containing 250 patterns to anybody sending us \$1.50 in payment for two years' subscription to the Western Home Monthly for two different people. Your own renewal counts as one subscription.

IDEAL DRESS and CLOAK PATTERN SYSTEM.

By the use of this chart pattern any lady can make numberless styles of tight-fitting waists, as well as sizes, and be her own dressmaker. The system for dress-cutting will be found invaluable to every lady in the land, be her age 16 or 60. You only take one measurement, the bust, and the chart will do the rest. It is worth \$5 to any family, and \$50 to professional dress-makers.



SPECIAL OFFER:—We will send the above chart containing 72 patterns to anybody sending us \$1.50 in payment for two years' subscription to the Western Home Monthly for two different people. Your own renewal counts as one subscription.

Send in your subscription to-day and obtain one of these valuable charts FREE. MONTHLY, WINNIPEG, CANADA.

boiling water for scrubbing purposes, enhances its qualities of disinfection.

The majority of us know—for we have had many examples in the past and recently—the misery resultant from the use of impure water. In cities and towns where there is the slightest suspicion that impure water exists, it should not only be boiled for drinking purposes, but for washing all uncooked vegetables, such as lettuce, celery, radishes, onions, etc. All uncooked fruit should be freely washed and dried before being taken into the mouth, as otherwise it forms one of the chief methods of conveying disease germs into the system. There is no doubt that applying heat to food is one of the most important steps along sanitary lines that have yet been taken. Cooking not only enhances the digestibility of certain foods, but destroys the accompanying bacteria as well.

Few women there are who do not know how salient an item is the scrupulous care of the refrigerator or ice-chest, yet how many of us take the trouble to see that this important work is rightly accomplished? It is monotonous reading to be told that this receptacle should be cleansed thoroughly twice a week and wiped out daily. The waste-pipe leading from the ice-chamber too often proves a medium for the

“solid food” culture of germs, as the constant dripping of melted ice will, unless unusual care is bestowed upon it, form a gelatinous coat on which the germs of fermentation thrive. A strong alkali, such as potash—commercially known as lye—or chloride of lime should be poured down this pipe at least twice a week.

Sinks, washstands, and toilets should likewise receive careful attention, and disinfectants should be generously used.

Regarding receptacles for garbage, these, of course, should be kept covered, and as far removed from the dwelling as possible. They also should be scalded at least twice a week with a strong solution of lye.

Cellar walls should receive their semi-annual coat of whitewash in the spring and fall of the year. Lime, aside from being an excellent disinfectant, will keep the cellar free from dampness. On clear days a circulation of air should be permitted. Cleanliness, pure air, and sunshine are within the reach of all, and constitute a strong ally to sanitary living.

As an aid to sanitary housekeeping, the necessity for screening all windows and doors, for the exclusion of flies, mosquitoes and similar insects, will be found to be of the utmost importance. Some unpleasant facts taken from the

report of the United States Army Medical Commission, relative to its investigation into the causes of typhoid fever in the military camps during the Spanish-American war, will suffice to prove the efficacy of so doing.

This report states that flies were undoubtedly the most active agents in the spread of the fever. They alternately visited the infected places and the mess tents and carried disease germs from the hospital to the food. This was definitely proved, by the fact that where lime had been sprinkled as a disinfectant the flies which had walked in it and whose feet were still covered with the lime were found walking over the food. Where tents were screened typhoid was much less frequent than among the messes where no such precautions were taken.

These are not pleasing facts on which to dwell, but the truth is generally more or less brutal.

The same disease-producing potentiality is equally true of the mosquito. Only from the bite of the mosquito can yellow fever and malaria be disseminated; in no other way.

In every household should be set aside a small room (if this be impossible, then a large closet) for the purpose of disinfecting all street clothing. There are many disinfectants on the

market, inexpensive and effective, that will not harm the most delicate fabric or coloring. A formaldehyde generator will be found entirely satisfactory for this purpose, and well worth the trouble and expense.

This exigency is doubly imperative regarding the clothing of housemaids. The places they visit are naturally unknown to the mistress of the house and beyond her jurisdiction, and much contagion conveyed on their clothing has entered our homes by this means.

The question of backstair infection and contagion is a far-reaching one, and only by this means can immunity from infection and contagion be assured. No less an authority than Dr. William Osler, of John Hopkins University, has recently declared that none of the efforts at the present time being made by states or municipalities to prevent the spread of tuberculosis can in any way compare with the importance of a proper understanding on the part of the public of the means by which this disease is conveyed and the introduction of preventive measures in the individual home.

If more thoughtfulness and care were given to the furnishing of our homes, and sanitary vigilance bestowed intelligently upon the matter, house-cleaning in the sense of the word to-day would become a lost art, and the diseases professionally known as “preventive diseases” would be a subject for the consideration of the historian alone.

Throw Away Your Drugs

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt Will Make You Strong and Well



That's what a man does with his bottle of medicine as soon as he begins to feel the effects of my Belt—turn it down the sink spout.

If you want a stimulant, take whiskey. If you want permanent health, strength and vigor, fill your nerves with electricity. Don't drug. Drugs are stimulants, narcotics, antidotes and poisons, and you know these things don't cure.

Take an inventory of yourself. Seek the truth. Don't further wreck your nervous system and befuddle your brain with DRUGS, stimulants, but use that great wondrous power, Electricity, as I apply it with my Electric belt. No sensible man now uses drugs to build up his strength or to cure his aches and pains. Drugs are unnatural, and what is unnatural must necessarily be harmful.

The most eminent physicians and scientists of the world now agree with me that electricity is the basis of human vitality, and that we cannot feel well and strong unless we have a normal supply of it in our bodies. Electricity is the life of the nerves and of the various organs, and there is no way in which it can be applied that is so effective as with my Belt. Applied while you sleep, it directs a soothing, invigorating current, a glowing warmth through all the organs of the body.

If You Have Rheumatism, Nervousness, Backache, Kidney, Liver and Stomach Troubles, or if You Have a Pain or an Ache, Etc.

My Electric Belt Will Cure You

It has made thousands of ailing men and women strong and healthy. It will do the same for you.

MR. W. ROBINSON, No. 443 Boyd Ave., Winnipeg, Man., says: “I feel quite a new man. My nervousness is completely gone. From the first night I wore your Belt I felt the change, for which I thank you. No more medicine for me, I have done with them. If I had known more about your Belt before I would have been a happy man.

Dear Sir,—Your Belt is a wonder. My bleeding piles are all gone, the catarrh of the nose and throat have disappeared, and in fact, I am in good health. I worked hard all last summer, and my neighbors all say: “The Belt you got was the best investment you ever made.” I hope you may keep right on helping suffering humanity. It has relieved my indigestion, that always bothered me so very much. I will always recommend your Belt to anybody with indigestion, for I used to suffer untold agonies. I will say that that life preserver you sent me was a godsend to me and when I was dying it brought me back to life again when many gave me only a month to live, and your Belt is still keeping me living.—G. S. HARRIS, Langenburg, Sask.

My Belt, with special Electrical attachment, will restore your vigor. It will check all loss of vitality and strengthen every organ of the body. It cures Nervous Debility, Varicocele, Rheumatism, Lamé Back, Lumbago, Sciatica, any case of Kidney Disease that has not gone as far as Bright's Disease, Stomach Trouble, Constipation. If you haven't confidence in electricity, let me treat you at my risk. I will give you the Belt on trial, without one cent of risk to yourself. All I ask is that you give me security for the Belt while you wear it and you can

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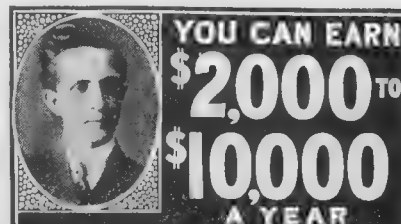
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When writing advertisers please mention
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Temperance Talk.

"What the Insurance Companies Say."

The Equitable Life Insurance Company has published a statement to the effect that the death rate among moderate consumers of liquor is twenty-three per cent. higher than among total abstainers; indeed, some of the companies on both sides of the water put abstainers in a separate class among their policy holders, making them a special allowance of five per cent. or more on premiums. Hobart Amory Hare, M.D., in his work on "Practical Therapeutics" says: "Notwithstanding the almost universal use of alcohol as a stimulant by the laity and the medical profession, it cannot be denied that evidence of scientific character and weight is constantly being brought forward which shows that its dominant action is depressant upon all parts of the body. It is claimed that under its influence the total amount of work accomplished in a given space of time is less than when it is not taken, and that the quickening of the pulse under its influence is more apparent than real."

It is no wonder, therefore, that the man who drinks intoxicants in any form or in any quantity, is an object of suspicion and is cheapened in the business world. A peculiar circumstance is noted in all these cases, and that is that the victim himself is usually the last person to realize the danger of his position. How many men delude themselves with the notion that they only drink for sociability, to make friends, to ward off cold, or to keep cool, etc., etc. It has become a standing joke that even the excessive drinkers, those who are miserable when unable to get a drink, will insist on their ability to "quit" and insist that they can "drink or let it alone" as they choose.

"Are You a Moderate Drinker?"

"If you are a 'moderate drinker,' and want to test your own case, try to stop for a period of thirty days and if you are able to do this, never begin again. If, on the other hand, you find it impossible to stop drinking, or even inconvenient from a physical standpoint, you need help prompt, efficient and skilful. There is no slavery so abject, so demoralizing, so complete or which involves so many humiliations as the slavery which is due to the use of alcohol.

What Do You Drink?

The man or woman who can truthfully answer the above question by totally denying the use of alcoholic beverages is very fortunate, because the use of these things even in moderation is without benefit in any case, and in most cases is extremely dangerous.

Business men at the present day are more keenly alive to the dangers which lurk in such indulgence than ever before; in fact it is only recently that they seem to have paid much attention to the question. If an employee or associate was at his accustomed place of business and did his work, it was not considered material or even proper to inquire what were his habits or who were his associates after business hours; it is not so at the present time.

Employers and business men generally have learned many things in the last few years and do not now look with toleration even upon the moderate drinker, to say nothing about the drunkard. They have found for instance that sometimes the moderate drinker is in a very shaky condition, that he seems weak and depressed, that he is irritable, that he consumes excessive quantities of water and does not give to his work that keen concentration of thought which is desirable.

The same with business associates, though the latter may have better facilities for concealment. Business men have been putting "two and two" together and observation and experience have convinced them that.

First—Drinking even in so-called moderation does not, other things being equal, enable a man to do as much or as good work as is done by the total abstainer.

Second—The moderate drinker as time goes on drinks more rather than less.

Third—The time comes when the moderate drinker depends upon a stimulant and in uncomfortable, nervous and irritable without it.

Fourth—He finds that such a man is unable to put forth his full mental and physical powers and gradually becomes a machine at best, and not dependable one at that.

Fifth—A moderate drinker is liable at any time to become a drunkard, and business men cannot afford to take this chance.

Status of Drunkards.

Society naturally, or necessarily, looks at the drunkard from different standpoints. From the scientific standpoint society regards the drunkard as a diseased and poisoned lunatic, and so he is. The larger number of crimes are the



Gosh 'I did get 'im.

work of men who are under the influence of liquor. The drunkard becomes a social outcast in proportion as the sentiment against drinking is developed in the public mind. The inebriate is held to be morally responsible because he voluntarily takes the poison. But in this view of the case, society at large is responsible for all the crimes that the drunkard commits, and for the disease of inebriety. Society at large is responsible for all preventable diseases, including inebriety.

The millennium will not reach this world until humanity is emancipated from poisons. It makes no difference whether the poison is that of a disease microbe, or if it is a drug which people consider and use as a remedy. We want no poisons of any kind. If the disease poisons are banished, the antidotes, which are equally poisons, will fall themselves. I believe in prevention rather than cure if it can be had.

But great reforms come slowly. When typhoid, consumption, malaria, sewer gas and kindred diseases and poisons are banished from the world, the average duration of human life will be lengthened twenty-five years, and preventable diseases, including inebriety, will be unknown.

Alcohol a Poison.

"The point in regard to alcohol is simple enough. It is a poison, and it is

Answer This Question

When thousands of women say that they have been cured of their ailments by a certain remedy, does this not prove the merit of that remedy?

Thousands of women have written the story of their suffering, and have told how they were freed from it by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—for thirty years these reports have been published all over America.

Without great merit this medicine could never have gained the largest sale of any remedy for woman's ills—never could have become known and prized in nearly every country in the world.

Can any woman let prejudice stand between her and that which will restore her health? If you believe those who have tried it you know this medicine *does* cure.

Read this letter from a grateful woman, then make up your mind to give Mrs. Pinkham's medicine a chance to cure you.

Canifton, Ont.—"I had been a great sufferer for five years. One doctor told me it was ulcers of the uterus, and another told me it was a fibroid tumor. No one knows what I suffered. I would always be worse at certain periods, and never was regular, and the bearing-down pains were terrible. I was very ill in bed, and the doctor told me I would have to have an operation, and that I might die during the operation. I wrote to my sister about it and she advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Through personal experience I have found it the best medicine in the world for female troubles, for it has cured me, and I did not have to have the operation after all. The Compound also helped me while passing through Change of Life."—Mrs. Letitia Blair, Canifton, Ontario.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



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This lovely big Sleeping Doll has a fashionable dress, trimmed with lace and ribbons, with stylish hat to match, underwear, stockings and dainty slippers; a sweet little smiling face, with ruby lips, pearly teeth, rosy cheeks and bright, laughing eyes, surrounded by silken curls. She is fully jointed, will sit on a chair, or lie down and go to sleep like a real baby. You will say she is the very dearest dolly you have ever seen. You get her, without the carriage, for selling \$3.00 worth of the Loveliest Xmas Postcards ever seen. 72 kinds; all new designs; every one a gem; delicately colored and richly embossed. Such pretty cards would easily sell at 5c each. At our price, 3 for 5c, they go like wildfire. Hand them out and take the money—that's about all you have to do.

This pretty wicker carriage is just the thing to put Dolly to sleep in, or to take her out for a walk. The nicest little carriage you ever saw, with the new idea, one-piece body and hood, as shown in the picture. The wheels are nicely finished, well made and strong. You get it without the doll for selling \$4.00 worth. Sell \$1.50 worth extra and we pay the express charges on either the Doll or the Carriage, or the two together. THE GOLD MEDAL PREMIUM CO., DEPT. 13 M. TORONTO.



a poison which, like other poisons, has certain uses; but the limitations in the use of alcohol should be as strict as the limitations in the use of any other kind of poison. Moreover, it is an insidious poison in that it produces effects which seem to have only one antidote—alcohol again. This applies to another drug equally insidious, and that is morphia or opium. Unfortunately, the term poison is by no means an exaggerated one, when it is realized that with alcohol, as drunk by many of the poor classes, there is apt to be mixed a very definite poison in the form of fusel oil. There is no disguising the fact that alcohol is of late years less used by the medical profession. * * * Some people say: 'Alcohol is a most excellent appetizer. There can be no possible harm in a little before a meal.' What are the facts? First, of all, no appetite needs to be artificially stimulated. There is no need, supposing this property of alcohol to be true, to use anything that will excite an appetite."

Sir Frederick Treves continued: "It is said that alcohol is strengthening and that it gives great working power. We hear a great deal of this in this advo-

cacy of British beef and beer. That sounds very well, but let us view the facts. Alcohol modifies certain constituents of the blood, and on this account and no other it affects prejudicially the nourishment of the body.

—Sir Fred. Treves.

The Quality of Food.

"The luxurious indulgence of the rich in these days is shown not so much in the quantity of food of which they partake as in its quality and the cost of its production and preparation.

"The chef is puzzled to devise dishes that are sufficiently expensive to meet the requirements of his patrons, and diners are served on a scale of extravagance against which unsophisticated nature revolts.

"The dietetic principles underlying those dinners are sound, their component parts are carefully selected, and the sequence of these is strictly scientific, and so long as they are only occasionally indulged in no medical objection can be taken to them, in whatever light they

may present themselves to the eye of the economist.

"The sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done,' and the long series of dainties paraded at such dinners does tempt to eating beyond the immediate needs of the body. But an occasional and moderate excess of food is believed to be not only harmless but beneficial.

"If we want to grow well-developed men and women we must feed them not scantily but liberally in the days of their youth.

"Childhood is the larval stage in human beings. Economy in nutrition, according to Chittenden, would, I believe, be practised with the gravest risks in children and adolescents.

"And it is to be hoped that the medical inspection of schoolchildren, now happily instituted in this country, will lead to the diffusion of sound knowledge as to what children should eat, drink, and avoid.

"A lady who is a confirmed invalid assured me lately that her debility dates from partial starvation in a fashionable boardinghouse in a capital city, kept by a lady of high standing. 'There were fifteen of us boarders,' she said. 'We

paid one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and we never had enough to eat. We rose at seven a.m. and had breakfast at eight-thirty, consisting of weak tea and a thick bit of bread with a thin smear of butter. Butterine was substituted for butter until complaints were made, and then we had salt butter. Once a month a boiled egg was given at breakfast. Dinner, which came at one o'clock, consisted of two courses, soup and meat or meat and pudding, vegetables being always served with the meat. But the meat was always doled out in very small portions, and although second helpings were nominally allowed they were regarded with disapprobation and scarcely worth asking for. Sausage was sometimes supplied in place of meat, and then each girl had a single sausage.'

"There is much to learn," Sir James Crichton-Browne adds, "in the way of economy in food among the poor, but it is economy in the selection and preparation, and not in the lopping off of proteid. We should aim not at parcimony in nutrition, but try to 'scatter plenty o'er a smiling land.'"

It will be observed that Sir James is somewhat pedantic in his spelling of "parsimony."

Alcohol as a Food and as a Medicine.

Sir Andrew Clark, M.D., a physician to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, may be quoted as follows: "Alcohol is a poison. So is strychnine; so is arsenic; so is opium. It ranks with these. The health is always in some way or other injured by it; benefited by it—never."

N. S. Davis, M.D., says: "No form of alcoholic drink is capable of either warming, strengthening, nourishing or sustaining the life of any human being."

Professor Youmans says: "All alcohol is the product of death and decay."

Sir William Gull, M.D., says: "I hardly know any more potent cause of disease than alcohol."

R. D. Mussey, M.D., says: "So long as alcohol retains a place among sick patients, so long will there be drinkers."

Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., says: "I had learned purely by experimental observation that in its action on the living body this chemical substance, alcohol, deranges the constitution of the blood; unduly excites the heart and respiration; paralyzes the minute blood vessels; increases and decreases, according to the degrees of its application, the functions of the digestive organs, of the liver and of the kidneys; disturbs the regularity of nervous action, lowers the normal temperature and lessens the muscular power. Such, independently of any prejudice or party, or influence of sentiment, are the unanswerable teachings of the sternest of all evidences, the evidence of experiment, of natural fact revealed to man by experimental testing of natural phenomena. Alcohol begins by destroying; it ends by destruction, and it implants organic changes which progress independently of its presence, even in those who are not born."

James Howie, M.D., says: "It is quite impossible to believe that alcohol adds the smallest amount of energy to any man, either healthy or diseased."

J. J. Ridge, M.D., says: "The influence of alcohol is never to stimulate life-growth, but always to hinder and depress it."

Edward Smith, M.D., says: "Alcohol can not be regarded as food. Alcohol neither warms nor sustains the body."

F. R. Lees, M.D., says: "It is false that alcohol promotes digestion."

Dr. John H. Griscomb says: "I have come to the conclusion that alcohol as a medicine can be wholly dispensed with."

Dr. R. D. Mussey says: "I deny that alcoholic spirits is essential to the practice either of physics or surgery."

Dr. Willard Parker says: "When people understand what alcohol is and what it does, they will put it out of existence."

Sir Henry Thompson, M.D., says: "I find alcohol to be an agent that gives no strength."

A good thing for cleaning brass or copper is sweet oil and putty powder. Afterward wash in hot water and soap, then polish.

COLONIAL ART CO., TORONTO

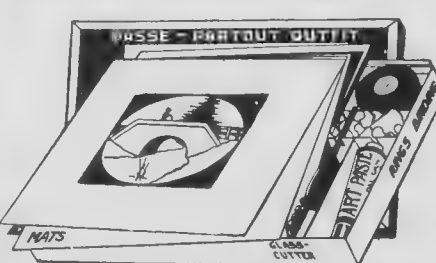
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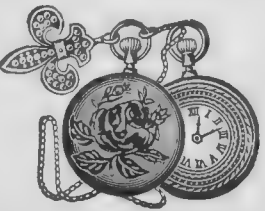
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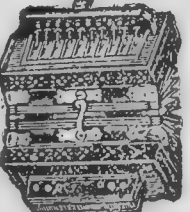
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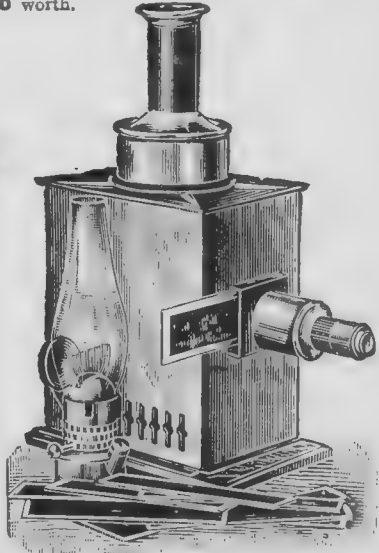
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Genuine Imported Stereopticon and 50 views. Has powerful magnifying lens and reflecting lamp. Just the thing for evening entertainments. Given for selling only \$3.60 worth.



Beautifully dressed fine French Doll. She is nearly 1 1/2 feet tall, has natural curly hair and pretty eyes, which close when she goes to sleep. Given for selling only \$2.40 worth.

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Instant Relief, Permanent Cure—Trial Package Mailed Free to All in Plain Wrapper.

Many cases have been cured by a trial package of Pyramid Pile Cure without further treatment. When it proves its value to you, get more from your druggist at 50 cents a box, and be sure you get what you ask for. Simply fill out free coupon below and mail today. Save yourself from the surgeon's knife and its torture, the doctor and his bills.

FREE PACKAGE COUPON

PYRAMID DRUG COMPANY, 268 Pyramid Bldg., Marshall, Mich. Kindly send me a sample of Pyramid Pile Cure, at once by mail, FREE, in plain wrapper.

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LEARN SCIENTIFIC FARMING METHODS

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Our course of instruction brings Agricultural College training to your home. You can study at home under careful personal supervision by mail and in a single winter's spare time you can learn a great deal about scientific farming methods.

These methods will enable you to make a big increase in your yield.

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Correspondence School of Scientific Farming of Western Canada, Ltd.

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Given you at your own home. We teach you Bookkeeping and Business Practice, Arithmetic, Penmanship, Commercial Law and Business Correspondence; also Shorthand and Typewriting. This course fits you fully for an office position and gives a training which every person should have.

Write for information to-day.

Address as below to

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CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE LIMITED

\$5 Cloth Skirt \$2.95



Send to-day for this skirt. It's a \$5 Vicuna cloth skirt. Vicuna is a cloth much resembling all wool broadcloth. It comes in Black, Navy, Dark Green, Dark Brown and Dark Red. Give waist and hip measure also length desired. It's the new style made with an over skirt effect, pleated flounce trimmed with 12 satin buttons and 6 satin ribbon bands across front gone just as pictured. We want you to have one of these skirts. Guaranteed to fit perfectly and give satisfaction in every way. Same style in all wool Panama all shades, \$3.50 reduce to \$6. Order one of these wonderful skirt bargains at once. Order skirt No. 7, add 35 cents for postage. Standard Garment Co., London, Ontario.

The Little Ones.

A Curiosity.

By Helen Leah Reed.

I knew a little boy, not very long ago, Who was as bright and happy as any bby you know.

He had only one fault, and you will all agree

That from a fault like this a boy himself might free.

"I wonder who is there, oh, see! now, why is this?"

And "Oh, where are they going?" and "Tell me what it is?"

Ah! "which" and "why" and "who" and "what" and "where" and "when,"

We often wished that never need we hear those words again.

He seldom stopped to think; he almost always knew

The answers to the questions that around the world he threw.

To children seeking knowledge a quick reply we give,

But answering what he asked was pouring water through a sieve.

Yet you'll admit his fate was as sad as it was strange.

Our eyes we hardly trusted, who slowly saw him change.

More curious grew his head, stemlike his limbs, and hark!

He was at last a mere interrogation-mark!



"Caught"

The Story of a Dandelion.

A dandelion grew in the garden plat In the shade of an old stone wall; Her slender leaves made an emerald mat, Where the stem grew straight and tall.

She sent down word through her stem and mat.

To the storehouse under her feet, That she needed at once a bright new hat,

With trimmings and all complete.

It was fine as silk and yellow as gold, Like a star that had fallen down,

With brightest trimmings, fold on fold, The gayest hat in town.

And next she wanted a summer hat, Adorned with small white plumes;

So they sent her one, in place of that They had sent with yellow blooms.

A Spelling Lesson.

It was at a private day-school for little girls that mother had told the teacher that Grace could spell all such words as "cat" and "dog" and "rat."

Soon after the mother had gone the spelling class was called out.

"Phoebe," said the teacher, "you may

spell 'pig,' and then tell us what kind of noise little pigs make."

"P-i-g, pig," spelled Phoebe, correctly; "and this is the noise they make, 'que, que, que, que.'"

"That is excellent," said the teacher. "Now, Rosalin, you may spell 'dog,' and tell me what kind of a noise he makes."

"D-o-g, dog," replied Rosalin, "and our doggie says, 'I boo-woo-woo,' and sometimes he growls real ugly when the cat comes around."

"Very good, indeed," the teacher said. "Sallie, you may spell 'cat,' and tell what noise she makes."

"C-a-t, cat," responded Sallie. "She sometimes says 'mew'; sometimes she purrs, and when the dog bothers her, she hisses at him."

"Splendid!" exclaimed the teacher. "Now, Grace, you spell 'love.'"

"Oh!" laughed Grace, "I can spell 'love.' Then she ran up to the teacher, threw her arms around her neck, and gave her a sweet kiss. "That is the way I spell 'love' at home," said Grace soberly.

"That is a beautiful way to spell love. Do you know any other?" asked the teacher.

"Why, yes, ma'am," answered Grace, looking around. "I spell 'love' this way too." Then she picked a raveling from the teacher's dress, brushed a fleck of dust from her sleeve, and put in order the topsy-turvy books on the platform desk. "I spell 'love' by working for mamma when she needs me," she said.

The teacher took the little girl on her lap, and said, "Grace, that is the very best way of all to spell 'love.' But who can spell 'love' the way the book has it?"

"Why, I can!" exclaimed Grace. "L-o-v-e, love."

The teacher hugged her, called her a dear little girl, and then dismissed the class.

Thirsty Squirrel and Man.

It is not often that a squirrel and a man drink from the same fountain at the same time; but the other day, on Boston Common, as a plainly dressed working man, carrying a bag of tools, was quenching his thirst at one of the drinking fountains, a grey squirrel came out of the grass, leaped across the gravel walk, picked his way carefully over the iron grating, and began eagerly to lap up the little water that had dripped upon the base of the fountain.

Quite a crowd of people were attracted by the strange comradeship, and stopped on their way home across the Common to watch the performance. "Poor chap," said the man, "he is nearly famished for water. Why don't they have fountains for squirrels?"

Then, seeing that water was scarce down where the squirrel was, the man filled the cup and poured it out on the base of the fountain. At first Mr. Squirrel did not like it; it splashed on his fur and frightened him, and he was about to run away. But the man quickly saw the trouble, and poured the water more carefully. One, two, three, four cups he caught, and so slowly poured out that not a drop could splash on the coat of his furry brother. The squirrel's fears were quieted, and he drew nearer, and drank his fill, while the tired, hungry working man stood patiently and waited on him until he was finished, and scores of people watched this object lesson in kindness to helpless animals that must have made the angels in heaven smile down and bless that man in the blue jeans.

Playing Policeman.

The children weren't being good one snowy morning, and it made mamma's head ache so hard she wondered how she could get through the forenoon. They were noisy, and they were so careless about tracking up the floor when they came in from outdoors; and as for caps and hats and mittens, the "lower shelf," as Aunt Mattie called the floor, seemed

Newest Creations In Hair Goods

THROUGH our Mail Order Department, the out-of-town lady has the same advantages of securing the newest ideas in Hair Goods as Winnipeg women. If your locks are thin or scanty, we will tell you exactly what you should have to improve your appearance. And the wonderful effects derived from our Pompadours, Waves, Curls, Bangs or Switches is a pleasing surprise. If your hair is thin, write to-day for our illustrated catalogue.

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Send Us \$2.50



Receive this child's late style dress, the material is all wool serge, Navy, good weight and fine for a warm fall and winter dress. The price is low because we secure the cloth in remnants from our Ladies' Suit Factory otherwise the price would be near double what we ask. The dress is made with a wide belt below waist from which spring a full pleated skirt. When ordering give age and if over 10 give bust, waist, and neck measure also sleeve measure of under arm seam also length down back from neck to desired length. \$2.50 is the price up to and including 8 years, over 8 and to 12 years the price is \$2.95. Order this dress to-day. You will be well pleased with it. Guaranteed to be just as represented. Add 20c. for postage.

Standard Garment Co. 10 Coote Block, London, Ont.

WATCH AND FOB



GIVEN FOR SELLING

XMAS POSTCARDS, 3 FOR 5c

Man's Reliable Stem Wind and Set Nickel Watch, with Beautiful Bronze Maple Leaf Fob, both exactly like the picture, for selling \$3.00 worth of the Lovell's Xmas Postcards ever seen. 72 kinds; all new designs; every one a gem; delicately colored and richly embossed. Such pretty cards would easily sell at 5c each. At our price, 3 for 5c, they go like wildfire. Hand them out and take the money—that's about all you have to do. Order to-day, sell them, return our money and we send the watch and fob, postpaid. THE GOLD MEDAL PREMIUM CO., DEPT. 12 M. TORONTO.

Wanted Energetic Farmer

or other good man to represent us in every township. Exclusive territory given to the right party to handle our combination Lifting Jack and Wire Fence Stretcher. It has a dozen different uses and is so useful, convenient and labor saving that every one wants one. Farmers praise it at first sight. Thousands being sold. Agents make from \$5.00 to \$10.00 per day. Write before your territory is taken. No experience needed. Full particulars given. Investigate. Ask for booklet F. and full particulars. Send post card now. Handy Jack Mfg. Co., Sarnia, Ont.

WAS UP AGAINST A HARD COMBINATION

But Dodd's Kidney Pills
Vanquished Them All.

Sundridge man suffering from Gravel, Diabetes and Dropsy finds an easy and complete cure.

Sundridge, Ont.—(Special).—Gravel, Diabetes and Dropsy are a terrible combination for one man to have. It means that his life is in the gravest danger, unless, like George Vanhooser, a well-known resident of this place, he finds the simple and natural cure. Here is the story Mr. Vanhooser tells, and all his neighbors know every word of it is true:

"I had pains in my back and across the loins. My stomach would swell, I was constipated and I had sharp cutting pains in my bladder, which made me sure that I was suffering from the terrible Gravel. The doctor attended me, but I kept getting worse every day.

"Others had told me of the great good Dodd's Kidney Pills had done them and I determined to try them. Six boxes made a new man of me."

Gravel, Dropsy and Diabetes are all either Kidney Diseases, or are caused by diseased Kidneys. The easy and natural way to cure them is to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They never fail to cure any form of Kidney Disease.

STEAM ENGINE FREE



steel firebox with spirit burner, fly wheel with speed regulator on metal pedestal, entire engine on wood base. Given absolutely free for selling \$1.00 worth of our Dainty Xmas and New Year Booklets. These are beautifully colored and embossed with appropriate greetings, each booklet enclosed in separate envelope and are usually sold as high as 10c. each in the stores. At our price, 3 for 10c., you will have no difficulty in selling them. Write to-day and we will send you the booklets. Sell them, return the money and we will send machine same day—**The Household Credit Co., Dept. T., Winnipeg Canada.**



Send us 75c.

Receive this winter suit, consisting of a long winter cloak and skirt. The material is all wool frieze. The colors are Navy and Black. The coat is cut semi-fitting, with double-breasted front. The cloak comes well below the knees. The skirt is cut 7 gore made with welled seams. This suit is gotten up especially for Western winter weather. It is a two in one suit. A cloak and a skirt to form a suit. Order to-day. Order suit No. 55.

Send us \$9.50

Standard Garment Co.,
10 Coote Block, London,
Canada.



When Purchasing from Western Home Monthly Advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

never quarrel at this rate," cried the first Fox, jumping up and licking his brother's face. "You old simpleton!" Don't you know it takes two to make a quarrel?"

So they tried again. "I own this forest, the whole of it," said the first Fox.

"You do!" exclaimed the other Fox; "Well, then how do I happen to be here? Of course I'll get out," he added very politely.

"No, indeed you won't," said the first Fox, "for you are my brother, and we share equally; what is yours is mine, and what is mine is yours."

So they gave the quarrel up as a bad job, and never tried to play at the silly game again.

Charlie's White Rabbit.

Charlie West went out one summer morning to feed his rabbits as usual, when he found, to his grief, that his beautiful white bunny was missing. At first he thought some one must have stolen his treasure, and then he remembered that the fastening was not very strong; so he made up his mind to search for her in the garden. He looked here and there, but nowhere could he find her. Then he walked to the gardener's cottage, to ask if anyone there had seen



His Majesty the Boy

Pink-eye, for this was the name of his pet.

The door was open, and he could here voices speaking.

"Jim," a woman was saying, "she isn't yours, my dear, so you mustn't keep her."

"But I found her in the garden, mother," answered a weak little voice, "and I do want her so badly."

At this moment Charlie West came up to the door, and he saw a sight which made his heart beat very quickly. For safe in the keeping of this little cripple Jim was Pink-eye, his missing rabbit. After a few seconds Charlie made up his mind to part with his pet.

"You may have her to keep if you like," he said, gently, "she is one of my rabbits."

Jim's look of happiness was good to see, and Charlie felt well rewarded for his kind act.

The Fairies' Trolley Cars.

It had been raining a long time, and Gladys was tired of playing indoors. She pressed her little face close to the window, and looked longingly out. The little circlelets in the miniature pond in front of the house were dancing about merrily, and they were apparently having the jolliest time in the world. But this did not add anything to the child's joy.

Great silver drops were clinging to the branches of the rosebush in the yard, but Gladys did not see any beauty in them; they had been there a long time, and she had seen them a great many

times before. She turned away from the window at last with a long-drawn sigh.

"I guess you didn't see the fairies' trolley cars, did you?" asked Auntie Meg, who had taken note of the sigh and the discouraged little countenance.

"No, Auntie; where are they?" and she turned to the window again.

"Just see if you can find them," said Aunt Meg.

Up and down she looked. The grass, the trees, every visible part of Mr. Morton's house across the way, and of Mr. Little's, which stood next to it, the muddy streets, and even the dull gray clouds in the sky, were gazed upon and intently. At last she gave it up.

"I've looked just everywhere, and I can't find them. Are they really and truly fairies' trolley cars out there?"

"They look as if they might be," said Aunt Meg, "but I'm not sure that there are fairies inside. I can only see the outside of the cars, you know."

"Are they going, or is it only a make-believe?"

"They are going," said Aunt Meg.

Once more Gladys searched for them, but with no better success than before.

"It's not every little girl that can see the fairies' trolley cars," said Aunt Meg, "for before the cars can run, you know, there must be a track. There happens to be a track going past the house."

"O, I see," cried Gladys. "It's the telephone wire! And I can see the little drops of water sliding along down the hill on the wire."

Aunt Meg smiled.

"They do look like cars, only they're all going one way. It's a good thing that the fairies, like other people, can have trolley cars on rainy days. They don't need them on sunny days, do they?"

"No," said Aunt Meg.

Who Loves the Trees Best?

Who loves the trees best?

"I," said the Spring.

"Their leaves so beautiful

To them I bring."

Who loves the trees best?

"I," Summer said,

"I give them blossoms,

White, yellow, red."

Who loves the trees best?

"I," said the Fall.

"I give luscious fruits,

Bright tints to all."

Who loves the trees best?

"I love them best."

Harsh Winter answered,

"I give them rest."

Extract from the Daily Mail, London, Eng., Sept. 20th, 1910.

A Photographic Exhibit.

Brussell's International Exhibition.

The original stall of Messrs Wellington and Ward at Brussels constituted a small photographic exhibit in itself. On the outside, illuminated from within, were beautiful transparencies made on the Wellington Lantern and S. C. P. Lantern plates. The latter plate gives any tone from black to red by simple exposure and development, and its use does not necessitate the employment of a photographic darkroom. Any ordinary room illuminated by artificial light will serve.

These transparencies were bromide enlargements made from negatives taken on Wellington plates, and entering by the small doorway the visitor found himself in a miniature picture gallery. Fixed on the panels against an artistic background were a large number of prints designed to illustrate the high quality of the Wellington papers on which they were made and the Wellington plates on which the negatives were taken. The larger number of pictures exhibited were enlargements made on the Wellington bromide. A quite appropriate prominence was thus given to the paper which first won a name for the firm of Wellington. Fifteen years ago was made the first sheet of Wellington bromide, a paper now manufactured in twenty-six grades and known practically wherever the art of photography is practised. The success of this paper soon encouraged Messrs.

Nervous Dyspepsia

A CURE FOR ALL.

Not a Patent Cure-All, Nor a Modern Miracle, But Simply a Rational Cure For Dyspepsia.

In these days of humbuggery and deception the manufacturers of patent medicines as a rule, seem to think their medicines will not sell unless they claim that it will cure every disease under the sun. And they never think of leaving out dyspepsia and stomach troubles. They are sure to claim that their nostrum is absolutely certain to cure every dyspeptic and he need look no further.

In the face of these absurd claims it is refreshing to note that the proprietors of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have carefully refrained from making any undue claims or false representations regarding the merits of this most excellent remedy for dyspepsia and stomach troubles. They make but one claim for it and that is, that for indigestion and various stomach troubles Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is a radical cure. They go no farther than this, and any man or woman suffering from indigestion, chronic or nervous dyspepsia, who will give the remedy a trial will find that nothing is claimed for it that the facts will not fully sustain.

It is a modern discovery composed of harmless vegetable ingredients acceptable to the weakest and most delicate stomach. Its great success in curing stomach troubles is due to the fact that the medicinal properties are such that it will digest whatever wholesome food is taken into the stomach no matter whether the stomach is in good working order or not. It rests the over-worked organ and replenishes the body, the blood, the nerves, creating a healthy appetite, giving refreshing sleep and the blessings which always accompany a good digestion and proper assimilation of food.

In using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets no dieting is required. Simply eat plenty of wholesome food and take these Tablets at each meal, thus assisting and resting the stomach, which rapidly regains its proper digestive power, when the Tablets will be no longer required.

Nervous Dyspepsia is simply a condition in which some portion or portions of the nervous system are not properly nourished. Good digestion invigorates the nervous system and every organ in the body.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by all druggists at 50 cts. per package.

Private Christmas Booklets

We print your name, address and greeting in beautiful gold lettering on one dozen Christmas Booklets at from 85c. per dozen up, including booklets, you choosing your own style of greeting. All booklets are highest grade embossed and colored stock, including silk and velvet design. Write for descriptive circular.

The Western Specialty Co.

Dept. A.

Winnipeg, Canada

Send Only 10 Cents.



For this beautiful 18 inch tray cloth on Fine Art Linen, your choice of Wallachian, Eyelet, Mt. Mellick, Violet, or Holly design, and we will include **FREE OF CHARGE**, one year's subscription to "Art Needle-work" Magazine.

The tray cloth regularly sells for 25 cents, and one year's subscription to our embroidery Magazine would ordinarily cost you 20 cents, thus making a total cash value of 45 cents.

The above Bargain Offer will be sent to any address upon receipt of ten cents and the names and addresses of five Lady friends. Send us your order to-day.

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CASH for your real estate or business, no matter where located. If you desire a quick sale, send description and price.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY property, any kind, anywhere, let us know your wants.

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Ladies' Costume Skirt and Pair of Shoes—75c. Only

Our interest in you does not cease on completion of your first purchase. Simply as an inducement to you to test and prove the value of our goods, we will make every purchaser of the skirt, up to date Costume Skirt a handsome present of a pair of Ladies' Fashionable Shoes, absolutely free from any conditions whatever.



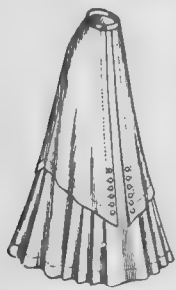
State correct size. Fit and style perfect.

This fashionable Costume Skirt, admitted to be the best value the world can produce, is made specially to each customer's own measurements. Seven gores, raised seams, cut amply full and thoroughly well made in every respect from our famous Yorkshire serges in black, navy, brown, grey or myrtle. Avail yourself of this bargain opportunity to-day. The many repeat orders and testimonials are alone proof of value here offered.

Costume Skirt and Shoes securely packed in one parcel and sent per return mail. Carriage paid 25c. extra. Total amount one dollar. Remittances to be made in money order or dollar bill only.

Dep. 137, YORKSHIRE MANUFACTURING CO.
SHIPLEY, YORKS., ENGLAND

\$6 PANAMA SKIRT \$3.50



Send to day for this skirt. It is a \$6 all wool Panama Skirt. It comes in Black, Navy, Brown and Green also Dark red. It is one of the new Fall styles. New overskirt effect Inlaid front panel, pleated flounce. Trimmed with 12 satin buttons and made generally just as pictured. Opened in back with an inverted pleat. Beautifully tailored, guaranteed to fit as perfectly as a skirt can fit. will give complete satisfaction in every way. Same style may be had in fine luster same shades as the Panama \$3 also in Heavy Vicuna cloth same shades \$3.25. Give waist and hip measure also length skirt desired. Order one of these wonderful skirt bargains to day Add 35c for postage. Order skirt D.

STANDARD GARMENT Co.
O Coote Block London, Canada.

Wellington and Ward to embark on other enterprises, and the products of the firm now include dry plates for every process, including X Ray work, gaslight papers (the well known S.C.P.), P.O.P., self-toning papers and roll-films. It is, indeed, possible for the photographer to do all his work with the Wellington specialties. Particular mention should be made of the pictures exhibited to show the qualities of the Wellington Xtra speedy plate, claimed to be the fastest plate in the world, which is made in three grades, for general use, for the press worker, and for artificial light photographer. The foreign branches of Wellington and Ward cover the whole world, and during the present year new houses have been opened in Paris, Berlin, and Calcutta to supply the demand for the Wellington goods which has been created outside the British Isles. The award obtained by the firm was the highest—Grand Prix.

Stick to the Good Old Horse Remedy

It is a wise plan for all horse owners to keep some well known tried remedy on the stable shelf.

Horse flesh is heir to a good many ailments. Many of them are trivial if treated properly. Most of them can be cured without the aid of a veterinary surgeon if only the owner has some little knowledge of horses and the remedy is at hand. There will be cuts and sprains and lameness, an occasional shoe boil or a curb or splint will develop; there will be swellings, abnormal bony growths, etc. These come unexpectedly and surely, often without any apparent cause. The sensible horse owner recognizes the fact that something is liable to happen at any time and prepares for the emergency.

The appearance of Kendall's Spavin Cure in our advertising columns so often is intended to suggest, as it should suggest, a right line of action.

Kendall's Spavin Cure is one of the best all round horse remedies that was ever compounded. The fact that it is so old a remedy is greatly in its favor. It is proof positive of its efficiency. All old time horse owners know Kendall's Spavin Cure and most of them use it. They would not have continued to use it for upwards of forty years if

it had not proven to its legion of users that it does cure the things for which it is recommended, namely, spavins, ringbones, curbs, splints, wire cuts, swellings, sprains, lameness, etc., the ailments that are always and every where common to horses.

Of course, a remedy of such universal use has a universal sale. It is a reassuring thought that it can always be had at the drug store. Readers of this, however, would do well not to wait to buy it until there is need for it. Being a standard remedy, and as nothing else seems able to take its place, it ought to be ready on the shelf at all times.

Ask your druggist for Kendall's "Treatise on the Horse," or write to Dr. B. J. Kendall, Enosburg Falls, Vt.

A Second Proposal.

(Continued from Page 18)

It was nothing short of odd. She went downstairs and found Persephone, limp and dejected, on the corner of the sofa, trying to read a lady's paper upside down.

"Oh, Persephone!" Dolly began, but Persephone hastily told her about an encounter she had with her former caddy the day before on the links, when as he passed her with Colonel Swaggs, he had called out encouragingly over his shoulder, "That ain't so bad, miss: I might 'ave done worse myself if I was an amachure."

But her gaiety was forced, and after dinner she retired early, saying she was thoroughly tired out.

Dolly softly entered her room a little later, to find her with her head buried in her pillow.

"Sephie, dear, what on earth's the matter?"

Persephone laid her head in her sister's consoling arms, and gave her pent-up resentment and misery relief from that friendly harbour.

"It's Richard then," Dolly said. "What has—?"

It all came out with a rush.

"Yesterday, when I went to the laboratory and he was preparing everything, instruments and test-tubes, and things you wouldn't understand—he—he proposed to me. Not a bit nicely, Dolly;

still he meant it, and I knew he was absorbed with the instrument, and I wasn't so—very much—hurt when he didn't even—want to kiss me. And then, suddenly, he had an idea—and began to work at once. I—just—handed him things as he asked me for them, and we worked on till it was time for me to go—and I left him—still working, though we were—p—practically—en—gaged!"

"Well, dear—and to-day?"

"Well, to-day, as soon as you left the room—he—"

"Go on—" Dolly encouraged, stroking her hair.

"He—proposed—again," said Persephone, in a tremor.

"But why?"

"I suppose he had forgotten," Persephone said gloomily rumping up her nightgown sleeves.

Dolly tried to suppress a ripple of laughter.

"How—how like him!" she exclaimed.

"Of course," Persephone went on, "I realise he is absent-minded. But there are limits. No man in love could forget that he had been—practically—accepted."

"What do you mean by 'practically'?"

"Oh, I mean—well, I didn't refuse; and I looked—" she hesitated comprehensively.

"And to-day?"

"I refused, of course," Persephone said decisively.

"My dear, was that quite sensible?"

"To forget you have proposed to a woman amounts to an insult," Persephone asserted, disengaging herself and stiffening.

"But Richard is so different. The radium tests! He may even have thought out loud the—well—the first time."

"He used the same words," Persephone continued bitterly.

Dolly longed to ask what they were, but refrained.

"Another proof," she murmured.

Silence fell between the sisters.

"Look here," Dolly began, "will you see him once more, Sephie, and give him a chance of apologising or explaining."

"No," Persephone said, with temper. "I won't."

That closed the matter as far as she was concerned, and Dolly went away puzzled.

"I say," John remarked later on. "Something's up with Richard."

"What?" his wife asked.

"I went in to-night to hear about the success of this new experiment, and the housemaid said she daren't go in: that the professor had gone mad—that he'd smashed all the china, and—"

"Oh, John, how dreadful. Did you go in?"

"Of course, and in spite of a lot of exaggeration, he's in a funny sort of state. He had smashed up his most important instrument with a hammer, as far as I could see, and he was sitting down with his face between his hands."

"What did he say?"

"It was some time before I could get him to speak sense. Then he started raving about himself—calling himself every name under the sun—Mouse, do you know what I think is the matter with him?"

"What?" she queried with a suspicion of a smile.

"That Persephone has refused him. Poor chap, he's never been in love before. It's always more violent in a case like that."

"Poor Richard!" Dolly echoed. Then she told her husband Persephone's version.

"Great Scott!" her husband ejaculated. "I knew he was pretty absent-minded, but I didn't know it was as bad as that. Upon my soul, I don't wonder at Persephone. Still, she may have been mistaken."

"I am afraid not. He probably had been rehearsing what he had to say, said it, forgot he'd actually said it after the excitement of the experiment, and then said it again."

"Great Scott!" he repeated, unable to find words.



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brain. She woke her husband and imparted it to him.

"You see, you only have to exaggerate as much as his housemaid," she concluded as she kissed him. He chuckled, and promised to support her.

He came down a little earlier than usual to breakfast, and his usually aggressively cheerful countenance was drawn into a semblance of deep depression.

"Why, what's the matter, John?" Persephone exclaimed.

"You may as well know at once," he said, as he sat down heavily, and apparently overcome. "I've had no better news of Richard this morning, I must send for Blaithe. I'll drive over myself to Rudgwick for him."

wife corrected approvingly. "Nearly, you told me."

"Quite so. Nearly smashed the windows. We had to hold him."

"And the funny thing is, Persephone," went on Dolly, "that John says he keeps on calling out your name, 'Persephone! Persephone!'"

"Yes, like this, 'PERSEPHONE!'" corroborated John.

"Don't shout, darling," objected his wife.

"Well, do it yourself then," he retorted sulkily, attacking the kidneys.

Persephone turned on him with contempt.

"If I had a cousin who was dangerously ill," she said choking, "I should go for the doctor before I had a second helping

asked, pathetically watching the progress of the kidneys.

"The housemaid and I left him in the laboratory last night. He seemed a little quieter."

"He may have quieted again by now," his wife suggested hopefully. "Why don't you go round and see before you drive into Rudgwick?"

"Yes; why not?" Persephone seconded earnestly. "If you are afraid, John, I will come with you. I'm not a bit afraid of people—who—are—temporarily insane. I'm not, really."

"But it might be dangerous," John objected, darkly.

"I—I don't care, John. Do let me come."

"Don't you think, dear, that as he keeps calling Persephone it might soothe him to see her?" Dolly asked.

"It might," John said. "Yet, I don't know. It might excite him. Now if I were like that—" he paused.

"Well," uttered Persephone with scorn.

"It certainly would make me worse."

* * * * *

Half an hour afterwards John and Persephone knocked at the professor's door. The same housemaid, an unconscious ally, opened it.

"How's your master this morning?" John asked.

"He's not eaten much breakfast, sir," said the maid with importance. "But, please, sir, he ain't broken nothing else."

"Did he eat any dinner last night?"

"No, sir, not a bite!"

"H'm—" John muttered. "That's rather serious. Otherwise you say he is quieter?"

"Pluffickly quiet, sir, same as usual. Only he ain't bin near the laboratory at all, a thing he've never done all the time I've been in service here, sir, which is five year next month, sir. Oh, sir, you don't think he's goin' queer, do you, sir? He used to live and eat so reglar up to now!"

Persephone stepped forward with authority.

"Where is he now?"

"In the breakfast-room, miss, writing," Persephone left them both, and pushing the door open, closed it behind her. The professor sat with his back to her, writing a letter. At the sound, he looked up and whitened.

"Persephone!"

"Richard!—I have come—to revoke!" He stepped to her and took her in his arms.

"Richard," she said, between tears and laughter, "they told me you had gone mad."

"I felt mad last night," he answered, lifting his head. "I smashed up the instrument. It seemed symbolical of the life I had wasted, and of me."

"They told me you—were—did madder things," she said uneasily, though the glimmer of a smile entered her eyes.

"My housemaid exaggerates," the professor replied impatiently, drawing her closer. "Oh, Persephone, how could I live without you now! I only realised it all last night, after you had refused me. I was blind up to then, blinder than a bat. It was losing you that taught me I loved you."

"But the first time—" she began, then checked herself.

"The first time?" he queried, puzzled.

But she only put her two arms round his neck and kissed him.

And to this day, though they have been married three years, he does not know that he proposed twice. And she has forgiven Dolly and John. There was no choice!

Do not drop greasy, dirty dish towels into hot soapsuds; it will only set the grease. Wash them well first in lukewarm water.

A few tablespoons of kerosene in a pail of warm water make the washing of windows and mirrors a lighter task than if soap or any alkali is used.

Cake ought to rise to its full height before it begins to brown. This applies specially to sponge cake.

When frying 'smelts sprinkle with lemon juice before rolling in eggs and crumbs. It keeps the flesh white and gives it a good flavor.

Reassurance.

Dark though the night, it need bring thee no terror;

Wild though the blast, it doth bode thee no ill;

At Jehovah's command all the shadows shall vanish—

A word from His lips the rude tempest will still.

Rough is the path? Still thy feet shall not stumble;

Steep the ascent? Thou shalt fail not of strength;

Thy God will make plain the rough places before thee,

On His arm thou shalt lean through the journey's whole length

Is thy life sad? There is bliss in the future;

Knowest thou sickness? In heaven is no pain;

The Lord doth prepare thee a crown of rejoicing—

If thou suffer with Him, with Himself thou shalt reign.

"Before you've had breakfast, John?" his wife queried wickedly.

"Certainly not," he replied hastily, helping himself to kidneys in a way that was somewhat strange in the presence of so much anxiety.

"Is the professor ill?" Persephone asked, a little pale.

"An attack of brain fever, I think. It must have been coming on for some days. John went there last night and found the servants terrified. The professor had been smashing up the laboratory—"

"And all the windows," went on Mr. Donnithorne gloomily.

"Not quite so bad as that, dear," his

of kidneys."

"I must fortify myself," her brother-in-law answered with dignity. "Mustn't I. Mouse?"

"If you ask me," she replied gravely, "I think I must say I agree with Persephone."

"Whatever you say, I'm going to finish breakfast. Anyway, the trap isn't ordered," he added with an air of finality. Persephone fidgeted tragically.

"I've often heard—that—something is effected by kindness and tact in these cases," she observed.

"I think I have, too," Dolly agreed. They both sighed.

"Have you tried, John?" Persephone



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Household Suggestions.

Quick Soups.

One naturally turns when thinking of quick soups, to some form of vegetable foods, mixed with milk, slightly thickened with a mixture of butter lend themselves easily to this combination. A little onion, a bay leaf (five cent's worth will last a year), ten cents' worth of celery seed, with salt and pepper, give you the necessary flavorings. The roots, as turnips, carrots, parsnips, salsify, beets, all require long cooking. To utilize them in the quick soups use the left-overs. Carrots, however, can be grated and cooked in water in fifteen minutes. A few left-over lima beans, kidney beans or other ordinary beans may be converted into delicious soups, requiring only twenty minutes in making from beginning to end. If housewives would learn to save every tablespoonful of vegetables left over from the meal they could make combination soups for the next day's

Cream of Potato Soup.

Pare four small potatoes, cover with boiling water, boil rapidly for five minutes, throw the water away and cover with a pint and a half of boiling water. Add a slice of onion, a bay leaf and a few celery tops chopped fine—the green leaves of the celery will answer the purpose; cover and boil for fifteen minutes, or until the potatoes are soft. While these are boiling put a pint of milk in the double boiler, add a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour rubbed together; press the potatoes through a fine sieve, using the water in which they were boiled; add this mixture to the hot milk in the double boiler. Stir until thoroughly heated, and serve.

Cream of Corn Soup.

Score six ears of corn down the centre; press out all the fleshy portions leaving the husk on the cob. Put a pint of milk over the fire, in a double boiler; add one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour rubbed together, and stir until the milk is smooth and hot; then add the corn, a level teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, and cook for ten minutes.

Cucumber Tapioca Soup.

Peel three good sized cucumbers, cut them in halves, scoop out the seeds then cut them in thin slices and cover with a quart of white stock, simmer gently for ten minutes; press through a sieve; add one pint of milk, bring quickly to a boil, and add two tablespoonfuls of granulated tapioca that has been soaking for ten minutes in half a cupful of cold water; cook for ten minutes and add a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, and a tablespoonful of grated onion. Put the yolks of two eggs or a cup of whipped cream into the tureen, beat them lightly, add the soup gradually and serve.

East Indian Soup.

Put into the kettle a tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped onions, two tablespoonfuls of grated carrots, the same of grated turnips; stir carefully for about two minutes; add a quart of water or stock, a dash of red pepper, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley if you have it, a sliced apple, and simmer gently for fifteen minutes. Add a teaspoonful of curry and four or five tablespoonfuls of boiled rice, which should be boiled while you are making the soup.

Quick Turkish Soup.

Stir a teaspoonful of beef extract into one quart of boiling water; add a teaspoonful of grated onion, a saltspoonful of celery seed. When this reaches the boiling point pour it slowly over the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Have ready, drained, four tablespoonfuls of boiled rice, add and serve at once.

Tomato Bouillon.

Cut twelve tomatoes into slices or blocks, or use one can of tomatoes; add a pint of water, a slice of onion, a bay leaf, a little celery seed, and boil rapidly for ten minutes. Press through a colander as much of the flesh as possible. Add the well-beaten whites of two eggs, bring quickly to the boiling point, boil five minutes, strain through cheesecloth. The fleshy portion of the tomato that remains in the cheesecloth, may be put aside to be used for flavoring sauces. Reheat the bouillon, add a cup of whipped cream, and serve at once with strips of toasted bread.

Brown Broth.

Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan; add two tablespoonfuls of chopped onions, two of chopped carrots, and cook until a golden brown. Put these in a kettle with a quart of boiling water and a bay leaf, and simmer for fifteen minutes; pass through

Salsify Soup.

Scrub and cut six roots of salsify in small slices; cover with one pint of water; cook gently for twenty minutes; add a pint of milk, a tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed together; stir carefully until it reaches the boiling point; add a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper and a teaspoonful of grated onion. Serve with oyster crackers.



"Longing for the Pie"

luncheon. These soups are nutritious and cost but little. In separating the roots of celery it is wise to put the tops and roots and the outside stalks aside for cream of celery soup; the water in which the celery is boiled for stewed celery is an exceedingly addition to an oyster soup.

Cream of Tomato Soup.

Add a pint of water to a pint of stewed tomatoes, a slice of onion, a level teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper; bring to boiling point and add one rounding tablespoonful of butter, rubbed with two rounding tablespoonfuls of flour; stir until the soup again boils, strain through a fine sieve and serve with tiny squares of toasted bread.

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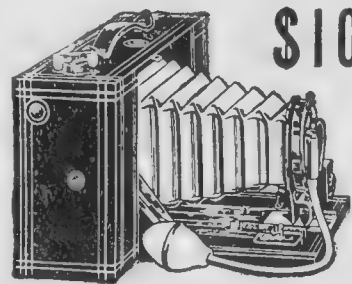
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a sieve. While the soup is simmering put about a tablespoonful of sugar into an iron saucepan, and when it browns and burns add two tablespoonfuls of chopped onions, then two or three tablespoonfuls of water; add this to the soup; add a teaspoonful of salt and a soup, return it to the kettle, add half a pint of blocks of bread that have been stirred up with beaten egg; bring to a boil and serve with grated cheese.

Tomato Consomme.

Ingredients: one pint of soup stock, one-half can of tomatoes, one small onion, four whole cloves, one tart apple (minced), three level teaspoons of butter, three level teaspoons of flour, two bay leaves, salt, pepper, or paprika, to season, one cup of cream whipped.

Place the soup stock, tomatoes, bay leaves, minced onion, cloves and apple in the saucepan. Cook slowly one-half hour; strain, add the seasoning of salt and pepper, cream the butter and flour and stir into the consomme. Cook ten minutes. Serve in cups with the whipped cream on top.

Cream of Corn Soup.

The so-called cream soups are very nutritious and furnish a most acceptable course for a simple home dinner. Many kinds of vegetables may be utilized in this way, among the number being lima beans, celery, peas, potatoes, squash and tomatoes. I know of no such satisfactory way of using peas which are too old to serve as a vegetable. Old peas, as well as beans, on

hot liquid. As soon as the boiling-point is reached, season with one teaspoonful of salt and a few grains of pepper, and strain at once into a hot tureen. Need I remind my friends always to serve hot food from and in hot dishes? "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle."

Uses for Stale Bread.

The really thrifty housewife never allows stale bread to go to waste. Perhaps the inexperienced do not realize in how many ways it may be used. Large pieces may be utilized for toast, croutons and croustades. Soft stale bread, from which crusts are removed, is used, for puddings, griddle cakes, omelets, scalloped dishes, etc. Remnants of bread from which crusts have not been removed, are dried in the oven, rolled and sifted. The dry bread-crumbs thus obtained are useful for crumbing croquets, cutlets, fish, meat, etc.

Of all the accompaniments for cream soups croutons hold first place. Call them if you wish Duchess Crusts. Cut stale bread in one-third-inch slices and remove the crusts. Spread thinly and evenly with butter, then cut in one-third-inch cubes. Put in a pan and bake until delicately browned, turning frequently that croutons may brown evenly.

Wash Day.

I like to wash the first of the week, then I have the rest of the week for



Red Deer River Log Driving

account of the large amount of cellulose (woody fibre) which they contain, are difficult of digestion, and, of course, the cellulose is discarded when the vegetables are used in soups. Many people think soups are difficult to make. You who are of the same opinion just try this recipe, and see if you are not convinced to the contrary.

Open one can of corn and turn at once from the can into a chopping tray. Let it stand twenty minutes that it may become reoxygenated, then chop. Put in a graniteware saucepan, add two cupfuls of boiling water, and let simmer twenty minutes; then force through a puree strainer (that kitchen necessity not known in our grandmother's days), using a wooden potato masher, which enables one to leave little but cellulose behind. Scald two cupfuls of milk with one slice of onion, using, of course, a double boiler. Why? I never knew anyone who tried to scald milk in a saucepan but more often than not regretted the act, for her result was a scorched product. One never feels any care of milk in a double boiler, for she knows it cannot reach a higher temperature than 196 degrees F. Remove the onion from milk and add corn to the milk. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, using same saucepan in which corn was cooked, add two tablespoonfuls of butter and stir until well blended, bringing into service the same five-cent wire whisk that is such a kitchen indispensable; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, the

something else, as on the farm there is so much to do—at least I find it so. I put three pailfuls of water in the boiler the night before washday. I use one-half bar of any good laundry soap, cut in small pieces and dissolve in two quarts of water, then put in the boiler, and Monday morning, while the water is cold, put the table linens and pillow cases, sheets, or such other white clothes as one may have, put the cover on the boiler and let them come to boil, stir the clothes several times. Then after breakfast I get my washing machine and rub them.

After the best white clothes are taken out of the boiler I put in the towels and underwear that have previously been soaked in cold water. If they are very much soiled rub soap on them. I never scald the colored clothes. I rub the clothes in the machine until clean. I use a good wringer, suds the clothes well, then rinse in bluing water, then hang out to dry.

I always fold the clothes when I bring them in as they are so much easier to iron. If one is not too tired it is best to iron the same day the washing is done, as they iron so much better. I do not believe in killing oneself rubbing clothes on the washboard. Life is too short, and even if one does have a hired girl it pays to treat them well. Anyone that has a good boiler, soap, soft water, a good, up-to-date washing can manage the washing, at least, I find I can do it very well and get done before noon.—Contributed.

A WARM RECEPTION

Always Awaits You in the



Sheep Lined Coat

Made in Duck, Corduroy, Frieze, Whipcord and Etoff. NO SMALL PIECES used in lining and all skins are selected and thoroughly cleaned.

Special H.B.K. Patent Kanti-lever pockets—The only real strong pockets made.

Made especially for WINTER WEAR.

You are always on the inside looking out if you WEAR this KING of KOATS, which KILLS KOLD KLIMATES.

For Farmers, Teamsters, Laborers, Mechanics, and all other Outdoor Workers

A NEAT, COMFORTABLE and WARM coat to work in.

The quality of material and workmanship is indicated by this old reliable trade mark.



It stands for MORE WEAR, MORE COMFORT and MORE SATISFACTION TO THE WEARER.

Remember there is NO "Just as good" as the H. B. K. Brand.

For sale by leading dealers everywhere in Canada.

Made and guaranteed by the HUDSON BAY KNITTING CO., MONTREAL.

109

Makers of the celebrated H.B.K. Mackinaw Clothing and other warm wearables for winter weather.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.,
are completely cured with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamps. W. F. Young, P. D. F. 138 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Washing Fluids.

It certainly pays to keep some good cleaning fluids on hand, and some of the best are easily prepared at home and at very small cost. An excellent fluid for cleaning black goods is made with one-fourth pint of ammonia, same of oxgall and one pint of soft water, and delicately colored woollen goods may be cleaned by sousing in a fluid composed of one tablespoonful of the oxgall to a pail of warm water. There is nothing better than alcohol and salt for removing grease spots from woollen goods, and grass stains are easily removed from cotton goods if they are first rubbed with lard and then with alcohol, and equal parts of alcohol and water will brighten black goods and remove the shony look when they begin to look gray or rusty. Tan shoes may be cleaned with a mixture of milk and ammonia and white shoes with gasoline, and when this is dry they must be rubbed with peroxide of hydrogen and set in the sun to dry. To clean chamois, silk and Lisle thread gloves, stir enough white castile soap, shaved fine, into warm soft water and add a teaspoonful of powdered borax for each quart of water used, and the chamois gloves must be rinsed in clean but soapy water, so that a little of the soap is left in to keep the kid soft. Suds prepared in this way are excellent for cleaning stockings of any color, only all the suds must be rinsed out. There is nothing better for cleaning hair brushes and combs than strong borax

2. Don't place a bed in the line of direct drafts, or opposite an open door.
3. Don't confound cold air with pure air; the two are not necessarily identical.
4. Don't air the sick room from or into the rest of the house.
5. Don't leave medicine or food standing in the room. Wash all glasses, spoons or cups at once and put them away.
6. Don't bring more of anything than you want the patient to have.
7. Don't forget to offer a cool (not iced) drink of water frequently. It is both beneficial and necessary for the patient, and he may be too indifferent to ask for it.
8. Don't allow yourself or any one else to sit upon the patient's bed. Be careful not to jar the bed in passing.
9. Don't throw coal on the fire from a scuttle; wrap it in a newspaper and lay it on. Use a stick to poke the fire.
10. Don't read a newspaper in the sick room; the unavoidable rattling may be shoes that squeak or heels that clatter.

annoying, and the patient may not like to say so.

11. Don't whisper—there are few things more exasperating to the sick.
12. Don't try to sweep a room thoroughly until the patient can be taken out of it. Go over the carpet with a broom covered with a moist Canton flannel bag (fuzzy side out). Wash this in some disinfectant after using, and hang in the sun and air to dry.

Practical Hints.

Keep old kid gloves for ironing day. Sew a pad from the left glove in the palm of the right one. The protection from the heat and weight of the iron will do much to keep the ironer's hands becoming calloused.

Try how much easier it is to poach an egg when you put a teaspoon of vinegar

in the boiling water. It helps to keep the shape of the egg; it also makes the white firmer and whiter.

Keep a solution for cleaning the kitchen sink in a handy place. Make it at home from one cup of washing soda dissolved in boiling water.

Tansy leaves were old before moth balls were heard of, still there is nothing better to-day for keeping moths out of woollen goods.

One of the best and handiest things to clean bone, ivory, or pearl knife handles is moist fine salt. Polish afterwards with a dry, soft cloth.

Sometimes a knife with which onions have been cut will keep the odor in spite of scouring. Jab it in the damp earth a few times and it will be cleansed perfectly.

Do not starch curtains while they are wet; they will soil much faster than if allowed to dry beforehand.



The Parson's First Bear

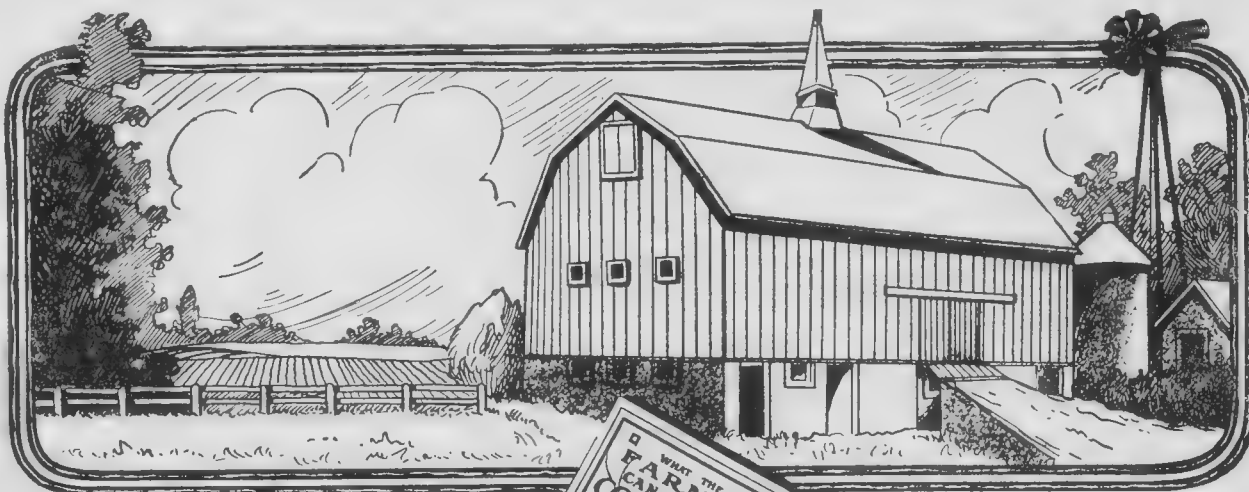
water, as it cleans perfectly and leaves the bristles stiffer. One of the best and safest washes for the teeth is made by dissolving one ounce of borax in one pint of boiling water and, before this is cold, adding half a teaspoonful of spirits of camphor. The borax removes the tartar and keeps the teeth white and the camphor keeps the gums in a healthy condition, and the right way to use the wash is to put two teaspoonfuls in a little warm water.

Traveling Apron.

Lately I have made an attractive traveling apron for a friend who was going on a long journey. It had pockets for toilet articles and implements. Those for the wash cloth and soap were lined with silk rubbe and those for powder puff and talcum case were lined with chamois. The apron was of light blue linen and the pockets were bound with white tape and finished with a three-inch white initial. Fastened securely around the waist with button and buttonhole, it proved a blessing in a swaying, crowded dressing room. In one of the pockets was a little bottle of violet water; the manicure set in another, while a tiny cushion hanging by a short tape furnished pins of all descriptions and sizes.

Don'ts for the Sick Room.

1. Don't wear skirts that rattle or rustle; corsets that creak like a harness;



Do You Realize the Advantages of Concrete?

THE rising price of lumber has compelled the farmer to look for a suitable substitute.

Concrete, because of its cheapness, durability and the readiness with which it can be used for every farm purpose, has proven itself to be cheaper than lumber and far more durable. Our Free Book—

"What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete"

shows the farmer how he can do his own work without the aid of skilled mechanics. It demonstrates the economy of Concrete construction as compared with lumber, brick or stone.

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This Book Tells How Concrete Aids Farmers.

It shows how Concrete can be used to advantage on the farm in the construction of almost every practical utility.

Send for this book to-day. You'll find it intensely interesting, even if you don't intend to build for a while. It contains much useful information that will put you in the way of saving money. Among the subjects treated are: Barns, Dairies, Fence Posts, Feeding Floors, Hitching Posts, Root Cellars, Silos, Stables, Stairs, Stalls, Troughs, Walks, Well Curbs, and so forth.

REMEMBER.—This book is yours—a postal will bring it promptly. Write now.

You may send me a copy of "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete."

Name.....

Address.....

Instant Relief After 20 Years of Suffering

**The King of Dyspepsia Cures
The Greatest Cure of the Age**

A Safe Household Remedy for Adults and Children

Mrs. E. M. McTavish, 202 Bennington St., East Boston, Mass., writes: "I have been a sufferer from dyspepsia for over twenty years, at times not able to work, vomiting almost everything I ate. A friend recommended K.D.C. I sent for some. The first dose gave almost instant relief. Three packages cured me. I cheerfully recommend it to any suffering from dyspepsia. I know of quite a number in this city who have been cured by the use of K.D.C."

Price 35c. and \$1.00 a Bottle; Tablets 25c.; Pills 25c.

USE K.D.C. PILLS FOR CONSTIPATION. THEY CURE.



"SAVE-THE-HORSE" SPAVIN CURE.

REG. TRADE MARK



No half-way, temporary, break-down-to-morrow kind of cures. Instead "Save-the-Horse" produces a lasting and perfect cure.

Besides the indisputable evidence of actual and phenomenal results on every hand, we give a signed contract that absolutely protects you.

Fifteen years of success and evidence that is honest to the core will convince. Send for book on all lameness and copy of signed contract.

Port Deposit, Md., May 19, 1910. I tried "Save-the-Horse" on a valuable mare that was lame over a year with bone spavin. It effected a complete cure. She is as fast this year as she ever was. I am entirely satisfied. PHILIP R. BOND.

Still Sound Five Years After
Benton Harbor, Mich., May 22, 1910. Five years ago I got "Save-the-Horse" of you to use on a fine horse that had injured his hind leg, and it cured him when veterinary surgeons said it could not be cured. J. E. BARNES.

\$5.00 a bottle, with legal written guarantee or contract. Send for copy, booklet & letters from business men & trainers on every kind of case. Permanently cures Spavin, Thoroughpin, Ringbone (except low), Curb, Splint, Capped Hock, Windpuff, Shoe Boli, Injured Tendons & all Lameness. No gear or loss of hair. Horses work as usual. Dealers or Exp. sold.

TROY CHEMICAL CO., 148 Van Horn Street, TORONTO ONT and BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

CATTLE FATTEN QUICKER
—take on weight faster—make better beef—when dehorned. Cows give more milk—and half the danger in shipping by rail or boat is eliminated.

KEYSTONE DEHORNER
does the work in 2 minutes. Cuts from 4 sides at once. Write for free booklet. R. H. MCKENNA
419 Robert St. Toronto, Ont. Late of Picton, Ont.

Lump Jaw

The first remedy to cure Lump Jaw was

Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure

and it remains today the standard treatment, with years of success back of it, known to be a cure and guaranteed to cure. Don't experiment with substitutes or imitations. Use it, no matter how old or bad the case or what else you may have tried—your money back if Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure ever fails. Our fair plan of selling, together with exhaustive information on Lump Jaw and its treatment, is given in Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser.

Most complete veterinary book ever printed to be given away. Durable bound, indexed and illustrated. Write us for a free copy.

FLEMING BROS., Chemists,
53 Church St., Toronto, Ontario



SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.



Send
\$1.98

Receive postpaid this \$4 White Net Waist, elaborately made and trimmed with beautiful lace and insertion just as pictured, lined in silk. Add 15c. for postage. Ask for waist No. 12.

STANDARD
GARMENT CO.
10 Coote Block
London Ont.

Scotch Column.

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish expert on standard dictionary and translator of "New Testament in Braid Scots," etc.

The Auld Brig o' Ayr.

(The Auld Brig, celebrated by Burns, had become dangerous, and has been renovated at an expense of some £10,000 and re-opened this summer.)

The wanderer, for to lay a wreath,
To ease his heart's endeavor,
At Scotland's sacred feet, beneath
Her eyes that smile forever—
Is not content to view the stream
With all its influence o'er him,
But he must cross the Auld Gray Brig,
As Burns had done before him!

The very winds that round him blow
Are full of Burns' story;
Auld Ayr, whose waves before him flow,
Is vocal with the glory!
And tho' this town may praise the bard,
And that may give him honor,
And Ayr, whose waves before him flow,
That rightly rests upon her!

And this Auld Brig has known the tramp
Of men in armor gleaming;
Who carried to the field and camp
Its likeness in their dreaming!
And later men and later bards,
To memory fond appealing,
Have crossed with us the Brigs of Ayr,
With love's ecstatic feeling!

Sees no world but that of courts and camps,
And writes only how soldiers
were killed and shot.—Carlyle.

Better to wake in the morning, roused
by the curlew's call,
To breast the wine-red mountain, perfumed
sweeter than wine;
Better to toil unnoted, hoping for nothing
at all,
But only the joy of labor, the song
and the thought divine!

Robert Reid, Montreal.

To "Sing!"—In a newly-arrived Scots family in London, the maid (also Scots) was sent to the butcher's for a "sheep's head."

Said she: "Hae ye ony sheep's heids?"
"Yes, my girl; go over to the corner there, and pick one out for yourself."
"But I dinna want these. I want one that will sing."

"Oh, you foolish girl! Whoever heard of a sheep's head that could sing?"
"It's you that's foolish! They can a' sing in Scotland." And away she went in high dudgeon.

In Scotland they leave the skin on the sheep's head, and when it is neatly "sing'd" with a hot iron, and the head boiled, it is reckoned a very savoury



A Well Directed Shot

And who may smooth the face of Age,
And plant a smile upon it—
And who may brighten history's page
By service he has done it—
May join their hands in frater bands,
On such a day as this,
The dear "Auld Brig" restored and fair,
To count among our blisses!

As bow across the trembling string
Of violin old and treasured,
So this Auld Brig anew shall fling
A music wild, unmeasured—
And, drawn toward his Native Land,
The listening pilgrim turns—
His overword and his keynote still,
"Lang Syne" and "Robert Burns"!

—W. W. S.

King George is pleasing Scotland and the Scots by making a lengthened residence in this first year of his reign at Balmoral. And it is understood that it will be so every year.

The gods send thread for a web begun.—Carnegie.

All the world held out its hand, and I held out my hat.—Carlyle.

Tariff Reform.—"Your baccy will cost ye mair!" The other: "Better my baccy than my children's breid!"

Gie yer heart to God, and yer alms to the puir.—Scots Proverb.

dish. But they pronounce "sing" as "sing."

One August day at Leith, the port of Edinburgh, nearly 9,000 baskets of apples, pears and plums were landed from "the Continent." At the same time great quantities of raspberries from the neighborhood of Blairgowrie were shipped from Leith to Rotterdam. The total crop of rasps at Blairgowrie was nearly 3,000 tons; and the top price—double that of last year—was £20 the ton.

I see ance mair the gowans fair,
And scent the hawthorn bloom;
I feel the pure sweet mountain air
Blaw fresh from heather broom;
I hear glad voices as of yore
Sing sangs o' love to me,
Oh! shall I ever see thee more?
Dear land ayont the sea!

—John Imrie, Toronto.

Church Union.—Sir Andrew Fraser, Ex-Governor of Bengal, speaking at Blairgowrie, said that in India the seven different kinds of Presbyterians had all united in one; and it surprised him to come home and find that those differences they had all got over in India were still found in Scotland.

Round the Island.—About the year A.D. 80, the Romans sent ships North, which sailed round and demonstrated

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

is the remedy you can depend on. No other preparation has done so much for the horse and the horseman.

Kendall's Spavin Cure has saved millions of dollars for thousands of owners during the past 40 years. It is the quick, sure, safe cure that never fails to give the best results even when all other treatment may prove a failure.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

cures Spavin, Curb, Splint, Ringbone, Swellings, Bony Growth, Cuts, Sprains, Bruises and all Lameness.

Kendall's Spavin Cure makes a complete and lasting cure because it cures the cause of the trouble.

It leave no scars or white hairs because it does not blister.

Every Medicine Shelf

should have a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure—the best liniment in the world for man and beast. No telling when you will need it. Get it now and you will have the right remedy when the emergency arises.

\$1 a bottle—6 for \$5. At all dealers. Ask for free copy of our book "A Treatise On The Horse"—or write us.

Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Enosburg Falls, Vt.

50

CORRUGATED PORTABLE GRANARIES

Fire, Lightning and Storm Proof.

Protects the grain—absolutely vermin proof.

Write for particulars—

THE
Metallic Roofing Co.

LIMITED
MANUFACTURERS
TORONTO and WINNIPEG

1378

Western Canada Factory
797 Notre Dame Ave., Winnipeg.

**ABSORBINE**

will reduce inflamed, swollen joints, Bruises, Soft Bunches, Cure Boils, Fistula or any unhealthy sore quickly; pleasant to use; does not blister under bandage or remove the hair, and you can work the horse, \$2 per bottle at dealers or delivered. Horse Book 7 D free.

Mr. M. C. Weightman, Meubeth Man., writes—April 8, 1907. "I have used ABSORBINE with good success on soft swellings."

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 138 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.
LYMANS Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Agents.
Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg;
The National Drug & Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary;
and Henderson Bros. Co. Ltd., Vancouver.

A Case Of "Wooden Leg"

Would you hire a man with a wooden leg? Hardly! A wooden leg is a poor substitute for real leg power. You would want a man with two good legs—full leg power—no substitutes.

Disks and other contraptions in common cream separators are like wooden legs—they are mere substitutes for lack of skimming force resulting from a wrong principle of construction. A properly built separator produces plenty of skimming force to do the work without disks or other substitutes. Claims that contraptions are needed in modern machines are disproved by the fact that

Sharples Dairy Tubular Cream Separators

contain neither disks nor other complications, yet produce twice the skimming force, skim faster and twice as clean as common machines. Wash many times easier and wear several times longer in consequence. The World's Best. The manufacture of Tubulars is one of Canada's leading industries. Sales exceed most, if not all, others combined. Probably replace more common separators than any one maker of such machines sells.



30 Yrs Write for Catalogue No. 248
THE SHARPLES SEPARATOR CO.
 TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG, MAN.

Make Big Money Training Horses!

Prof. Beery, King of Horse Tamers and Trainers, has retired from the Arena and will teach his wonderful system to a limited number, by mail. **\$1200 to \$3000 a Year**

At Home or Traveling



Prof. Jesse Beery is acknowledged to be the world's master horseman. His exhibitions of taming man-killing horses, and conquering horses of all dispositions have thrilled vast audiences everywhere. He is now teaching his marvelous successful methods to others. His system of Horse Training and Colt Breaking opens up a most attractive money-making field to the man who masters its simple principles.

Competent Horse Trainers are in demand everywhere. People gladly pay \$15 to \$25 a head to have horses tamed, trained, cured of habits to have colts broken to harness. A good trainer can always keep his stable full of horses.

If you love travel, here is a chance to see the world, giving exhibitions and making large profits. You will be surprised to learn how little it costs to get into the Horse Training profession.

Write and Prof. Beery will send you full particulars and handsome book about horses—FREE; also big free circular of Beery Exhibition. Address (11) Prof. Jesse Beery, Box 26, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

ANTI-NICOTINE PIPE
 "Get the Pleasure Without the Poison"
 (TRADE MARK REG.)
40c Three for \$1.00
 The pipe they let you smoke at home
 Looks and colors like meerschaum. Absorbs the nicotine and keeps on tasting sweet.
 You never had such an enjoyable smoke. Sent prepaid anywhere. Money back if not satisfactory.
 Order 3 or More Today
 H. MENGES, The Smokers' Friend
 410 Menges Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Boo Spavin
 Cure the lameness and remove the bunch without scarring the horse—have the part looking just as it did before the blemish came.
Fleming's Spavin Cure (Liquid) is a special remedy for soft and semi-solid blemishes—Boo Spavin, Thoroughpin, Splint, Curb, Capped Hock, etc. It is neither a liniment nor a simple blister, but a remedy unlike any other—doesn't irritate and can't be imitated. Easy to use, only a little required, and your money back if it ever fails.
Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser describes and illustrates all kinds of blemishes and gives you the information you ought to have before ordering or buying any kind of a remedy. Mailed free if you write.
FLEMING BROS., Chemists
 63 Church St., Toronto, Ontario

that "Brittania" was an island. One of the modern ways of sailing round it is by "The Antrim Line," sailing from Dundee, around the island. The excursion lasts about ten days, and includes calling at Belfast and London, and costs £3 15s.

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door,
 He warbled sweet and clearly;
 And aye the owercome o' his sang
 Was, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

Oh! when I heard the bonnie bird,
 The tears cam' drappin' rarely;
 I took the bannet off my heid,
 For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie!
 —William Glen.

Bread, according to the People's Friend, may be some six sous per pound, and a day's wages some fifteen; and grim winter here! How the poor man continues living, and so seldom starves, by miracle! Happily, in these days he can enlist, and have himself shot by the Austrians, in an unusually satisfactory manner—for the Rights of Man! But Commandant Santerre, in this so straitened condition of the flour market, and state of Liberty and Equality, proposes through the newspapers two remedies, or, at least, palliatives; first, that all classes of men should live two days of the week on potatoes; then second, that every man should hang his dog!

—Carlyle's French Revolution.



A Wounded Moose.

A Good Supper.—An old printer in Glasgow, enraged at a stupid apprentice, said to him: "Laddie, ye'll gang hame the night, and tell yer mither to boil down Fulton and Knight's Dictionary in sweet milk, and tak it for yer supper, for it seems to me there's nae ither way o' driving spellin' into ye!"

"Clannish."—Clannishness is a good thing of itself, but it is often put in a wrong light. An old man of 96 came to see me, just because I was a Scotsman; and he had seen something I had written, and we did enjoy an hour's chat! I saw four men together, visiting the great fair at Toronto, and asked one of them "if they were not all Scottish?" "Yes," he said, "we are certainly all Scots!" And last Sunday, where a new organist was leaving the church (having heard him speaking to somebody), I asked him, "What pairt o' Scotland did you come frae?" And his ready and enthusiastic reply was "Glesgae!" A Scotsman gets a good deal of comfort out of his "clannishness!"

Scottish Soldiers have stood high in the world's estimation; some regiments from the "Land o' Cakes" have captured the admiration of the world. And there is no reason why her trained militia—or "Territorials" as the new regulations describe them—should not give as good an account of themselves as the "regulars." The Volunteers of the United Kingdom numbered about 360,000. Their training did not amount to very much, and the

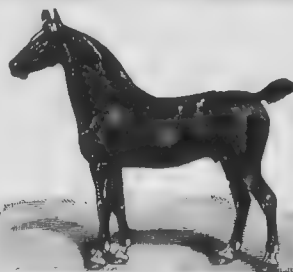
annual "camp" for a week was not compulsory, and many never went under canvas at all. The new force is not very different from the "Volunteers," but there is to be more training, and all must go into camp. If the new force is no more efficient than the old one there will be a cry among the military class for compulsory and universal military training—a measure that the public will not agree to. But it is hoped that both as regards numbers (now 300,000, and with the assurance in the minds of the authorities that the popularity and the numbers of the Territorials will increase) and as regards efficiency, the new movement will be satisfactory.

Scotch Woollens.—At the National Exhibition at Toronto, some Scotsmen were asking if there were no displays of "Scotch Tweeds." I did not see any, but certainly they would create much interest. In one Scotch paper before me are four announcements of tweeds from Border mills. All of them will send patterns free, and three of them say also "parcels free." Occasionally these Border mills invite orders for "suitings" (say seven yards) direct from the mills "at mill prices." The Teviot Tweed Co., and Hawick Tweed and Hosiery Co., both of Hawick; Bridge Mills, Galashiels; and Tod, Porteous & Co., Innerleithen, are of those who thus seek our inspection of these beautiful and desirable goods.

For Australia.—Just as a Scottish

Warranted to Give Satisfaction.

Gombault's Caustic Balsam



Has Imitators But No Competitors.

A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for

Curb, Splint, Sweeney, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors. Cures all skin diseases or Parasites, Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

As a Human Remedy for Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable. Every bottle of Caustic Balsam sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc. Address

The Lawrence-Williams Co., Cleveland, O.



HERE'S A MASTERPIECE IN BOOTS

FOR FARMERS, GAMEKEEPERS, SHEPHERDS, etc.

THE "FIFE"

Is all a good boot ought to be

Nothing but the best and most pliable Waterproof Leathers are used in the making.

REAL BOOT QUALITY is never better emphasized than in the "FIFE"—The boot that is built to meet every demand of the farmer and country wearer.

The repeat orders received from all parts of Canada are the best evidence of the "FIFE" merit.

MADE IN THE OLD COUNTRY

by a practical country shoemaker, the "Fife" is honestly built from finest Waterproof Zug, Beva, Chrome, Calf or Horsehide Leathers, and can be had with or without hob nails as desired.

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The Pioneer and Leader of "Boots by Post" trade.

Its Economy and Power Startle the World!

The Engine Runs on COAL OIL at a Fraction of Cost of Gasoline.

Thousands of these marvelous engines—in actual use today—prove beyond question that kerosene is the engine fuel of the future. The success of the "Detroit" Engine is absolutely unparalleled.

Demand is overwhelming. Kerosene (common coal oil) runs it with wonderful economy. Kerosene generally costs 6 to 15c less per gallon than gasoline—and gasoline is still going up.

Runs on any engine fuel. Only three moving parts. Light and portable. Does work of engines weighing four times as much. Runseverything.

The Amazing "DETROIT"

The Kerosene Wonder—on 15 Days' Trial—Direct From Factory

Any engine you want, from 2 to 20 H. P., sent on 15 days' free trial—tested immediately before shipping and ready to run. If dissatisfied—every dollar you have paid us for the engine cheerfully refunded. Prices lowest ever known for high-grade, guaranteed engines.

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Gent's Watch with Ring & Chain, 31-piece Dinner Set, 6 Triple Plated Tea Spoons, 9-piece Kitchen Set with rack, 60 inches wide Lace Curtains, Willow Chair, Rings, etc., given for selling the handsome line of Post Cards shown at 10c per page.

Write us what you want and we will send you 20 postage Cards by return mail. We trust you. Premiums sent promptly when earned. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. Write for 30 pages. Cards and large colored Premium List today.

ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 712 CHICAGO

About the Farm.

Good Roads and Land Values.

While it is impossible to assign an arbitrary per cent or amount to represent the increase in land value by reason of road improvement it is safe to estimate that the increase per acre within the zone of influence of an improved road would be from \$2 to \$9 an acre. As there are about 850,000,000 acres of farm lands improved and unimproved in the United States, the possibilities of aggregate increase in value are enormous, says H. B. Harper of Detroit.

In the crop moving season the railroads that traverse the great agricultural sections are taxed far beyond their equipment. For many months, while the country roads are impassable, much of this equipment is idle, and thus the railroads suffer a double loss.

Roads Develop Land.

This cannot fail to affect dividends of stockholders and salaries of employees. With an adequate improvement of the common roads, the development of agricultural resources would be so great as to increase, in a marked degree, the annual tonnage of the railroads, while the means of access to the railroad stations

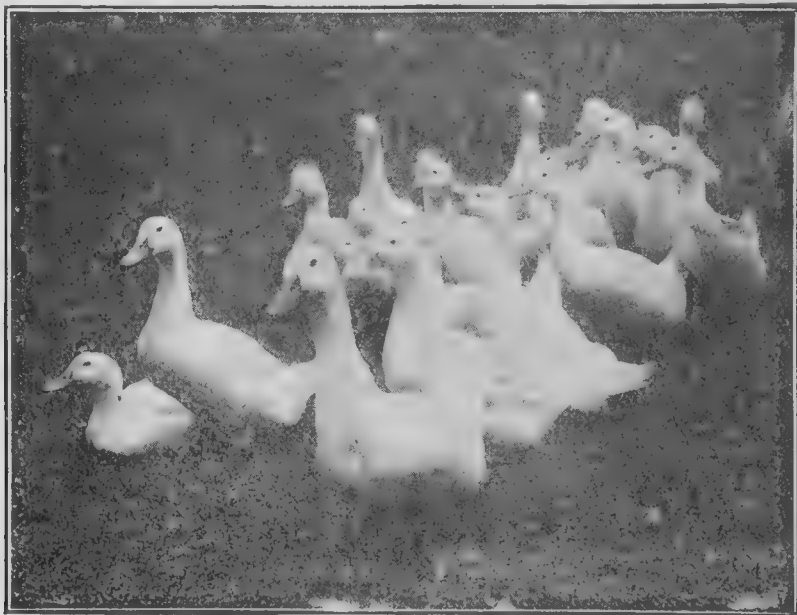
of fertile acres remain untitled, while the unsanitary and unwholesome city tenements are crowded with beings whose standard of living must result in their mental, moral and physical decay.

Prefers Misery to Isolation.

Man is a social animal and prefers misery and want rather than isolation, and the tenement dwellers will not go to the country if by so doing they isolate themselves from their fellow men.

That the common road vitality affects this phase of American life must be apparent to even the casual observer. An examination of the statistics of population in counties possessing first-class roads will reveal the fact that in almost every case the population has increased while the sections of country which have lost in population are conspicuous for impassable roads.

In corroboration of this statement, a comparison of the reports of the office of Public Roads with the reports of the United States census for 1900 reveals the significant fact that in twenty-five counties selected at random, possessing an average of only 1.5 per cent improved roads in 1904, the decrease in population averaged 3,112 for each county for



A thrifty bunch of ducks.

would be so uniform throughout the year that delivery of freight would be reasonably constant instead of spasmodic.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the industrial departments of great railroad systems are co-operating to the fullest extent with all the other factors in bringing about the era of road-building.

Wear and Tear a Loss.

These figures constitute conclusive evidence of the immensity of traffic on the common roads. They do more; they give food for reflection as to where the cumulative losses in wear and tear of wagons, harness and teams, due to poor roads, will land us on the debit side. Nobody can ever approximately estimate this drain, but everybody must know it is in terms of millions.

The rapid trend of population from country to city has been frequently commented upon as grave cause for concern. In 1790 only 3.4 per cent of population dwelt in cities; in 1850, only 12.5 per cent; while in 1900 the percentage was 31.1.

This explains why hundreds of millions

the ten-year period between 1890 and 1900.

Contrasted with this showing, the records in twenty-five counties which possessed an average of 40 per cent improved roads, revealed an increase averaging 31,005 to the county.

All Phases of Life Affected.

There is no phase of life in the country, social or economic, which is not affected by good roads. There is a direct relation between improved highways and the value of land, the attendance of children at school, the health of the community, and everything else that tends to make life in the country efficient. And this, in turn, affects the people in the cities who live on the country products.

It is a task—the maintenance of good roads—which affects every person in the country, no matter where he lives or what his profession.

The first requisite is a sufficient revenue. In order that America may set the world an unprecedented example of road-building and maintenance, certain essential features must be provided.

Get out of the rut

Give your buildings the benefit of progress—same as you give the farm itself. Cover every building on the farm with Genasco Ready Roofing—the economical roofing that protects and lasts.

Genasco Ready Roofing

is made of Trinidad Lake asphalt—Nature's everlasting waterproofer. It prevents cracks, breaks, and leaks, and does away with damage and repairs. Easily applied without experienced help.

The Kant-leak Kleet does away entirely with cement and large-headed nails. Keeps seams absolutely watertight. Saves time in laying. Makes a beautiful finish. Ask for Genasco rolls with the Kleet packed in them.

Ask your dealer for Genasco. Mineral or smooth surface. Be sure you see the hemisphere trade mark. A written guarantee if you want it. Gold medal (highest award) Seattle, 1909. Write for samples and the Good Roof Guide Book.

THE BARBER ASPHALT PAVING COMPANY

Largest producers of asphalt, and largest manufacturers of ready roofing in the world.

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Gravel
Trinidad Lake Asphalt
Asphalt-saturated Wool Felt
Trinidad Lake Asphalt
Asphalt-saturated Wool Felt

MODEL
1893



Marlin Big Game REPEATING RIFLES

The Special Smokeless Steel barrel rifled deep on the Ballard system, creates perfect combustion, develops highest velocity and hurls the bullet with utmost accuracy and mightiest killing impact.

The mechanism is direct-acting, strong, simple and perfectly adjusted. It never clogs. The protecting wall of solid steel between your head and cartridge keeps rain, sleet, snow and all foreign matter from getting into the action. The side ejection throws shells away from line of sight and allows instant repeat shots always.

Built in perfect proportion throughout, in many high power calibres, it is a quick handling, powerful, accurate gun for all big game.

Every hunter should know all the Marlin characteristics. Send for our free catalog. Enclose 3 stamps for postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
76 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

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On the suggestion of one of our Canadian customers we have designed this boot (as illustrated) and named it the "CANA-SCOT" because it is made expressly for Canadians by competent Scotch Workmen. It is a stitched boot made from Special Scotch Tanned leather—in black or brown—with full watertight double tongue; plain soles and heels (which can be nailed if desired,) outside back strap extending to the top. The uppers are so designed that they allow the trouser leg to be turned inside the boot and laced as shown. The large eyelets are suitable for raw hide laces. The fronts are plain and the boot is 9 1/2 inches high. The finished product is subjected to a special process of waterproofing which makes them absolutely watertight.

Send money order for \$7.00 and will send a pair POST FREE AND DUTY PAID to your door by return mail and guarantee what we say or refund your money in full.

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Ate Unwisely?

Sometimes people do, and suffer, because the stomach balks.

NA-DRU-CO DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

relieve the discomfort at once, and help digest the overload. The lover of good things may feel quite safe with a box of NA-DRU-CO Dyspepsia Tablets at hand. 50c. a box. If your druggist has not stocked them yet send 50c. and we will mail them.

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

The first of these is an ample cash revenue.

\$80,000,000 Expended.

The total expenditure in money and labor in 1904 was about \$80,000,000. This may appear to be a large sum, but, when divided among the 2,155,000 miles, it means an average per mile of only about \$37. As only \$60,000,000 of the total revenue was cash, it follows that

the expenditure in cash per mile was only \$28.

England, with only 150,000 miles of road, last year spent more than \$89,000,000, or an average of \$593 per mile. Even though we substitute the cash tax for \$20,000,000 dollars now paid in labor, and substitute good management for bad management, \$80,000,000 is far from sufficient.

RED ROSE TEA

If you use it, you know it to be good. Will you tell your friends?

God giveth the increase, but he leaves it to us to see that the seed is good and that we plant it where it is likely to spring up.

This is getting to be a pretty crowded world, but when a man's in love there are only two people in the Garden still—he and she!

In passing through life's garden we are wont to give more attention to the day lilies than to the everlastings.

There are some days in summer when Father Time must be tempted to hang up his scythe and to search among his gray locks to see if one hair does not still remain brown!—The Independent.

Jakie Holds Court.

When a lad gets to be sixteen years old he thinks he can give his father cards and spades at most anything. Sometimes he can, sometimes otherwise. My Jakie was sixteen this last Candlemas. He is a strapping fellow for his age, measuring five feet tall and forty-six inches in circumference. He wears a No. 8 hat and a No. 7 shoe. He downed every fellow in the high school and graduated with honors in the wrestling field. He is legally inclined but too lazy to study books and will hardly be a lawyer.

But Jakie puts everything on the farm on the witness stand or holds court over it.

There is 'Topsy, the old family mare, that went through the "third degree" thus:

How long have you been here?
Nineteen years.

How many days work have you put in since you have been here?
4,125 days.

How much did you eat?
65 tons of hay.
960 bu. of oats.
820 bu. of corn.
6 tons of bran.
1 bag of salt.

What did all this stuff cost?
\$1,350.

To feed and brush you all these years a fellow should have \$400. Hey?
Yes, but I didn't get brushed half the time.

You owe us \$1,750. Now how much did you earn to offset this?

Well, my wages are a matter of dispute and while the lawsuit is pending the lawyers get all the

available cash, so it is hard for me to answer.

This made Jakie squirm, but he put on a calm face and said: How much do you think you ought to have?

Bigheimer said the other day it costs him on an average of \$4.50 a day to run his automobile. Yonson, the liveryman, charges \$3 a day for a poor plug that can't go much better than an automobile. I never balk nor shy and am always faithful even if my driver has no sense. Through rain, shine, mud, drift or snow I always get there in all weather conditions. I never caused an accident. In justice I should have \$5 a day and I earned it many a day, but if you will stop your quibbling and give me the paltry sum of \$1.50 a day and say nothing of the \$430 worth of good stable manure I made you then our account would stand:

I owe you \$1,750.

The balance coming to me \$4,437.50.

You owe me \$6,187.50.

Jakie scratched his big head awhile and thought some, then he came around and said, "Dad, what are you going to do with Topsy?"

"Sell her, I suppose."

"You can't afford to do it, dad," said Jakie very decidedly.

"Jakie, what is up now? You said last fall Topsy was worn out and must be sold the first chance we get."

"Yes, dad, but I just had her before court and she clearly proved that we owe her \$4,437.50 and more too and it will cost only a mere fraction of this to keep her the rest of her life, besides she can still put in a good lick of work."

"Well, Jakie!" was all I could say.

Jake Dunkelspiel.

The Way to Make Poultry Pay.

By Edward Brown, F.L.S.

I have had thirty years' experience of poultry matters, and I never remember such a splendid opportunity for small keepers of fowls to make money as the present time. And if you've got a small backyard, say, 30 feet square, that is being used for nothing in particular, you can by following the hints here given turn it to very profitable account.

Just look at these figures for a minute. The total number of eggs that we imported in the six months ending June 30th, 1908, was nearly 995,000,000, value £3,139,800, and for the same period during 1909 over 932,000,000, value £3,121,000!

Wanted—Eggs!

Roughly speaking, there was a decrease of some 62,250,000 eggs imported. The supplies from Denmark have decreased by 22 per cent., from Italy by 35 per cent., Austria-Hungary, 36 per cent., and from Germany by actually 50 per cent.

And with the decrease the prices have gone up, ranging from 5d. to 1s. per great hundred, or 120 eggs. The full meaning of these figures may be gauged by comparing the value of the two periods. For although there has been a reduction of some sixty-two millions of eggs, the reduction in value does not amount to more than £17,955, or a little over 1/2 per cent.

Now, the demand for eggs and poultry is rapidly increasing all over the world, and the shortage is not local, but universal. If we are wise then, our own people will take advantage of the situation, and gather in the profits. If they don't, it will be found the foreigners most certainly will.

Those who are already keepers of fowls should now retain a greater number of pullets as layers, or purchase stock to increase their output. What the small farmer, cottager, and suburban dweller need is to secure fowls which are prolific egg producers or for meat qualities. They should be bred at a time of year likely to meet market requirements. A little thought often means a lot of money.

The Double Run.

My advice to the small poultry-keeper generally, where space is limited, is to divide the ground into two parts. Each run should be used alternately. The "resting" run should be planted with quick-growing vegetables—such as cabbages, lettuces, turnips, and so forth. Splendid crops will result, and the plants, moreover, will restore to the manure-clogged ground the salts and other elements exhausted by the birds. Only in this way can the fowls be kept clean and healthy, and at the same time made profitable.

The best way to feed fowls is to mix the grain in cut chaff or to bury it in sand. Thus the birds have, so to speak, to work for their living, and get the necessary amount of exercise to keep them fit.

In the case of the man whose backyard is not more than 30 feet square, he must remove the top crust of ground every three months, put in fresh soil, digging the run over once a week. I know large numbers of people living in the heart of towns, who, with a small backyard run, get a thousand eggs a year from not more than six fowls! Twenty new-laid eggs a week, as any housewife will tell you, means a great help to the housekeeping.

Cleanliness must be rigidly observed. As a rule, the hen-house should not be smaller than six feet high, six feet long, and five feet wide.

In a town no hen should certainly cost more than 5s. a year to keep, and in the country 4s. is ample. The average production should be from 120 to 130 eggs per annum, and the profit works out to 100 per cent. at least. We have proved that you can raise a chicken to laying age for as little as fifteenpence.

Eggs should be marketed before they are three days old, when they are at their best food value. After that time they steadily decrease in food value. Eggs should never be kept in the sun, or under warm conditions. A box of eggs left for one hour on a sunny railway platform will quickly deteriorate, and their freshness will decrease to the extent of twenty-four hours.

The Freshness Test.

Twenty years ago it was almost impossible to get fresh eggs in London. I once made a special inquiry into the subject, and had thirty half-dozen lots of eggs bought in different parts of the metropolis. Out of the whole 180 there were two only that I should have cared to eat. But things are much better now. English eggs now sell at 2s. and 3s. more per 120 than they did even five years ago, owing to quicker marketing, and therefore much greater reliability in quality.

To find out if an egg is fresh, see that



Red Deer Mill

"Dey am dun quick"

Aunt Salina

In thousands of homes wash day is looked upon as one of ordinary pleasant occupation since the advent of the New Century Washer.

☐ Start your washing at 8 o'clock in the morning and you are through before 10, with the clothes on the line, the kitchen cleaned up and the assurance that every particle of dirt or stain has been removed from the clothes without the slightest injury to the fabric, if you use a

New Century Washer

☐ Just ask the woman who has one. This machine is not classed with ordinary Washers. They are Better Machines, Better Made on a Better Principle, and do Better Work in Better Time.

☐ The NEW CENTURY is well made and the smallest details in its construction are given the closest attention. The wood in the tubs is the best Louisiana swamp cypress, ribbed like a washboard, tongued, grooved and reinforced inside by a rust-proof steel ring to prevent warping and leaking. All metal parts in contact with water are galvanized by a secret process—will not rust or stain the clothes. All parts are made by automatic machinery, are absolutely interchangeable, and can thus be readily replaced in case of accident.

☐ The NEW CENTURY is sold by all the best dealers. If your's don't handle them write us direct.

"Aunt Salina's Wash Day Philosophy" is our new FREE Book, and gives many valuable hints on the washing of all kinds of textiles. Send us a postal and get it to-day.

CUMMER-DOWSWELL Limited

HAMILTON, ONT.

8 A.M.

10 A.M.

9 A.M.

the shell is bright, and that the egg-shell is well filled, so that no depression appears when held up to the light. When cooked, the white should be milky, and not look like white jelly. To buy stale eggs, is waste of good money. A fresh egg is equal to half a pound of best English beefsteak, and is the best form of food for sedentary workers, as it is easily digested.

Those who go in for poultry-farming proper have to secure their larger return of profit by the sale of stock birds. Then, at a season of the year when eating eggs are fetching a mere shilling a dozen, they can get anything from 3s. to 10s. for the same quantity for sitting purposes. For very special kinds I have known as much as two guineas to be paid for a sitting. And, of course, with regard to birds which, for eating purposes, might only be worth from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. each, they can be sold for breeding at anything from 7s. 6d. to a guinea, or more.

Why Farmers Move to the City.

In the course of a recent address, Prof. John L. Coulter, of the University of Minnesota, discussed the cause of farmers removing to the city in their old age. He ascribed three reasons for the movement. The first reason is that which is given by most young people, who say: "I left because I was sure that I could get bigger wages, and it is more interesting in the city." The second is that which is generally given by the middle-aged and older men and women, who say: "We want our children to be educated, and the city schools are far better than those in the country." The third is that which is given by both old and young far more frequently than either of the other two. Professor Coulter gives it as follows:

"In the city they have paved streets and sidewalks; in the country we have muddy roads. In the city they have street cars, carriages and automobiles; on the farm we have work horses and wagons, or at best, a poor buggy. They have electric lights or gas in the city; we have the old oil lamp or tallow candle. They have telephones, telegraph and free mail delivery, and they don't need them half as badly as we, yet few of us who live far apart, a long way from the doctor and others, have these. They have furnaces in their homes and when they get up in the morning the house is warm and pleasant; we get up to find everything frozen and the house chilled. They have hot and cold running water and baths; we must go out to the old pump or melt snow and ice and take our bath in the dish pan or wash tub. They have toilet facilities and sewers. They have theatres, concerts, and orchestras; we read about them."

Professor Coulter argues that the future and prosperity of the farm depend on farmers being able so to change conditions that these reasons will no longer be assigned. He urges that farmers join in organizing clubs—good, live, business clubs—with centrally located club rooms, where the farmers may meet and discuss not only business matters, but enjoy unlimited social intercourse; also, that farmers, whenever possible, co-operate with city men in local undertakings and business enterprises. "For instance," he says, "let me urge that when a bank is to be started, to be supported by home capital, that fifty or a hundred representative farmers be invited to become stockholders, put in their \$5,000 or \$10,000, elect one of their number director, and join in the good work. This will only take enough of their time and money from the farm to help make business men of them. So, too, when a cracker factory, starch factory, canning factory or packing plant is to be established."

The point seems to be well taken, inasmuch as the more the farmers and the city men commingle, both in business and in social pleasures, the nearer will town and country be drawn together in a community of interests, while city conveniences will be more widely introduced in the country as a direct result. This is fully as important as building new roads and modernizing the farm home, for until the young folks of



Cauliflowers in a Winnipeg garden.

town and country become better acquainted, join more in one another's pleasures and pastimes, and visit in one another's houses to a greater extent, the equilibrium between the city and the country cannot be properly maintained.

In the meantime, as a starter, until the farmer does enter largely into business relations with the city man, as Professor Coulter urges, it would be well for him to inaugurate a better system of bookkeeping in his farm work. Too many farmers know the profits derived from an acre as compared with the expense of tilling the acre, and too few know the profits from their live stock as compared with the cost of feeding and keeping. A modest system of bookkeeping would easily determine the profits in all cases and would give rise to a liking for this kind of work which would make the farmer better qualified to meet the city man on equal ground when he shall have enlarged the field of his investment as suggested by Professor Coulter.

Cy Warman: After all, the hobble skirt may be a good thing. So long as women are the slaves of fashion, they will not become the masters of men. Cheer up, brothers.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier: The foundations of national glory are set in the homes of the people. They will only remain unshaken while the family life of our race and nation is strong, simple and pure.

"CEETEE" People who KNOW insist on "Ceetee" Underwear.



"Ceetee" means comfort—because knit to fit—not cut from the fabric.

The finest Australian Merino wool is thoroughly scoured and cleansed. No irritation—all short fibres and burrs being removed.

No underwear is so soft and pleasant to the skin—no garment so elastic and yielding. Know what comfort is—insist on underwear with the "sheep" trademark—ask your dealer for "Ceetee."

In all sizes for men, women and children. Guaranteed absolutely.

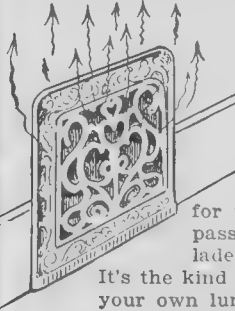
Look for the "sheep"

The C. Turnbull Co. of Galt, Limited Manufacturers—Established 1859 Galt, Ontario

2611

It's easy to grow plants in a Sunshine-heated home

Pure, Warm Sunshine Air



PEOPLE living in homes heated with ordinary furnaces often claim they cannot grow plants with any degree of success. This is due to the fact that ordinary furnaces are not provided with an Automatic Gas Damper. There is nothing to prevent coal-gas, which is deadly to plant life, being forced up through the registers.

Now, when the gas in the combustion chamber of the Sunshine reaches a certain pressure it sways open the Automatic Gas Damper and passes up the chimney, consequently there is no chance for it to escape through the registers. Instead, the air that passes through the registers is pure, warm, Sunshine air, laden with the proper degree of moisture from the water-pan. It's the kind of air that makes plants thrive and is good to breath into your own lungs.

If you want to guard your home (and who doesn't?) against evil-smelling, deadly coal gas order our agent to install the Sunshine furnace (guaranteed) in your cellar.



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ANOTHER SHIRT from your dealer absolutely free of any charge to you **IF IT RIPS.**

3½ yards best material to each shirt. Extremely large body, and long sleeves, roomy, comfortable, serviceable, easy to work in.

H. B. K. BUTTONS sewed on by hand—Cannot come off.

H. B. K. BUTTON HOLES bar-tacked—Cannot break.

H. B. K. SEAMS all double stitched and anchored—Cannot rip.

Extremely large body and long sleeves.

For Sale by the Leading Dealers
Throughout Canada.

Made and guaranteed by the
HUDSON BAY KNITTING CO.,
MONTREAL.

106

Shirtmakers to
The Workingman.

Temperance Talk.

Helping the Devil.

There is a law in New York forbidding the opening of saloons on Sunday. Ever since its enactment all the powers of darkness with grim determination have set themselves to secure its repeal. And three or four ministers of the gospel, who occupy conspicuous positions in the great metropolis, have shamelessly enough allied themselves with these malignant forces and, in season and out of season, to their own eternal discredit and to the scandalization of the cause of religion, have pleaded for the liquor men as if they were their paid attorneys.

A few extracts from their published utterances will suffice to show the trend of their thought and the intensity of their sympathy: "The people who say that those who keep saloons are all bad people are not telling the truth. A great many of them are among the most admirable American citizens" (!!!) In the diatribe from whom we quote there is the severest reprobation of the narrowness and bigotry of the churches, whose members are represented as the enemies of the liberties of the people, while the saloonkeepers are lauded as among



Natives at Home.

"the most admirable of American citizens."

In the same connection it is declared that "the saloons are democratic and sound, and there is a great deal of good and cheap food and drink in them." Dr. Rainsford, for it is him we quote, is considerate enough of the feelings of the temperance people to concede that "there are terrible dangers in the liquor traffic"—"but," he immediately proceeds to add, "the saloons should be legally open on certain hours of Sunday, since they cannot be suppressed altogether." Was there ever a more lame and impotent conclusion attained unto by mortal man? In like manner, referring to gambling, this reverend champion of a larger liberty assures us that "many nice people" bet their money on the races; then he declares that the gambling law cannot be carried out and argues that, therefore, it ought to be wiped out, seeing that "one of the greatest dangers we have to face in the United States to-day is the way we have of passing laws and letting them enforce themselves."

The fact of the business is, that all the laws that the highest wisdom has devised for the safeguarding of society are being trampled upon every day in the week, and often by the feet of the people who in certain circles are accounted "very

nice." By all means let them all be abolished, seeing that it is a very dreadful thing to have laws cluttering up the statute book that cannot be always and everywhere enforced. And if they be not utterly repealed, then let there be an interruption during certain days or hours of the week during which poor, pent up human nature may be allowed free flow.

Doctor Rainsford protests that he does not approve of saloons, but at the same time protests against them being closed "until something else be put in their place." Against this protest we enter our own to the effect that nothing that the devil himself could devise, after all his experience in infernal strategy, could ever take the place of the accursed saloon. It occupies a place peculiarly its own. By its warmth and its glow, its mirth and its music, its tempting free lunches and its stimulation of good fellowship, great multitudes of men are lured along to their death as moths are lured by the candle flame, or as flies are lured by the glittering meshes of the spider's web.

Doctor Rainsford argues that the rich man "can go to his club even upon Sunday and get all the liquor that he wants,"—a plague on the club,—“while the saloon, which is the poor man's club, has its doors shut against him."

Where shall he go, it is indignantly asked, if the saloon is closed on Sunday? In the name of common sense, has he no home to go to? What on earth was that intended for, if not for just such uses? But the home is so cheerless, and dark, somebody pleads. We grant it, but the reason only too commonly is that all the money which might have gone to make it warm and cheery and bright and beautiful has been emptied into the coffers of the man who runs the rum mill around the corner. And what meanwhile is to become of the poor, little hard-working woman who is obliged to drudge in that cheerless home while her liege lord carouses with the boys in his bar-room club? Have these venerable apologists for the devil's dens and the men that run them no sympathy for the heartbroken women and starving children for whose ruin infernal saloons are responsible? Shame, shame, it is, that men assuming to be Christian ministers should prostitute so sadly their sacred calling and trail their clerical vestments in the slime of the old serpent!—The Baptist Teacher.

Intoxicating Liquor or Medicine?

A young man traveling on a bicycle between two Pennsylvania towns was surprised to see great numbers of patent-medicine bottles scattered along the way. He picked up some of the bottles, and read, "Home Bitters," "Cherry Tonic," and some other names more familiar to people in general.

The towns were far away from any hotel licensed to sell liquor; nevertheless, as he travelled on his way, he met several men and boys who were evidently intoxicated. When he arrived at his destination, he went into a store to inquire about a place where he could stay. It was a general store with a flourishing drug department. He was in it a very short time, but saw several bottles of bitters, tonics, and cordials sold.

He stopped at a house kept by a woman, who explained that the patent medicines sold in large quantities contained a large percentage of alcohol. The bottles were all labelled and stamped; the medicines were patented and sold under an apothecary's license; yet the business was a great and growing evil to the little town.

Now the young man happened to be a member of the bar of that county, and he

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advised the poor woman, whose sons had been in the habit of taking too much medicine, to make information against the owners of the store for selling liquor without a license; and she, acting upon his advice, started a prosecution. The trial was a hard-fought battle on both sides. The defence employed some of the finest legal talent in that section, but the State's attorney and the young man who had discovered the crime upheld their side of the case bravely.

The judge instructed in substance that, if the storekeepers were selling their medicine in good faith as medicine, they were not guilty, even though it produced intoxication when improperly used, but that if they were selling it to be used as a drink, calling it a medicine to evade the law, they were guilty.

The jury, under the instruction of the court, taking into consideration the taste and ingredients of the medicine, the quantities sold, the parties to whom it was sold, and the questions asked when it was sold, were out only fifteen minutes, and returned a verdict of guilty.

The principle brought out in the above case is law not only in Pennsylvania, but it is recognized throughout the country. An apothecary by abusing his license may render himself liable to punishment when selling even a well-known medicine.—C. H. Whittaker, in *The Christian Endeavor World*.

Beer and Labor.

The *Evening Post*, commenting editorially on facts presented to the Society for the Suppression of Alcoholism, which met recently at Breslau, which showed the per capita consumption of alcohol in Germany is ten quarts every year for every German—man, woman, or child, and that the Empire spends \$750,000,000 a year on drink, as against \$3,000,000,000 for food, says: "In the light of these statistics, the desirability of 'German beer gardens' in our American cities is open to much question. As a matter of fact although there may be much less drunkenness in a beer-consuming country, the dulling effect of the drink upon the intellect and the physique are too patent for discussion." A Munich employer of many skilled workmen, in speaking last summer of the difficulties of competing with foreign and even North German concerns, laid stress upon the cheapness of Munich beer as one of his great handicaps. "If we were on equal terms in every other respect," he said, "the fact that my men's brains and bodies are sodden with beer, day and night, would put me behind in the race."



Elk Hunters

So serious has the drawback of beer-drinking of working men in Germany become, and so thoroughly is it recognized, that a movement has been started to exclude the drink from the factory premises. It has been not uncommon for a man to consume ten pints a day in his shop, while the average is put at not much below one gallon per day, excess being especially marked among moulders. Several experiments have already been made in educating the workmen to dispense with the morning and afternoon recesses for beer and one firm making electrical apparatus in Berlin has found an increase of ten per cent. in product per man since the change was made. There is no arguing against such facts as these." The economic argument for temperance is rapidly coming to the front, and is proving effective in restraining the drink habit among employees.

One Cigar a Day.

"How can you afford all these books?" asked a young man, calling upon a friend; "I can't seem to find spare change for even the leading magazines."

"Oh, that library is only my one cigar a day," was the reply.

"What do you mean?" inquired the visitor.

"Mean? Just this: When you advised me to indulge in an occasional cigar several years ago I had been reading

about a young fellow who bought books with the money that others would have burned in cigars, and I thought I would do the same. You may remember that I said I should allow myself one cigar a day?"

"Yes, I recall the conversation, but I can't quite see the connection."

"Well, I never smoked, but I put by the price of a five-cent cigar every day; and as the money accumulated I bought books—the very books you see."

"You don't mean to say that your books cost no more than that? Why, there are dollars' worth of them!"

"Yes, I know there are. I had six years more of my apprenticeship to serve when you advised me 'to be a man.' I put by the money, which, at five cents a day, amounted to \$18.25 a year, or \$109.50 in six years. I keep those books by themselves as the result of my apprenticeship cigar money; and if you had done as I did, you would by this time have saved many more dollars than I have, and would have been better off in health and self-respect besides."—Success.

General Sir Robert Baden-Powell: There is no snobbishness among boys. That only comes after they leave school, and then they find out the artificial divisions and social classes into which the community is divided. In times of crisis rich and poor can be perfect comrades; why should they not be so before the crisis arrives

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Round the Evening Lamp.

No. 1.—HIDDEN CITIES.

In each of the following sentences may be found the name of a city in the United States:

1. James saw a coon on an apple tree.
2. A sailing vessel may be wrecked.
3. I saw a lame darkey yesterday.
4. Papers are often sent in a package.
5. I sometimes hide under Byron's cart.
6. I call Sam a contrary man.
7. John goes to Montreal tonight.
8. A lion is not the largest animal on earth.
9. Frank has gone with a camping party.
10. Cranberries are as sour as a lemon.
11. Children, obey your parents.
12. This hut I call sweet home.

No. 2.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

The following is a well-known quotation from Longfellow, every other letter being omitted:

"Pie-o-t-f-r-h-n-o-s-b-o-g-a-d-n-g-y,
B-to-e-l-a-k-n-o-l-n-b-g-i-s-a-."

No. 3.—GEOGRAPHICAL CURTAILMENTS.

1. Curtail a mountain in Colorado, and leave a city in Iowa.
2. A city in Kansas, and leave a county in Illinois.
3. A town in New York, and leave a town in Pennsylvania.
4. A town in Georgia, and leave a town in Michigan.
5. A county in California, and leave a town in New York.
6. A town in Maine, and leave a county in Wisconsin.

No. 8.—CHARADE.

Deceit is my first;
My second, a tree;
My third is a time
Named for fasting, We see;
My whole is what honest men
Never will be.

No. 9.—TETRAGON.

Reads the same downward and across.

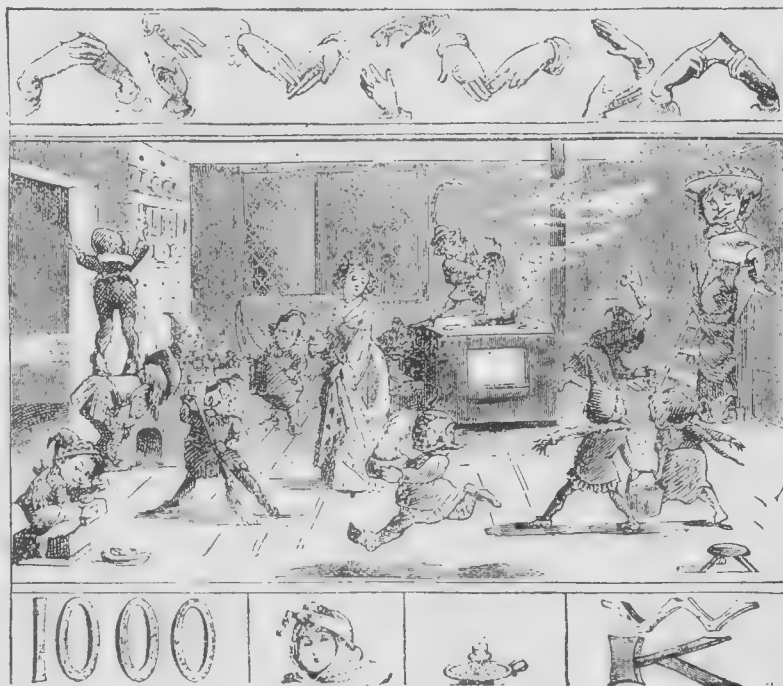
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1. A letter.
2. To perform.
3. An exclamation expressing contempt or disgust.
4. A tract of sandy, level and barren land.
5. A president of the United States.
6. A small boat.
7. To furnish with means of defense.
8. Belonging to me.
9. A letter.

No. 10.—WORD SQUARE.

A Word Square consists of a certain number of words of the same length placed one beneath

No. 4.—PICTORIAL PROVERB.

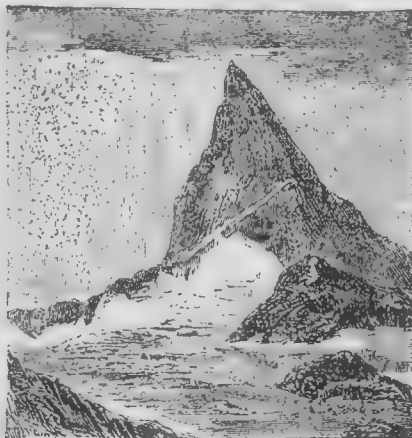


The answer is a well-known proverb containing five words. The upper picture must be read first, then the pictures at the bottom from left to right. The central picture represents the whole proverb put in practice.

No. 5.—A SWARM OF BEES.

1. A bee to keep from motion.
2. One to adorn.
3. One in advance.
4. One to captivate.
5. One to surround.
6. One to make destitute.
7. One to scatter over.
8. One at a distance.
9. One to sprinkle.
10. One to delude.
11. One to decapitate.
12. One to deceive.

No. 6.—ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



A certain kind of tree.

No. 7.—NAMES OF AUTHORS.

In each of the following sentences the name of an author is enigmatically expressed:

1. An old name for a weaver.
2. An inhabitant of one of the divisions of Great Britain.
3. Cheerful.
4. A Scottish alderman.

another in such a manner that they will read the same across and downward.

1. An undesirable tenement.
2. A rough character.
3. An early riser.
4. A distinguished writer.

No. 11.—CONCEALMENTS.

In each of the following sentences find concealed the name of some mythological goddess, or of some woman distinguished in history:

1. "Uncle Tom," said Nellie, one wet evening "do enliven us with a tale of your travels."
2. "Mother, mother, can't I go next week to see the circus?"
3. She gave him the best her larder afforded.
4. The history of Joseph in Egypt cannot but be read with interest.

Answers to all the above puzzles will be given in the December number of the Western Home Monthly.

On Speaking Term with His Food.

A theatrical man recently told the following story about Fritz Williams. The old actor was one day sitting in a fashionable New York restaurant when two young men came in. They were fearfully bored with living, and all that sort of thing, and they beckoned condescendingly to a waiter.

"Waiter," said one, "bring me a chop. Just mention my name to the cook."

"You may bring me a steak," said the other, and tell the cook who it's for."

The waiter was half-way across the room when Fritz Williams hailed him.

"Waiter," he drawled, "bring me half a dozen Blue Points, and mention my name to every darned oyster."

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The Young People.

(We are glad to publish from month to month contributions by boys and girls provided they are worthy. Remember this magazine is for everybody in the home. If you do not see what you want, ask for it.)

A Thanksgivin' Turkey.

'Cindy, reach dah 'hine yo' back
N' han me dat ah almanac.
W'y, Laud! t'-morrer's Thanksgivin'!
Got to git out an' make hay—
Don't keer what de preachah say—
We must eat Thanksgivin' day,
Uz sho' uz yo's a-libbin'.

You know whah Mahs Hudson libs?
Dey 's a turkey dah dat gibbs
Me a heap o' trouble.
Some day Hudson g'ine to miss
Dat owdashus fowl o' his:
I's g'ine ober dah an' twis'
'At gobblah's nake plumb double.

Goin' pas' dah t' othah day,
Turkey strutted up an' say:
"A-gobble, gobble, gobble!"
Much uz ef he mout remahk:
"Don't you wish 'at it was dahk?
Ain't I temptin'?" S' I: "You hahk,
Er else dey'll be a squabble.

"Take an' wring yo' nake right quick,
Light on you lak a thousan' brick,
'N' you won't know whut befell you."
'N' I went on. Yit, evah day,
When I goes by that-a-way,
'At fowl hab too much to say;
'N' I'm tiahd uv it, I tell you.

G'ine to go dis bressed night,
An' put out dat turkey's light,
'N' I'll lam 'im lak a ooblah.
Take keer, 'Cindy, lemme pass;
Got to do mo wo'k up fas'
Ain't a-g'ine to take no sass
Off o' no man's turkey-gobblah.

—James D. Carruthers, in Century Magazine.

A New Start.

One August day, thirteen years ago, a young man sat on the roof of a cottage in a Pennsylvania village shingling and dreamed of the day he would be a contractor. Suddenly he dropped his hatchet, rolled simply to the ladder, clambered down it, and dropped in the shade of a tree. It was sunstroke.

That was the first scene in one of the dramas now to be enacted, by which every-day men show us that the human will is the most unbending, most splendid thing in the world.

Now, this particular town, midway between the mines and the farms, has a big implement factory. And in the most squalid section, along an abandoned millrace, the foundry wagons go, day in and day out, to dump cinders, molding sand, greasy tow, and charred cores.

After eight months of a battened, darkened room, in agony that became excruciating at the touch of light or sound vibration upon his burned nerves, the man took a place on this dump pile. He was too weak to sit up—and here was a living.

Daily, week after week, the man dragged himself to the pile and lay there, digging in the dirt with a sharpened stick. He was a blacksmith's son and knew metals. Happy the day when a chunk of rubber, a piece of brass, or a length of lead pipe came to light. No matter if some friend in the shops had dropped it purposely. It was a living for a man too proud to beg; for a wife too feeble to take the man's burden. And on rainy or wintry days, at the door of a near-by barn, the man lay, bartering pennies for the rags and bones the boys brought in.

Finally the slum niggers learned the secret of the dumping ground. They were too agile for a palsied man. Then it came to the pile of rags in the barn every day. But the man lived, and breathed the air from the hills. Thirteen years the man lived, gaining and losing, and gaining. And to-day he

can do a man's work—if he is careful. Otherwise he drops back six months.

The work he does, moreover, is that which he knows—buying junk. With three tough, swift "Killbucks" he ranges five counties, to come home after dark with two or three tons of rusty plows, binder parts, and farm mills for the foundry cupola. He buys where the cheating foreigner can't enter; buys because the countryside knows him and knew his father for brave and honest men. Now and then he meets one of his father's debtors. And with the business sense of the past years the junk man persuades, jokes, appeals, and at the right moment compromises on payment in kind—in hay, in potatoes. He collects bad debts—hopelessly bad debts. He prospers.

Little by little the pile of old iron that now awaits good times has been growing; gradually comfort and health have come to that cottage; slowly the broken, physical wreck has become a strong, shrewd, able man. Men are taking notice of him, as men will of those who prosper. There are hungry glances and mutterings: "What luck!" "What an opening!" "How easy!"

When you and I talk about hard luck, of barred opportunities, let's remember the power of grit. When we envy a man his luck let's be sure we are willing to take all of it—not merely the golden junk heap, but the eight months and the thirteen years.—C. D. Murphy.

A Brave Little Girl.

By Ruth Everett.

In the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., down near the Navy Yard, there is a large factory where gas fixtures, chandeliers and such things are manufactured. The members of this firm were at one time very wealthy men, and belonged to that social set which is known as the "Four Hundred." Slack business and the general financial depression, which ruined so many firms, caused Archman & Company to temporarily suspend operations. This threw several hundred people, of nearly every age, out of work. To add greater difficulties to the nearly hopeless task of finding work, it was mid-winter; there was a great strike on the trolley system of street cars; the National Guard had been ordered out; and desolation, cold, hunger and want reigned supreme.

James Cowan was one of the men who had been employed by Archman & Company, and he, like the others, was now out of work. His family consisted of himself, his wife and a little daughter, twelve years of age—Flora Cowan.

James Cowan was not a very robust man, and some parts of the work of manufacturing gas fixtures are very unhealthy. However, he was temperate and industrious; his wife was a good manager, neat and economical. They had saved up a snug little sum of money, which they had in a savings bank. Just before the suspension of Archman & Company this bank failed. The Cowans had been in the habit of reserving only enough money for the week's expenses, depositing the rest in the bank.

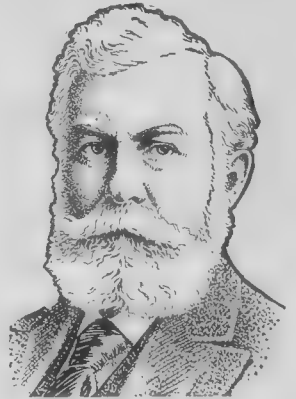
They had saved enough to enable Mr. Cowan to leave the factory and start a modest business for himself. This he contemplated doing the following spring, or at least as soon as business matters should be a bit settled. From all these bright hopes he was suddenly cast into the gloomy despondency of being out of employment, with very scant hope of getting any, rent day soon coming round, and, worse than all the rest, his wife and child would soon be without food. Every morning he started out on his wearisome tramp

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In addition I have had the privilege and pleasure of inducing multitudes of other suffering women to give **ORANGE LILY** a trial, and have received thousands of enthusiastic acknowledgments of the blessings it has brought to them. The following is a sample:

Truro, N. S., April 5, 1909.

Dear Mrs. Currah,—Your very kind letter was received yesterday. In reply to your question about my health, I am thankful to say that I am very well. As I have never given you a statement of my case you may be interested in it. For several years I have suffered untold agony. This suffering was continuous, but I would have violent attacks every few weeks, each attack lasting several days. The first Sunday in November, I felt the pain increasing and so did not go to prayers. The rest of the family did go, and soon after the forcing down pains seized me and I had to remain on the floor until their return. I was in great pain all night and was very sick for a whole week.

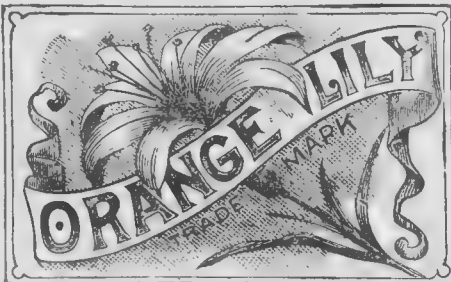
Then Mrs. L. came to see me and told me of your wonderful medicine. I got my husband to send for it right away, as I was too sick to write myself. (My doctor could do nothing for me.) I have used 5 boxes of **ORANGE LILY**, have had three months of good rest, and am now well, never better in my life. I have not had the old pains since. I often ask my husband if it is myself that is going around and doing my own work. I can scarcely believe it. It brings tears of joy to my eyes. I could shout it to all the world. I cannot speak enough in its praise.

Your friend, MRS. E. H. F.

Receiving, as I do, dozens of such reports each day, I feel impelled to make known to my suffering sisters the merits of **ORANGE LILY**. It differs from other so-called remedies in that it is not taken internally. It is a strictly local treatment, and is applied directly to the affected organs. Its curative elements are absorbed into the congested tissues, expelling the stagnant foreign matter which has been irritating the membrane and oppressing the nerves, and a growing feeling of physical and mental relief is noticeable almost from the start. It is a positive, scientific remedy and even if you use no more than the Free Trial treatment you will be very materially benefited.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

I want every reader of this, who suffers in any way from painful monthly periods, irregularities, leucorrhoea, inflammation or congestion of the womb, pains in the back, etc., to send me their addresses, and I will forward at once, without charge, 10 days' treatment. If your case is not far advanced it may entirely cure you, and in any event it will do you much good. I am so earnest in making this statement, and so positive that it is true, that I trust every sufferer who reads this notice will take advantage of my offer and get cured at home, without a doctor's bill. Address, enclosing 3 stamps, MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.



READ OUR WONDERFUL OFFER

We are prepared to give away absolutely free 1000 of these handsome gold-laid, American movement, \$50.00 appearing watches, ladies' or gents' size, stem wind and stem set, absolutely guaranteed, and an equal number of these magnificent imported phonographs or talking machines. This wonderful machine is not a toy, but a genuine talking machine that can sing songs, play orchestra and band music, tell funny stories, and be a constant source of amusement and pleasure in the home. Our machine comes in the beautiful new "Lira" shape and takes a regular cylinder record.

YOU CAN GET BOTH THE WATCH AND TALKING MACHINE ABSOLUTELY FREE

If you will help us, in your spare time, to advertise our business. Just send us your name and address and we will send you, postage paid, only 12 boxes of Dr. Burdick's famous New Life Blood Tonic and Nerve Pills to sell for us at only 25 cents per box. They are a grand remedy for indigestion, constipation, nervousness, weak and impure blood and a wonderful tonic and life-builder. They are easy to sell, as every customer who buys a box of medicine from you is entitled to receive from us a handsome present of silverware, cuff links or ring. When sold send us the money, only \$3.00, and we will promptly send you, postage paid, a Gents' or Ladies' Watch, and the Phonograph you can get absolutely without selling any more goods, but just by helping us extend our business by showing your watch to your friends and getting them to act as our agents. We are spending thousands of dollars to advertise our business, and when we say we will give away these grand watches and phonographs we will do so. **DON'T MISS SUCH A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY.** Write to-day and you will soon be the proud owner of both the handsome watch and phonograph. Address—THE DR. BURDICK MEDICINE CO., Dept. 159 TORONTO, ONT.

for work, and every night he returned home tired and discouraged. They kept constant watch of the "Help Wanted" columns of the papers, but to no avail. They were almost reduced to their last crust, and the father, mother and little Flora were constantly looking for work.

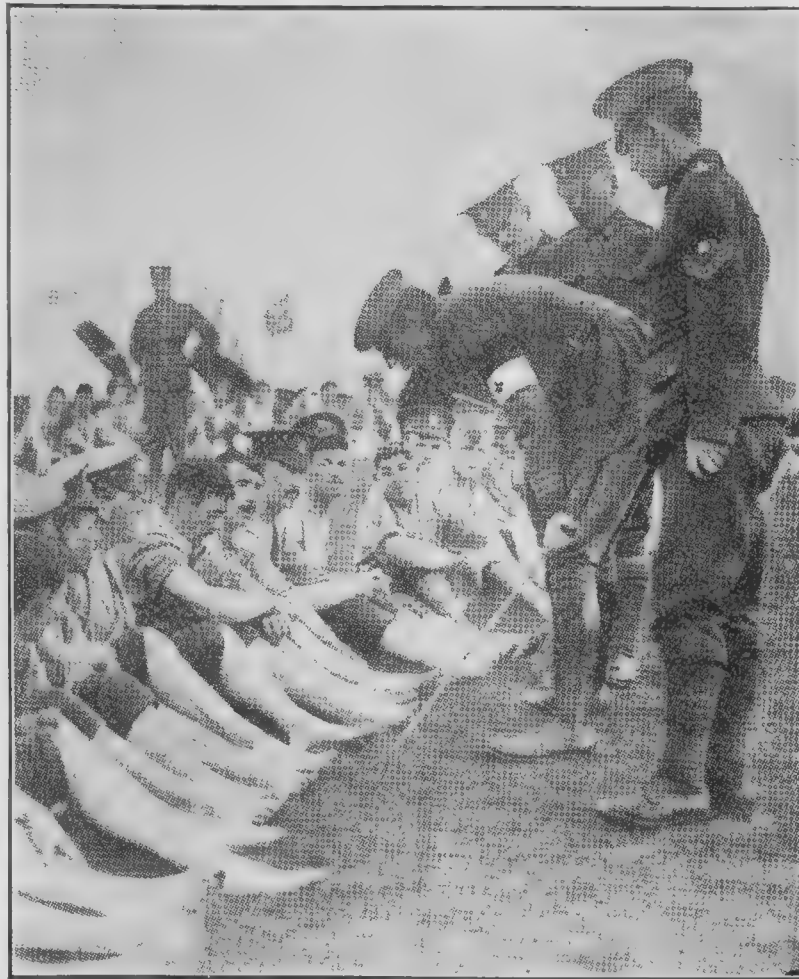
One morning Flora saw an advertisement in the paper for a cash girl. Before the store doors were opened the child was at the place and at the head of the line of applicants. It was near the holidays; the firm needed more help; the child won favor with the manager and was taken on. She fulfilled all her duties conscientiously and well, but when the "rush" was over she, with the other "extras," was dismissed. Her little heart was nearly broken, for she knew, far, far better, than the manager what the pitiful two dollars a week, which she had been paid for her labor, meant to her family.

The old gentleman who was at the head of the firm of dry goods merchants where Flora had worked, although he was a very rich man, went every day to his business, and took a fatherly interest in all his employees. He had noticed the bright little "extra" cash girl,

The child hung down her head, nervously picked at her dress a moment, and then, as if she had made up her mind to cast aside her cowardly shame, she raised her big brown eyes to the senior's gaze, and said:

"I'll tell you sir,—I'll tell you all about it. You see, my papa goes out of the house every morning, and walks and walks, but he never finds any work. Then he comes home at night; and when mamma knows that he couldn't find a job, she cries. Then, when papa sees her crying, he cries. Then I get crying, too—because, you see, we have nothing to eat. When I was here working for you, the salesladies—lots of them—brought their lunch. They had more than they could eat, and they used to wudge it up in a paper and throw it away. Quick as a little mouse, when nobody saw me, I gathered up all these scraps, put them together in my little basket, so then my papa and mamma had supper. Oh, please, sir, do let me come back to work, so I needn't see my papa cry!"

The old man turned away to hide his own tears. A moment later he put his hand on the noble child's head, as if to



Tommy Atkins has his feet inspected after a heavy march

and had not failed to observe that she seemed a general favorite.

A few days after Flora had been told that they would not need her longer, she went to the dry goods store and sought out the old senior, to whom she said:

"Mr. M—, I wish you would let me come back here and work for you. I will always be here on time; I will do all that I am told, and I will work for nothing."

The old man was more than surprised. Her honest, earnest little face forbade him thinking evil of her; but if she was willing to work so hard for nothing, there must be something behind it. What could it be? He began to question her. She told him that her father could get no work. In fact, she told him all: the closing of the gas-fixture factory, the loss of the money by the failure of the savings bank, and finished by saying that she wanted to work for him that she might help her father and mother.

"Confusion worse confounded," thought the old man. Then he said: "But, my little girl, if you are willing to work for me for nothing, I cannot see how that would be helping your father and mother any."

call down a blessing from heaven upon her. Then he said:

"All right, my child—all right; you go right to work this morning."

Mr. M— investigated, and found that all that Flora had told him, and even more, was true. He procured a situation for her father at fifteen dollars a week, and kept the little one in his own employ. She will be promoted as fast as her age and acquirements will justify.

This is the true story of how a good, brave little girl kept the wolf of hunger from her father's door. Her noble conduct has won for her the respect and friendly interest of an influential as well as a truly good man.

The Musical Top.

Joseph Harworth, the actor, had in his possession, a small red musical top, which would not bring more than a few cents if offered for sale, but which to him had a value far beyond its cost, for it was a unique memento of his friendship with John McCullough.

"One evening," said Mr. Harworth, "while we were sitting in the office of the Sturtevant House, a ragged and pale-

IF YOU ARE SICK No Matter What Your Disease We Will Send You Free

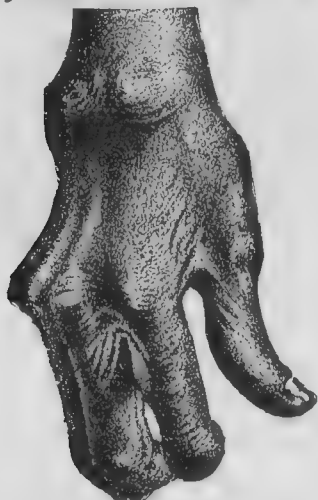
our books describing the Wonderful, New, Natural way to PERFECT HEALTH. The only known method for restoring Health. No matter what your disease, nor how often your case has been pronounced hopeless, write us. Many hopeless cases wonderfully restored. Why not yours?

Dr. H. Sanche Diaductive Co., 356 St. Catherine St., West, Montreal CANADA

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Cure Your Rheumatism

50,000 BOXES FREE



Deformity of the Hands in General, Chronic Articular Rheumatism.

Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Pain in the Back have been cured, in the real meaning of the word, by a little Stillingia, Iodide of Potassium, Poke Root, Guaiac Resin and Sarsaparilla. Any person can take these remedies in any reasonable amount with perfect safety, and the results have been found to be astonishing. It has been proven that this combination makes up the best rheumatism remedy in existence, having actually cured many stubborn cases of over 30 and 40 years' standing—even in persons of old age.

The five ingredients mentioned above prepared with great accuracy and skill not only in regard to proportion, but also in selecting the best material, have been put up in compressed tablet form, and are called

"GLORIA TONIC,"

and fifty thousand boxes are offered free to introduce it.

If you suffer from any form of uric acid in the blood, and have Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, this is the way to drive it out of your system in quick time. Simply send your name and address, enclosing this advertisement, to JOHN A. SMITH, 760 Laing Building, Windsor, Ontario, and by return mail you will receive the box absolutely free. It is only in "Gloria Tonic" that you can get the above combination ready, for use.

ALL MY PIMPLES GONE

Girl Tells How a Blotchy Skin Was Cleansed by a Simple Wash

"I was ashamed of my face," writes Miss Minnie Pickard, of Altamahaw. "It was all full of pimples and scars, but after using D. D. D. Prescription I can say that now there is no sign of that Eczema, and that was three years ago."

D. D. D. has become so famous as a cure and instant relief in eczema and all other serious skin diseases, that its value is sometimes overlooked in clearing up rash, pimples, black-heads, and all other minor forms of skin impurities.

The fact is, that while D. D. D. is so penetrating that it strikes to the very root of eczema or any other serious trouble, the soothing Oil of Wintergreen, Thymol and other ingredients are so carefully compounded there is no wash for the skin made that can compare with this great household remedy for every kind of skin trouble.

D. D. D. is pleasant to use, perfectly harmless to the most delicate skin, and absolutely reliable. Write the D. D. D. Laboratories, Dept. M., 49 Colborne St., Toronto, for a free trial bottle, and prove its wonderful effectiveness.

For sale by all druggists.

Send \$1 Receive 4 cloth remnants suitable for boys' knee pants up to 12 years, give age and we will cut pants free, add 25c for postage. N. Southcott Co. London, Canada.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

faceted little fellow came in with some musical tops in his arms. He went up to several groups of men who were lounging about the corridor, but those he addressed turned abruptly away from him. He was about to pass by when McCullough called him.

"What brings you out so late, my boy?" he said kindly—and if there was ever a voice that could express gentleness and kindness, it was McCullough's.

"I'm selling these tops," the lad answered. He really looked very ill, and in reply to further inquiries he said that he had had hardly anything to eat that day, as all the money in the house had gone for medicine for his sick mother, whose only support was such small amounts as were brought in by the little fellow and his two brothers.

"At first I was slightly skeptical, but as the child talked under the influence of McCullough's gentle questioning I saw that his story was genuine. There was something so sympathetic about McCullough that before the boy knew it he was in tears. McCullough drew the lad toward him, patted him on the head, and said:

"Don't cry now; you're a good little chap, and you're doing your duty in the best way you know how. Be good to your mother always. You can never have but one. God bless you."

"He took two of the tops and handed the boy a ten-dollar bill. As the child left the hotel in a somewhat dazed condi-



A Youthful Explorer.

tion McCullough looked after him with dimmed eyes and said softly:

"My mother's face was the sweetest I ever saw."

"And one of those tops he gave to me."

Games in the South Seas.

How would you like to live in a land where marbles grow on vines and footballs fall from trees? The little brown boys who live upon the islands of the South Seas have but to reach out a hand to gather their marbles, and any one of them can climb a cocoa tree and bring down a great big nut which, when he has taken off the husk and opened one of the eyes in the inner shell, so that the ants can get inside and eat the meat, makes a splendid football for boys and girls who have never worn a pair of shoes in all their life. It is the marble vines and the coconut trees that give the little boys in the South Seas all the toys they need.

The vegetable marble is as large as an alley, perfectly white, very light, but as hard as a rock. The little brown boys of Fiji, Samoa, and the New Hebrides play with these very much as boys the world over play taw, but it is wonderful to see what splendid shots they make. The marble is held just as our own boys hold it, before the thumb, and flipped forward; if it does not land fairly on another marble many yards

away there is a shout of laughter. Sometimes a whole village will watch a game of marbles and become so interested that the grownups will borrow the alleys of the children and all day long they will play the game—for in the land where marbles grow every one knows the game and keeps in practice.

Of course, you believe that the little Samoan is merely copying the white boy's game. Is he? I don't think so. Up among the Solomon Islands, almost on the equator, I found the natives making cats' cradles and learned that the great Capt. Cook had first seen it there and that his sailors took the idea back to the small boy in England. In the Friendly Islands I saw girls playing a kind of jackstraws, and was told that from these islands the world learned the game. In Samoa and Fiji there is a game called lofa, but it is exactly like our shuffleboard. A long piece of matting is stretched on the grass, and the players sit at each end; they are provided with discs made from coconut shell, and these they throw to the other end of the mat, trying to make them either land on little squares or knock other players' discs off squares they occupy, and this game is much older than the shuffleboard played aboard the modern passenger ship. After all, instead of us giving the little brown boys of the South Seas the game of law may they not have sent it to us?

Of course, every small boy of the South Seas can throw a spear; his delight is to wade into the water and spear fish, or, if he lives far away from the ocean, there is a game of throwing spears along the ground to see whose can go farther; then there is the game of throwing spears at wands on the ground, to split them.

Perhaps the little South Sea Islander did get the game of football from the white man—certainly there are no better cricket players anywhere in the world than in Fiji, or baseball experts, among boys, than in Hawaii. But with the hollowed-out coconut shell the sunbaked small boy of the South Seas has always played water polo. For making of a polo ball the South Sea boy has even a better partner than the ant; it is the ungavale, or land crab, that climbs the coconut trees, cuts down with his giant claw the biggest nut he can find, climbs down, uses his big claw to husk the nut, and one of his long, lancelike claws to insert in the eye of the nut and clean out the meat, which he eats, leaving the shell a perfect foot or polo ball for the small boy of the island to play with.

Perhaps you do not know that the green orange makes a wonderful substitute for the baseball; it is tough, and almost as solid as a rubber ball. Often the boys of the tropical islands use the young green orange with which to play baseball or cricket. Again I might ask how would you like to live where it is always summer, and marbles, footballs, and baseballs grow everywhere about you? Where you might knock down a polo ball, scrape our your dinner, throw the now-ready ball into the ocean, and plunge into the water for a game?—Alexander Hume Ford.

Out of Door Paragraphs.

By Mary A. Mason.

If one will only keep his eyes and ears open, there is no reason why something shouldn't go in.

What is good for the early bird is bad for the early worm.

Autumn is a sort of bridge between summer and winter, over which everything that passes has to pay toll.

If one rises to heights and feels at home, it is easy to stay there.

We have a tendency to dwell in the hollows instead of on the heights, and to build little fences of limitations which shorten our range of vision.

For an old world this planet of ours has a wonderful way of looking young at certain sweet seasons of the year.

Do not always imagine that the fruit hanging high is better than the fruit within reach.

Fast Brown that is Fast
Brown calico dress-goods are perfectly practical for wash-dresses if you use

Simpson-Eddystone
Fast Hazel Brown Prints
—fast to soap, light and perspiration. Because of their superior quality of cloth and color, and their many beautiful designs, Simpson-Eddystone Prints have been the standard for over 65 years.

Show this advertisement to your dealer when you order, and don't accept substitutes. If not in your dealer's stock write us his name and address. We'll help him supply you.

The Eddystone Mfg. Co., Philadelphia
Established by Wm. Simpson, Sr.

TRY THIS HOME-MADE COUGH REMEDY

Costs Little, But Does the Work Quickly, or Money Refunded.

Mix two cups of granulated sugar with one cup of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a 16 oz. bottle; then add the Sugar Syrup. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

You will find that this simple remedy takes hold of a cough more quickly than anything else you ever used. Usually ends a deep-seated cough inside of 24 hours. Splendid, too, for whooping cough, chest pains, bronchitis and other throat troubles. It stimulates the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

This recipe makes more and better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50. It keeps perfectly and tastes pleasant.

Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, and is rich in guaiacol and all the natural pine elements which are so healing to the membranes. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

This plan of making cough syrup with Pinex and Sugar Syrup (or strained honey) has proven so popular throughout the United States and Canada, that it is often imitated. But the old, successful formula has never been equalled.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

BUST and HIPS

Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on" method, with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.

HALL-BORCHERT PERFECTION ADJUSTABLE DRESS FORMS do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting and render the work of dress-making at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to fifty different shapes and sizes, bust raised or lowered; also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order and will last a life-time. Write for illustrated booklet containing complete line of dress forms with prices. Hall-Borchert Dress Form Co. of Canada, Ltd., Dept. R, 70-76 Pearl St., Toronto, Canada.

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Suffered For Years From Pain In The Back and Headache.

Pain in the back is one of the first signs showing that the kidneys are not in the condition they should be, and it should be attended to immediately for, if neglected, serious kidney troubles are likely to follow. There is no way of getting rid of the backache except through the kidneys, and no medicine so effective for this purpose as Doan's Kidney Pills.

Miss Ida J. Dorian, 28 Spring St., Charlottetown, P.E.I., writes:—"I have received most wonderful benefit from taking Doan's Kidney Pills.

"I suffered for years from headaches and pain in the back, and I consulted doctors and took every remedy obtainable but without any relief until I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills. This was the only medicine that ever did me any real good, as after using several boxes I am now entirely free from all my dreadful headaches and backaches.

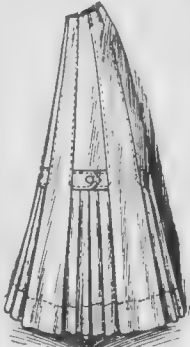
"I will always recommend your medicine to any of my friends who are troubled as I was."

Price 50c per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering direct specify "Doan's"

Send us \$1.75

Receive postpaid this late style skirt. It is cut in seven gores with pleated and strapped sides, made just as pictured; straps are trimmed with satin buttons. Skirt closed in back with an inverted pleat. The material is a smooth finished Vicuna cloth; a splendid wearing material for skirts in black, navy and dark green. This is the best and lowest priced skirt sold and we want you to order one to-day at only \$1.75. Give inches around waist and hips; also length in front. Add 25c. for postage. Order skirt No. 12. Order to-day.



Standard Garment Co.

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Handy Hame Fastener
A new invention to take the place of the old-time strap. Fastens instantly with gloves on. Works automatically. Don't freeze your fingers on cold days. Ever, horse owner will about them. It is any hame. No straps or buckles. Snaps in place instantly. Outwears the harness. Money back to any customer not pleased.

Write today for **FREE SAMPLE**
You will make more money than ever before. Agents say stock sold out before fairly get started. Thomas Mfg. Co., 597 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio.



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A safe, reliable and effectual Monthly medicine. A special favorite with

married ladies. Can be depended upon. Mailed securely sealed upon receipt of \$1.00. Correspondence confidential. J. AUSTIN & CO., Chemists, Simcoe, Ont.

Correspondence.

Women's Rights.

Longworth, Sask., July 3, 1910.

Sir.—My father is a subscriber to the W. H. M. and I always enjoy reading the correspondence page. Some of the letters are very sensible, while others are not. I think it is a very good way to get acquainted with the young people. I am not on the matrimonial list as I think one should be very careful in picking out a partner. I have been reading the letters very carefully and I think that "Archibald" is very foolish. He must think that a woman was made for a slave. I think that a woman ought to have her own spending money as well as a man. She works hard all day, and in lots of cases harder than some men do. I do not think it is a woman's place to feed the hogs or milk the cows and do such work all the time. Of course, it is all right if the men are away and no one else around. I would not think much of the women who wouldn't do it if the men happened to be away, but to make a practice of it, I do not believe in it. I am afraid that one dress a year for the kitchen would not last very long if she had all

ing directed not only to amuse and instruct, but also to inspire and influence for good. I think we should all be proud of the country in which we live; a country that is renowned for its moral purity, and whose people are being applauded for the great fight they are waging against that Goliath, the Liquor Traffic. The depredations of liquor can be seen with striking effect in Old England to-day. Not only the noblest specimens of her manhood, but also the flower of her womanhood are being dragged to the very dust, and poverty and vice is everywhere apparent. Now is the time to crush the invader. Another thing which stands out strong in the Canadian life is the true religious tone of her people. Truly, Mr. Editor, we live in an elevating atmosphere. I realize that to the young man who is ambitious and willing to apply the necessary industry, Canada is truly a land of promise. I admire the western bachelor and think that he is deserving of much praise in his efforts to develop the country and make a home for himself, but I have a poor opinion of the homesteader whose views extend no



I just love chickens.

the chores to do. Let me say, Mr. "Archibald," if you get a woman of the kind who will suit you, why, all right, but I think the girl who married you would be better off without you, for when single, she can go and do what she likes and handle her own purse.

"A Rose Bud."

We Appreciate Letters Like This One.

Pope, Manitoba, June 28, 1910.

Sir.—Please allow me, through the medium of your correspondence columns, to express my thanks for the great amount of pleasure derived from the perusal of your interesting publication, the Western Home Monthly. Some years ago, when I first landed upon the fair shores of Canada, I settled down among the good folk of Ontario, and it was there I first received an introduction to the pages of your valuable journal. I observed that the Monthly was exceedingly popular in the farm homes of the district in which I resided, and on making an effort to discover the reason, I found that its popularity was due firstly, to its being a true home journal, and secondly, to its efforts be-

farther than the vivid imagination of a steaming hot meal, and the great convenience of having a dear wife to mend his socks. I do not think the lonely homesteader appreciates as much as he should the beauties of nature which surround him, and I would like to add also that loneliness can be considerably minimized by the perusal of a good book. On reading the severe criticism extended to "The Doctor" by "Canada Farmer," my countenance assumed a broad smile, and while I do not agree entirely with everything uttered by "The Doctor," yet it is a well known fact that a large majority of the professional men of our cities, including those lawyers of the city of Regina, have discarded the drudgery of the farmstead for the inviting and more remunerative life in the city. If there are any young ladies between the ages of 21 to 30 who would care to write to a young man of 22 summers, I shall be delighted to correspond. I might say that I admire ladies possessing a fair complexion and blue eyes, but prefer sound common sense to mere physical beauty. So, girls, hurry up and let's get acquainted. In conclusion, Mr. Editor, I wish the Western Home

Since John Quit Drinking

By John's Wife



I'm the happiest little woman,
In all this little town;
And my merry laugh and singing,
Takes the place of sigh and frown.
For JOHN HAS QUIT HIS DRINKING
And is like himself once more,
And the world is just a paradise
With such happiness in store!

One day I read some verses—
"Mary's Miracle," the name,
And I said, that's John exactly,
And I'll send and get the same.
So I sent for GOLDEN REMEDY,
(As sly as sly could be)
And I put it in John's supper
And I put it in his tea.

And it didn't taste a little bit;
Had no odor, so, you see—
It was smoothest kind of salling
For little Doctor Me.
And I watched and prayed and waited,
(And cried some, too, I guess),
And I didn't have the greatest faith,
I'm ashamed now to confess.

And John never thought a minute,
He was being cured of drink,
And soon he's as well as any one,
It makes me cry to think!
Just makes me cry for gladness,
I'm so proud to be his wife—
Since he is cured of drinking,
And leads a nice, new life.

"Since John he quit a-drinking!"
I can't say it times enough!
And bates and loathes a liquor
As he would a poison stuff.
And when I say my prayers at night
As thankful as can be—
I pray for John the most of all—
Then GOLDEN REMEDY.

Home Treatment For Drunkards

Odorless and Tasteless—Any Lady Can Give It Secretly at Home in Tea, Coffee or Food.

Costs Nothing to Try.

If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of liquor, all you have to do is to send your name and address on the coupon below. You may be thankful as long as you live that you did it.

Free Trial Package Coupon

Dr. J. W. Haines Company
105 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me, absolutely free, by return mail, in plain wrapper, so that no one can know what it contains, a trial package of Golden Remedy to prove that what you claim for it is true in every respect.

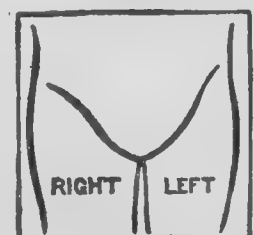
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Are the acknowledged leading remedy for all Female complaints. Recommended by the Medical Faculty. The genuine bear the signature of WM. MARTIN (registered without which none are genuine). No lady should be without them. Sold by all Chemists & Stores. MARTIN, Pharm. Chemist. SOUTHAMPTON, ENG.

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Monthly every success, and may your energies be stimulated by an ever-increasing circulation. I sign myself
"Montrose."

Sport Wants a Lively One.

Moosomin, Sask., July 7, 1910.

Sir.—I have been a very interested reader of your valued columns for some two years now and must say that there is no magazine I like to see come into the house any better than your monthly. I think that the correspondence pages are the best part of it and take a lot of enjoyment out of them. I may say that I am a young fellow of 19, have blue eyes and am considered very good looking, although nothing to write home about in my opinion. In regard to habits, I may say that I smoke but am a teetotaler, although I think that if I wanted to have a drink that I would take one. I would like to correspond with some girl who is something of a sport. I mean by that, one that is not dead but goes out for a good time, and anyone that answers this letter will get one in return. I enclose herewith a couple of letters which I would like you to kindly forward to the respective personages. Thanking you, and trusting to see my first letter in print, I remain yours very truly
"Sport"

A Young Scotch Canadian.

Indianford, Man., July 11, 1910.

Sir.—Being a reader of your magazine, I am greatly interested in your correspondence columns. I am a farmer's son and do not agree with "The Doctor" in Feb. issue, for I think the farmers are the backbone of Canada. I suppose I should describe myself as it seems to be the custom. I am a Scotch Canadian, 20 years old, weigh 130 lbs., and am 5 ft. 3½ inches tall. Like "Sunny Nell," my neight is my sensitive point, but let us hope, "Sunny Nell," that this will improve despite the predictions of our friends. I do not smoke or chew and am a member of the Royal Templars of Temperance. I would like correspondents from both sexes and would especially like to receive letters from "Sunny Nell" and the "Heavenly Twins." I will reply to all correspondents promptly. I would also like to hear from amateur photographers. Photographing is one of my hobbies. I would be willing to exchange snapshots with other amateurs. I will now close, begging your pardon, Mr. Editor, for taking up so much of your valuable space. Correspondents will find my address with the Editor.
"Snapshot Jim."

Has Always Lived on a Farm.

Margaret, Man., August 21, 1910.

Sir.—I have been an interested reader of your valuable paper for some time now, and I must say that I enjoy reading the correspondence very much. Some of the letters are very interesting, while others are very foolish, and I think that it is very nice for the young people to correspond with one another. Now, boys, any who would like to write to "Rainbow" will get my address with the editor. Well, as it seems to be the rule to describe one's self, I will do the same. I am 5 ft. 6 in. tall, weigh 130 lbs, am under 25, have medium brown hair and blue eyes. I am very fond of amusements, such as singing, skating and dancing. I have lived on a farm all my life and I like the country very much. Wishing the W. H. M. every success, and thanking the Editor for time and space, I sign myself
"Rainbow."

Oh! How Lonesome!

Portage la Prairie, Aug. 1st, 1910.

Sir.—I am very interested in your splendid paper, especially the correspondence column. I am an Irish girl, and have been in this country two years, and would like to correspond with some nice manly Western bachelor. I am 23 years of age, 5 feet 6 inches tall, weigh 131 pounds, and have dark hair and brown eyes. I am considered a good cook, and am fond of horses and chickens, but will not feed pigs. I can play the organ,

and am of a loving disposition. I think it is rather foolish how some girls talk about Western bachelors drinking and smoking. For my part, I believe it does not hurt a man to do either. A good man knows how to treat his wife well. I hope some one will correspond with me.
Lonesome Maiden.

A New Arrival from the East.

Castor, Alta., Aug. 4th, 1910.

Sir.—I am an Eastern Canadian girl, who has spent three years in the West, and done about everything else but write to the Western Home Monthly. I have always liked to read the letters, as well as the other pages of the paper, and think it is all good. I have just come to a new town, and have not made many acquaintances here yet, but like Alberta best of the Western provinces. This town is booming now, and is full of people (all strangers to one another), but all free and kind to each other. It is quite a sight to see the cars unloading, as there is such an endless variety of stuff, and to see the big loads leave for the country. I admire the people who face such difficulties with such marvellous light-heartedness. One scarcely ever hears any one murmur or complain, all are looking forward to good times ahead. I notice that most of the writers describe their looks, but I don't think complexion is essential for friendship, although one can have some idea from the expression of a face as to what character a person has. I am on the shady side of 25, and take rather a serious view of life, but most of my correspondents say I can write a good letter, so if any one wishes for a letter from this part of the West I shall be pleased to answer any who write me. Wishing all the members success.
Lonesome Peg.

A New Suggestion.

July 17th, 1910.

Sir.—I sent you a letter some time ago, but I guess it must have found its way to the waste paper basket. I hope this one will fare better. In this correspondence column the matrimonial question appears to be about the only matter discussed. I suppose the reason is because everybody is interested in that question. Now, I propose a new discussion. Just now there is a problem appearing before the nation, and therefore is of national interest, and that is woman suffrage. Many prominent men and women are taking up the question—some for it, and others against it. Now, for my part I am against it, as I do not think women were ever intended to take the responsibilities of men or the place of men. Woman's place is in the home and the home life. All children that have left the home nest and gone out to do battle with the world, be they young or old, have a picture in their memory that can never be forgotten, and that is a picture of their home and their mother, and these two are inseparable—home and mother, mother and home. We never think of the home without the mother, and although we may not realize it, that loving influence is felt all through our lives, and our lives are moulded accordingly. Now, if our mothers had had woman suffrage we could not have that influence or memory to cherish, and, besides all this, women were intended to be helpmates such as they are to-day. This is as it should be, and they are in their place. We all love women, and would find it hard to get along without them in our homes. We enjoy making sacrifices for their pleasure, and protecting them with our lives if necessary; but if they were allowed suffrage this would all be changed. Now, I suppose some of the fair sex will be saying this is some old cranky bachelor or woman-hater, but this is not the case, as I love women, and would not like to live without them, although I am a bachelor. Now, I will give my description, and I hope some of the fair sex will be pleased to correspond with me, as I love to receive and read long letters, and will answer all. I am 26 years old, fair complexion, 5ft. 4in. in height, and weigh 145 lbs., and fairly good-looking, and would be pleased to exchange photos. My address is with the Editor.
Fiddlesticks.

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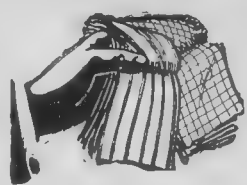


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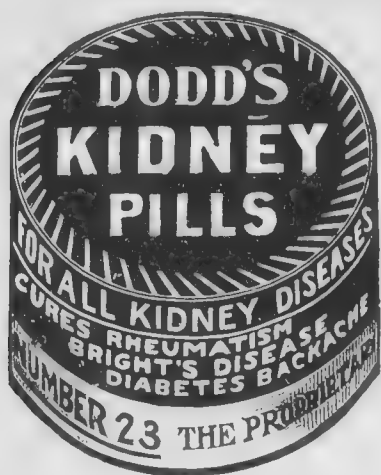
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Address.....

A Sensible Letter.

Sir.—I have read with interest the letters in your correspondence column, especially those from lonely ones like myself, and should be glad if you have space, if you will kindly insert this letter in your next issue. I am of English nationality, and have been over here about a year, and but for feeling very lonely sometimes I should like it very much. I am well educated and musical, and most of my friends think me very sensible and practical. With regard to appearance, I am tall and dark and am usually considered good-looking and of nice appearance generally. I should like to marry and have a nice home of my own, provided I could be fortunate enough to meet with someone congenial, well educated, and refined, in short, a man whom I could thoroughly respect and look up to, and one whom I could be a companion to as well as a wife, but as I am middle-aged I should prefer a man of 50 or thereabouts, preferably one who has made his position or is about to retire. I should have no objection to a widower with one or two grown-up children. Now, Mr. Editor, I expect there are many men over here who would be glad to meet with someone like myself, and that is why I am writing this letter, and would be glad if you could put me in correspondence with anyone suitable. To that end I am enclosing my name and address. Wishing your paper the best of success. —I remain, yours truly, Lonely.

I will now give the customary description of myself. I am 5 feet 9 inches tall, dark hair, grey eyes, weigh 160 lbs., age 20, and am a Canadian, Protestant, and do not use intoxicants or tobacco, and if anyone should want to know about my looks I think a photo would settle all doubts. I can also play the piano and sing a little. As for amusements, I play cards, and like all outdoor sport, but do not dance. I am a bookkeeper and a stenographer, and spent most of my life on an Ontario farm, but like bookkeeping better than farming, yet have not the same views as one signed "Doctor" in one of the previous numbers. Now, I am not writing this with a view to matrimony, but would be pleased to correspond with some good, sensible girl not past 20. If the Editor will be kind enough to publish this letter I will be much indebted to him. I would be particularly glad to hear from "Wild Rose" of Franklin, Man., in the July number. Wishing the W.H.M. every success, I will sign—
Fair Play.

A Terrible Indictment.

Weyburn, Sask., Sept. 26, 1910.

Sir,—Being an old subscriber, would you be so kind as to publish my letter for all the young who may be married in the sweet by and bye, especially the young ladies, and also those who are already married. Those not over 25 years will do—and younger. My object in view of what I have to let you all



The morning treat.

Disgruntled Airs a Grievance.

Sir.—I have for some time felt badly over one feature of your correspondence columns, and the July issue caps my grouch completely. Why is it that so many of your writers think it necessary to mention that they wish correspondents "for pastime only," or "without matrimonial intent?" Why do they make such protestations at all? Surely it should be a foregone conclusion with all who use the column that there is no thought for any such foolishness. Why should any person dream, even for a moment, of choosing a life partner by correspondence? Of all earthly matters this is the most important, both for its own sake and for the wide influence which the choice will have upon all. Indeed, the spiritual even the moral, development of man or woman may be shaped and controlled by it. Mr. Editor, could you not prevail upon yourself to blue-pencil all such passages in your correspondence as mention matrimony in one way or the other? I would like to see the column put upon the same basis as any other social gathering of young people. If any young ladies of about my own age (twenty-one) will send me their addresses I should be very pleased to write. Disgruntled.

A Chance for Wild Rose.

Sir.—I have been a reader of your magazine for a long time, and have taken much interest in the matrimonial correspondence columns, and must admit it is very interesting as well as amusing.

SHARP KNIFE-LIKE PAINS Would Go Through Heart

Thousands of people go about their daily work on the verge of death and yet don't know it.

Every once in a while a pain will seem to shoot through the heart but little attention is paid to it at the time, and it is only when a violent shock comes that the weakness of the heart is apparent.

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Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting, Spells, Spots before the eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nightmare, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Cold Hands or Feet, Difficult Breathing, Dropsy, Swelling of the feet or ankles, or Neuralgia around the heart? If you have one or more of the above symptoms of heart disease, don't fail to use **Dr. Kinsman's Celebrated Heart Tablets**, the remedy which has made so many marvelous cures. Not a secret or "patent" medicine. One out of four has a weak or diseased heart. Three-fourths of these do not know it, and thousands die who have been wrongfully treated for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't drop dead like hundreds of others when **Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets** will cure you. Here is a sample of what they are daily doing:

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No woman need look dowdy during expectant Motherhood.

The **EVERY SIZE** Maternity Skirt is a high class tailored skirt of patented design which by a simple adjustment will fit any size of waist yet keep its proper lines over the hips and a perfect line at the bottom both in front and behind. The adjustments are invisible and the skirt is most comfortable to wear and is recommended by every Doctor and Nurse who has seen it.



The skirts are sold retail by leading dealers at \$6.00 to \$13.50 according to material.

The **EVERY SIZE** maternity skirt is well described in a booklet which is sent free on application, together with names of dealers in your locality who sell this skirt, by the sole licensees and makers in Canada.

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when coming back with the needle, he keeps both the thread and button from slipping by covering them with his thumb; and it is out of regard for that part of him that he feels around for the eye in a very careful and judicious manner, but eventually losing his philosophy as the search becomes more and more hopeless, he falls to jabbing about in a loose and savage manner, and it is just then the needle finds the opening and comes through the button and part way through his thumb with a celerity that no human ingenuity can guard against. Then he lays down the things with a few familiar quotations, and presses the injured hand between his knees, and then holds it under the other arm, and finally jams it into his mouth, and all the while he prances the high-flying, and calls upon heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like it since the world was created, and howls and whistles "Home, sweet home," and moans and sobs. After a while he calms down and puts on his pants and fastens them together with a stick, and goes to his business a changed man. Ending with signing myself—
"Maw's Son."

Girls Are as Scarce as Hen's Teeth.

Oliver, Sask., Sept. 15, 1910.

Sir,—Being a new subscriber to the W.H.M. and being very interested in the correspondence column, I thought I would like to write and get acquainted with some of the fair sex, the correspondence column being a great help to the Western bachelors to get acquainted



Beautiful little things.

with the Eastern girls. Girls in this part are as scarce as hen's teeth. I have homesteaded and batched for four years a hundred miles from town, but thank the Lord the railroad has come at last. I find batching not what it is cracked up to be, as it is a lonesome life, especially in the winter time when there is nothing but the chores to do to pass away the time. The advent of the locomotive has made it easier to get lumber and coal. I noticed last fall that quite a lot of the bachelors had put up cages big enough to hold two, and quite a few have gone East to look for the bird. I wish them luck. Now, girls, I guess you have heard the old saying, "there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out." There is pretty good fishing in the West as well as the East. The bachelors round here are very shy when they see a petticoat flying in the breeze; they hardly know what to do, whether to run or not. Maybe they think of the old saying, "faint heart never wins fair lady," so their curiosity is aroused to find out whether it is a married woman, old maid or maiden fair. You should see them when they find out it is either of the first two. I believe if the Canadian government would do the same as the United States and give the women a homestead as well as the men (they should have let the women homestead the odd numbered sections instead of letting the speculators have them) the West would have been all the better for it, and that would have solved the question of scarcity of women in the West. I should like to hear from any girls between the age of 18 and 25 years and will try and answer all letters. You will find my address with the Editor.—
"Beecham's Pill."

Another Believer in True Love.

Chauvin, Alta., Sept. 24, 1910.

Sir,—I am very fond of reading your paper, and take pleasure in reading the correspondence columns; also the pages devoted to young men's and young women's problems. I feel safe in saying that the writers of those pages do a lot of good in this new country. Those of us who are fighting our battles in this Western land find a great deal of help in those pages. In regard to corresponding solely for the sake of getting married, I might say that I don't believe in it. In my mind marriage is sacred, and when two hearts come together as one, then the angels in heaven bless the young couple. I may not know anything about it, still I am of the opinion that, though we rise high in the political or commercial fields, though we win fame and riches, and have not love, our lives are nothing. Like other writers I will describe myself. I am young, tall, not good looking, quiet, except when selling goods. I like jolly girls best, and am fond of reading instructive books. If some of our girls will write to me, I will be very grateful. My name and whereabouts are with the Editor.

"Always Pleasant."

A Chance for a Hired Girl.

Regina, Aug. 8, 1910.

Sir,—I have been a subscriber to your paper for two years now, and find it is still by far the best paper published both for fun and profit. I see in your correspondence columns some very nice

letters, so thought I would try and swell the ranks with my little note. I am a homesteader, although only three miles from a station, so it is not so lonely as some; but it is none too good any time. At the present time I am hired out, and I find that is more comfortable. Winter will soon be here again. I am English, 30 years of age, height 5ft. 4in., weight 130 pounds. I would like to correspond with any young lady between 20 and 30 years of age in same position of life as myself, that is, hired girls are not barred, as I think birds of a feather flock best together. Anyway, that is an old saying, so if this meets the eyes of any young ladies wishing to correspond with me I will gladly answer all letters. So now, Mr. Editor, I will close and await result. Before I finish though, I must say I am a smoker, so hoping to see this letter in print and not in the basket, I will close with best wishes for the W.H.M.—
"The Pink 'Un."

From Another Farmer's Daughter.

Crandall, Sept. 29, 1910.

Sir,—Being a reader of your valuable paper for more than a year, I thought I would send a few lines. I am a farmer's daughter, so, of course, live on a farm, and I enjoy it all. I like doing little chores outside, such as milking and looking after fowls, and am a great lover of horses, especially if they are good to ride. I think some of the letters written are very foolish and they sometimes hit the poor boys out West pretty hard. Fancy a girl saying she wouldn't have a man who smoked or chewed. My goodness! do the girls expect them to be perfect? I wonder if they themselves are perfect? I think not. I don't ap-

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prove of liquor myself, but I think it is all right in its place. I think if the tobacco is any comfort to the poor, lonely boys, let them have it, for those starting on a homestead have not very much comfort. I am not on the matrimonial list, but would like to hear from any of the young men or women if they should care to write. I am very fond of music and play a little; I also like dancing. I will gladly answer any cards or letters received. My address will be with the Editor. I will sign myself—

"Shy Prairie Belle."

Women Should Not Feed Hogs.

Sept. 9, 1910.

Sir,—I have written to this charming circle before and never had the good luck to see my letter in print. I thought I would pick up courage and try once more. Now, here goes for a description of a farmer's little girl. I am 17, and have brown hair, brown eyes and rosy cheeks. Some of the letters amuse me very much, especially "Archibald's" letter in your March number. Just stop and think for a moment what kind of a life a girl would lead with such a man. Imagine a woman feeding hogs, the dirtiest job out of doors, and then come in and greet such a man with a smile. Of course, she would get one or two dresses which she would need in the kitchen, and I hope she will do well with that ugly

flock of hens, and she will get a good dress also. I would like to know whether he intended her to go out anywhere, but I suppose that would depend upon the hens, too, whether they could supply her with a dress or not. Now, "Archibald," I think you had better think about this and let her have all the chicken money and more, too, if she wants it. Would the Editor be so kind as to give me the address of "Daman" from Nelson, B.C., in the March number; also "All Smiles" from Alberta, "Farmer" from Viscount, and "A Rival" from Eyebrow, Sask., all in your March number. I would like to correspond with "Maple Leaf Jack" if he will write first; also "Barkis" from Moose Jaw. Find letter addressed and stamped to send them to me. I'll close, leaving my address with the Editor, and wishing him every success.

"Brown Eyes."

"Archibald" Criticized.

Sept. 23, 1910.

Sir,—Though not a subscriber to, I am an interested reader of, your paper. Many things in it are helpful and very interesting. I am often quite amused and at times edified (?) through reading some of the letters. "Archibald's" letter in the April number is really unique. On his account it is unfortunate that slavery has been abolished, otherwise he might spend a few dollars and

supply himself with a household drudge. He will scarcely find in this twentieth century any damsel waiting at the well ready to let down and draw water for his camels. Ye gous and little fishes! but wouldn't that man's gall jar you? Wonder how far down the lane she, his prospective wife, would be expected to meet him with a smile and a steaming hot supper? Guess the latter would count for more than the former. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! where was he born and brought up, anyway? Poor Archibald! I feel sorry that a man of such calibre has a foothold on Canadian soil. Let us hope his soul may grow and his heart—or is it only a gizzard—may expand and hollow somewhat before any woman, blue-eyed and brown haired, with the sensibilities that usually accompany such, puts herself in the power of such as he. I notice all these letters come from the young, and I have been tempted to ask, is there not a middle-aged or even older man out in our vast N.W. who is alone and at times lonely enough to care to exchange views on paper with a woman past the half-way mark and on the down-hill side of life? I am a widow, quite alone in the world, but not looking for someone to put in "his place." Simply after an active life; now compelled to sit and "spin in the sun," and often find time hanging heavy and no one to talk with on many subjects I should like to have views upon. If such there be, my address will be found with the Editor.

"Atina."

Favors a Post Card Exchange.

Brandon, Man., Sept. 1, 1910.

Sir,—I have just been reading the correspondence column of your August number, which I found quite interesting. I think the suggestion of a post card exchange a splendid idea, and would enjoy exchanging with any young Westerners who would care for cards. I have quite a large collection of cards, but none from west of Winnipeg. If it is not asking too much, I would like to have the addresses of several of your correspondents, namely, "Bashful Kid," "Beer," and "Whiskers"; also "Hooligan." I will sign myself—

"Blue Eyes."

A Contented Bachelor.

Bladworth, Sask., Sept. 9, 1910.

Sir,—When I got your paper yesterday and turned to the correspondence column and read "Skittles'" letter, I was on the point of ordering out my steed and careering "o'er the hills to Govan." His description so suited me—age, good looks (?), disposition, housework and music. Why, it seemed that somebody knew me. But, luckily, I read it twice, and I came to "I do not believe that love exists between man and woman," and that fixed me. I sat down again. Dear "Skittles," you have never been in love, that is evident, though possibly you have been disappointed in love; but allow me to say that if there was no love in this world the latter would stop. Considering I am even older than you, which should give me a little more experience, it may seem silly for a man to say such things, but get married and you will learn very shortly that there is such a thing as love. But do not marry a man who does not love you. "O. G. Rusalems'" letter, very happily put next to yours, would seem to suit your case, though he wants a widow. That shows his sense, though I cannot admire where he says all young girls are vain and frivolous; that would seem to include you, though your letter does not seem as if you are made that way. However, I would be pleased to introduce you to each other, as you both seem to have good business heads, and I own that is a great essential for married life. I enjoy reading the letters in the correspondence column. When one reads between the lines one can see the hopes and fears of those starting in life, and the cynicisms and pessimisms of others old enough to know better. I am afraid I am in the latter class myself, at least, as regards age. I will not attempt to give a description of myself, as is the rule, as I am not in the market, and cannot say that I want any correspondents particularly. Suffice to say that I have crossed the herring pond three times, have travelled by land and sea considerably, been in four continents, and seen considerable fighting in foreign lands. If I were in the matrimonial market I would prefer someone about half my age, fair preferred, money no object, the less the better; but I would never marry a girl till I had seen her and knew her, as, no matter what "Skittles" and others of like sentiment (or want of it) may say, without love life is not worth living. I know it, for I have lived without it too long, and one cannot fall in love with a photo. I would sooner do the cooking myself than marry just for a "cook." As for the dowry law, sharing the pocket book, allowancing a wife, or giving her the egg money and so on, it's all bosh. When money creeps in, love flies out. I would want a wife with business ideas, even if she had never been in a business and everything should be hers as well as mine. You know, two heads are better than one if, etc.—Yours, etc.,

"Contented as a Bach."

Carberry, Man., Sept. 14, 1910.

Sir,—For some time I have been a reader of the W.H.M. and have been very pleased with it, but have never had the courage to write. I have never had the pleasure of a trip to the West, but having heard so much about it I would like very much to correspond with any of the young people, or if anyone wishes to exchange post cards, please remember me, as I will be only too glad to have some views of Western Canada. I leave my address with the Editor, and hope your readers will take pity on one who is—

"Lonesome."

Let us buy a 50-cent bottle of Psychine (pronounced Si-keen) from your druggist and give it to you (free) to prove its great value.

Psychine is the greatest vitality builder of the age.

For thirty years Psychine has been curing almost every disease that is due to run-down vitality.

Hundreds of thousands have used Psychine with wonderful beneficial results.

We have received thousands of unsolicited testimonials from people whom Psychine has cured, of in many cases, hopeless ailments.

There are still thousands of people suffering from disease, however, whom Psychine can benefit.

There are still thousands who are trying to cure themselves by wrong methods, who are using dangerous and hurtful medicines.

There are still thousands who are gradually losing their vitality—from whose body the necessary resisting power to disease is slowly but surely slipping away.

There are still those who soon will hear the dread "call in the night" if they do not take prompt action.

To these we have the above message, viz.:

"Let us buy a 50-cent bottle of Psychine from your druggist and give it to you, free, to prove its great value."

That 50-cent bottle of Psychine will tell you more powerfully than mere words can how tremendously beneficial Psychine will be for you.

It will give you an unmistakable indication of its wonderful power to renew the bodily vitality, to strengthen the phagocytes (the white corpuscles), the policemen or scavengers of the body.

* * *

The Surgical Department of the Japanese Army, in the Japo-Russian war, first drew the attention of the scientific world to the function of the white corpuscles of the blood or phagocytes.

Foreign medical men were astounded to see Japanese soldiers with wounds that had not been cleansed or dressed for days, that were apparently dirty, ill-kept, and altogether unsanitary.

Yet these dirty wounds healed marvellously; no army the world had ever known had such a wonderful record

for the recovery of their wounded as the Japanese army.

And all because the Japanese knew how to let the white corpuscles cure.

* * *

There are two kinds of corpuscles in your blood, you know, red and white.

The red carry nutrition, the white are the policemen or scavengers of the body.

Whenever a disease germ enters the body, these white corpuscles attack and literally eat it.

A wound that attracts disease germs from the air is cleansed and healed by billions of phagocytes, or white corpuscles, devouring these unwelcome disease germs.

Any disease can be cured by these white corpuscles if they be in sufficient number or strong enough to attack and devour the germs that cause the disease.

If they are not in sufficient numbers or strength, then the disease germs eat them and disease claims the body.

That's the cause of every disease to which humanity is heir.

* * *

For centuries the cure of disease has been by means of herbs—nature's remedies.

It is only within recent times that we have come to know how these herbs act.

Now scientists tell us they increase the strength and numbers of the white corpuscles or phagocytes.

In Psychine we have some of the most healing and beneficial herbs in the world, herbs that increase and strengthen the white corpuscles.

From Arabia comes one herb, from South America another, China and Japan produce a third, while the jungle of India yields a fourth.

All these herbs are recognized by the medical profession as being the most beneficial to health that they know.

That's why Psychine, in the third of a century it has been made, has cured hundreds of thousands of people who suffered from the following diseases:

La Grippe
Bronchitis
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Anaemia
Female Weakness
Indigestion
Poor Appetite
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Bronchial Coughs
Weak Lungs
Weak Voice
Spring Weakness
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Catarrhal Affections
Catarrh of Stomach
Night Sweats
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Laryngitis and
Dyspepsia

That's why we believe it will be beneficial to you.

Now we don't ask you to take our word for the tremendously beneficial effect of Psychine. Fill out the coupon below, mail it to us, and we'll give you an order on your druggist (for which we pay him the regular retail price) for a 50-cent bottle of Psychine to be given you free of cost.

We will undoubtedly buy and distribute in this manner, hundreds of thousands of these 50-cent bottles of Psychine.

And we do that to show our entire confidence in this wonderful preparation.

A confidence that has been based on our 30 years' experience with this splendid preparation with a full knowledge of the hundreds of thousands of cures it has made.

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To the Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, Ltd.
193-195 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

I accept your offer to try a 50c. bottle of Psychine (pronounced Si-keen) at your expense. I have not had a 50c. bottle of Psychine under this plan. Kindly advise my druggist to deliver this bottle to me.

My Name.....

Town.....

Street and Number....

My Druggist's Name.....

Street and Number.....

This coupon is not good for a 50c. bottle of Psychine if presented to the druggist—it must be sent us—we will then buy the 50c. bottle of Psychine from your druggist and direct him to deliver it to you. This offer may be withdrawn at any time without notice. Send coupon to-day.

In Lighter Vein.

Dolan's First Thousand Dollars.

When the millionaires of America numbered only a few hundred, certain newspapers and periodicals made their names and faces familiar by numerous illustrated articles "touchin' upon and appertainin' to" the question "How to Get Rich."

Thomas Dolan, the head of the United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia, was one of the few very rich men who could never be induced to tell the story of his life for the benefit of the climbers.

A newspaper man who had had the good fortune to render Mr. Dolan some slight service called on him one day and said that his paper wanted to learn from him how the millionaire had made his first thousand dollars.

"You want the truth, I suppose," said Mr. Dolan.

"Certainly."

"Well, I never had any first thousand dollars. I had \$350 and a reputation for 'making good.' My reputation made my \$350 look like \$3500 to another fellow and he trusted me. My first deal showed a profit of \$2000, so that my first thousand was really \$2350."

A Letter from Horace Greeley.

By Hayden Carruth.

I have been so unfortunate in the class of story-tellers I have met here and there; they have been, generally speaking, such a scurvy lot and have usually told tales so obviously exaggerated, and I have so often been obliged for financial reasons (though against my will) to write out and print their mendacities, that it was a genuine pleasure recently on a Fall River boat to encounter a minister of the gospel (this is what he said he was, at least), and to hear from him the following simple little narrative, which seems to carry upon its face the impress of truth.

Shortly following the Civil War (said he—he spoke in a quiet, earnest manner) I was in charge of a little church in Dutchess County, New York. My flock was small, and I found myself with much leisure; so I cast about for some avocation. I hit on poultry-raising. I knew little about this industry, so naturally I decided to seek advice. One day an inspiration came to me—I would write to Horace Greeley. My letter was short and consisted essentially of three or four questions concerning the best breeds, and so forth, for a person in my position to experiment with. I enclosed a stamped envelope for his reply.

Of course, the reputation of Greeley's handwriting was not unknown to me. His chirography was known—and feared—from Maine to California. But I dreaded it less than you might suppose. I had always rather flattered myself on my ability to read difficult handwriting; besides, I had unlimited time at my disposal. Further than this, there were many friends on whom I felt that I could rely for aid.

On the morning of the third day the postmaster handed out the letter I was looking for and I retired to a corner of the store, sat down, adjusted my glasses and opened the envelope. I found that the communication was not written on an office letter-head, but on an ordinary sheet of paper, without printing. It was the usual business size, about eight by ten inches, unruled; and the writing filled some half dozen short lines across the middle of the sheet. For a moment I regretted the rash step I had taken. The tangled jungle of hieroglyphics which faced me afforded no foothold for my terrified eye. Then my courage returned, and I determined at least to make a brave fight.

As usual, a vigorous effort met its just reward. Soon I caught words here and there, frightfully mangled and distorted, but still recognizable words.

Gradually parts of sentences began to reveal themselves. Soon only a few of the more knotted and snarled portions remained, and as I threw my whole strength into the work even these gradually thawed into known terms. But my troubles were only just beginning. What had he written to me? I had asked him about chicken-growing—here was not one word concerning poultry or anything akin. This is what I read:

New York, Sept. 8.

The war was a failure. I hoped to see Jeff Davis in the White House. A young man stands the best chance in Rhode Island. The Tribune is the poorest newspaper in New York.

Yours truly,
Horace Greeley.

My hands sank in my lap, and I gazed vacantly off into space. There was a strange ringing in my ears, and I could feel my heart beating like a steam engine. Then I held up the letter and read it again. It was the same as before. Again and again I read it, and each time it bore the same astounding message. At last I saw the explanation. I had lost my mind. I tested myself in every way, but could not discover that I did not have the full use of my faculties. I returned to the letter. I carried it to a good light and read it once more. It was still the same.

Again I was at sea. The hypothesis that I was insane was not tenable. I went down to the office of the local paper. To the editor I explained the circumstances of my writing to Mr. Greeley, and handed him the letter, asking him if he could read it. He spent some fifteen minutes over it, and then looked up in astonishment.

"But you say you wrote about chickens!" he exclaimed.

"True—chickens. Doesn't he reply concerning chickens?"

"Chickens—great Caesar! Pretty nearly everything else except chickens. This is the way I read it"—and he went ahead and rendered it precisely as I had done.

"That's the way I read it, too," I said as he finished. "What's your explanation?"

"Explanation! What's my explanation of the canals of Mars? Don't ask me to explain it. You ought to see Jim Towsley."

Towsley was the Congressman from our district, a life-long friend of Greeley.

The next day I drove to Poughkeepsie, where Towsley lived. I found him, and again briefly related the particulars of my writing to Greeley and gave him the letter.

"I can usually pry it out," said Towsley, and he settled back in his chair and went at it. I watched his face closely. A look of deep study gradually ran into wonderment and on through surprise, astonishment, hopeless dumfoundedness to blank helplessness.

Then he looked at me and said:

"Have you read it?"

"Yes, but I think I made some mistakes. I couldn't just make it sound like Greeley. What do you find it says?"

Towsley took up the letter and read it slowly and carefully just as I had read it.

"I seem to have got it right after all," I said. "It leaves me where I was on chicken-growing."

"Chicken nothing! Do you know what the trouble is? Horace Greeley has gone hopelessly crazy."

"I can't see how that can be," I replied. "I saw the Tribune yesterday and to-day and read some editorials unmistakably his which were about as sane as anything I ever tackled."

"That's so—you're right. He has lucid intervals."

"I wish my letter had caught him in one."

"It caught him just exactly half way between two of them." Towsley paused and became thoughtful. Then he went

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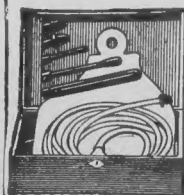
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We will give \$5,000 to anyone who can find adulterants in Sunlight Soap. **5c**

Use Sunlight Soap according to directions—try it just once—and convince yourself that it will do twice as much as other soaps. 518

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Eyesight Can Be Strengthened, and Most Forms of Diseased Eyes Successfully Treated Without Cutting or Drugging.

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J. J. Pope, P. O. Box No. 43, Mineral Wells, Texas, writes: "I have spent thousands of dollars on my eyes, consulted the best doctors in the United States, dropped medicine in my eyes for years, and 'Actina' is the only thing that has ever done me any good. Before using 'Actina' I gave up all hope of ever being able to read again. Had not read a newspaper for seven years. Now I can read all day with little or no inconvenience."

Kathryn Bird, 112 Lincoln St., Milwaukee, Wis., writes: "I was troubled with astigmatism and had worn glasses from ten years of age. I could not read or write without them. In a surprisingly short time, after using 'Actina,' I laid aside my glasses and I will never use them again."

E. R. Holbrook, Deputy County Clerk, Fairfax, Va., writes: "'Actina' has cured my eyes so that I can do without glasses. I very seldom have headaches now, and can study up to eleven o'clock after a hard day's work at the office."

"Actina" can be used by old and young with perfect safety. Every member of the family can use the one "Actina" for any form of disease of the Eye, Ear, Throat or Head. One will last for years and is always ready for use. "Actina" will be sent on trial, prepaid.

If you will send your name and address to the Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84 N, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo., you will receive, absolutely FREE, a valuable book—Professor Wilson's Treatise on Disease.

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Ten Years Younger in two minutes. For faded or grey hair, use **Hemple's Brilliantina**. Highest awards Paris, Rome, Brussels, 1908. Neither a bleach nor like a dye. No washing. Dries immediately. Never unnatural tints. Defies the keenest eye. State color required. Send pattern of hair. Large sample with brush, 90c. A six times larger case, \$2.85. Post free of course.

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on. "But it isn't fair to pass judgment on a man without giving him a hearing. You take the letter and go to New York. Go and call on him. See what he says."

"I'll do it. I'll go down to-morrow."

The next day I took a train for New York. I walked to the Tribune office and mounted the stairs to Greeley's office. I did so with heavy footsteps and a sinking heart. I found his room and went in, assuming a composure which I did not feel. At his desk, his nose close to the paper, sat the great editor, scratching furiously with his pen.

"Well, who are you and what do you want?" he said in a high-keyed voice, without looking up or missing a single pen stroke.

"I am the Rev. Mr. Van Dee, of Dutchess County," I answered, keeping one eye on the door in case he should become violent.

"Never heard of you," he returned, jabbing and boring with his pen.

"I wrote to you a few days ago, and I don't just understand your letter in reply."

"What'd you write about?"

"Hens. I—"

"Hens! Certainly! My reply was about hens. When you inquire hens you get hens in answer! What'd you expect—hippopotami?"

"Pardon me, Mr. Greeley, but you did

New York, Sept. 8.

The war was a failure. I hoped to see Jeff Davis in the White House. A young man stands the best chance in Rhode Island. The Tribune is the poorest newspaper in New York. Yours truly,

Horace Greeley.

As he finished Greeley sank back in his chair helplessly.

"I'm done for!" he gasped feebly.

Just then Larkway took a quick forward step, exclaiming:

"Hold on! There's a mistake! I had it wrong end up!" He seized the letter, gave it a quick turn and then read:

Chappaqua, Sept. 8.

Dear Sir: You will find the brahmas best for your purpose. Leghorns are good layers, but they require a high fence. If you decide on Leghorns you can clip one wing. Please report how you succeed.

Horace Greeley.

As he finished Greeley sat up in his chair as if made of tempered steel springs. He turned his blazing eyes on me and in a voice which put my teeth on edge cried:

"Go back to Dutchess County, young man, go back to Dutchess County! Stay there! Get down on your hands and knees and see if you can learn from your hens how to pick gravel! Keep at it!"



A Ranch, Waghorn, Alta.

not write one word about hens. I have the letter in my hand."

"Read it!" he snorted, beginning to let up a little on the pen.

"Very well!" I then did so.

"You blistering idiot!" he screamed, then whirled around and looked at me ferociously.

"Give me that letter!"

I stepped forward and handed it to him. He snatched it savagely, screwed up his eyes and began to study it. Gradually his face lengthened and grew blank. Then he read it in a low, squeaking voice as if thinking aloud. His reading of it was precisely like that of the rest of us.

He paused with his mouth half open and looked at me for a full minute. Then he suddenly recovered himself and struck a bell. A boy appeared and he said:

"Go up to the composing room and ask Mr. Larkway to come down here."

The boy disappeared. I remembered having heard the name as that of the only compositor who could read Greeley's copy.

In a minute or two Larkway shambled in, wearing carpet slippers and carrying a blackened cob-pipe in one hand. He was short, thick-set, very bald, and he looked at his chief bellicosely over a pair of misshapen iron spectacles, evidently expecting a row about some mistake in his work.

"Is that my writing, Larkway?"

"Yes, sir."

"Read it!"

When the Blow Fell.

A young married lady one morning gave her husband a sealed letter, which he was to read when he got to his office. He did so, and the letter ran as follows:

"I am obliged to tell you something that may give you pain, but there is no help for it. You shall know everything, whatever be the consequences. For the last week I have felt that it must come to this, but I have waited until the last extremity, and can remain silent no longer. Do not overwhelm me with bitter reproach, for you will have to put up with your share of the trouble as well as myself."

Cold perspiration stood in thick drops on the brow of the husband, who was prepared for the worst. Tremblingly he read on:

"Our coal is all gone. Please order a ton to be sent this afternoon. I thought you might forget it for the tenth time, and therefore wrote you this letter." But he didn't forget it that time!

The principal of prohibition seems to me to be the only safe and certain remedy for the evils of intemperance. This opinion has been strengthened and confirmed by the hard labor of more than twenty years in the temperance cause. —Father Mathew.

Her Baby Nearly Died.

— WAS TAKEN SICK WITH Dysentery. —

Mrs. Chas. Farrell, Oakland, Man., writes:—"My dear baby was taken sick last fall, and we got the doctor and he said she had dysentery. She nearly died with it, but two or three doses of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry completely cured her."

"My two little boys got a bad case of diarrhoea and two doses made a wonderful change and they were completely cured also. I would not be without such a grand medicine as Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry if it were twice the price, as I consider it a wonderful medicine, and I cannot recommend it too highly."

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been on the market for over sixty-five years, so you are not experimenting when you use this old and tried remedy.

Do not accept any of the many substitutes for this sterling medicine, but ask for Dr. Fowler's and insist on getting what you ask for. Price 35 cents.

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To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale. They are neat, strong, light, and practical.

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.

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54 King Street
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MAN.



BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.



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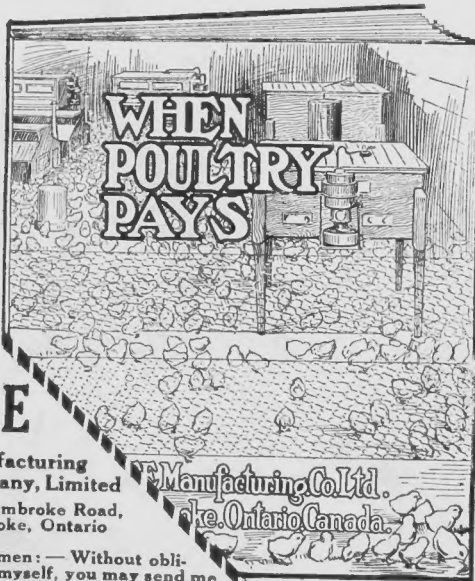
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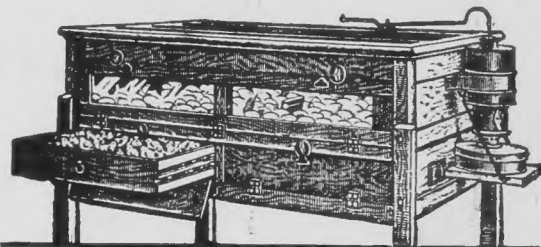
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